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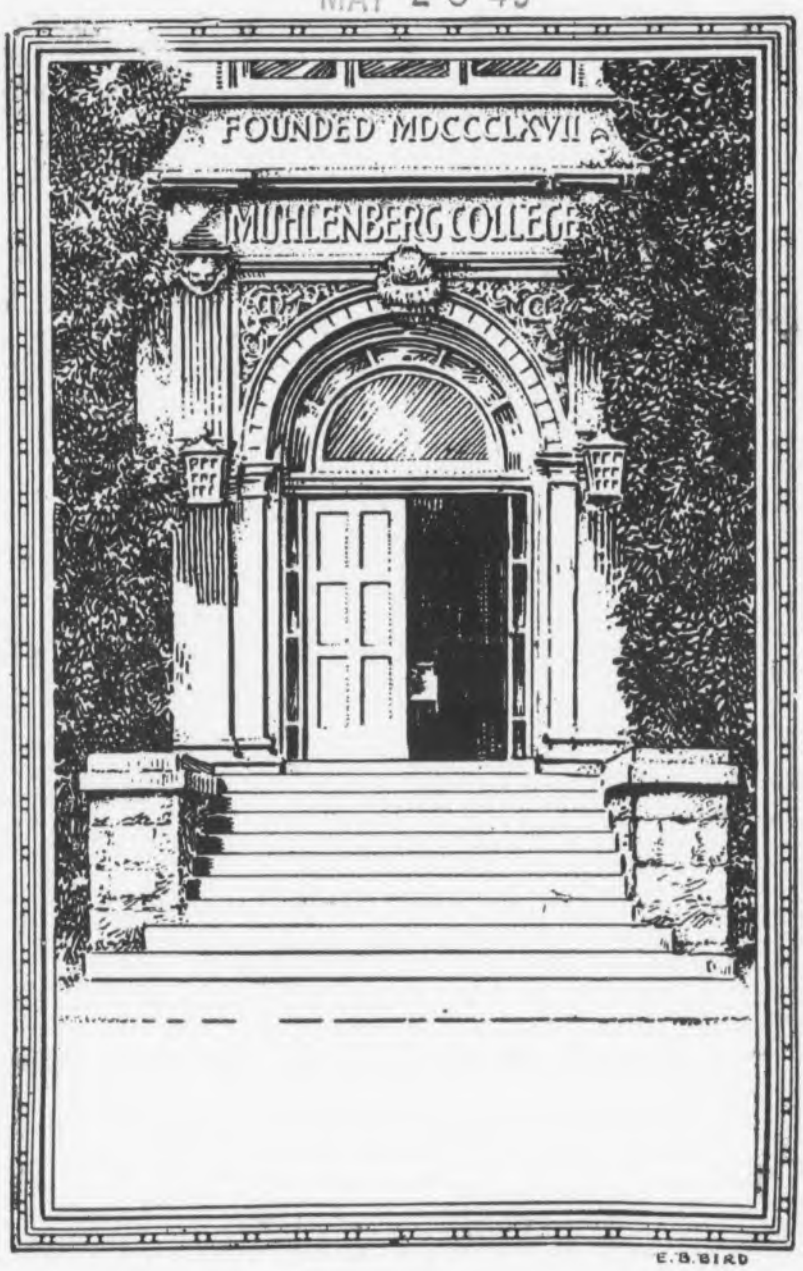

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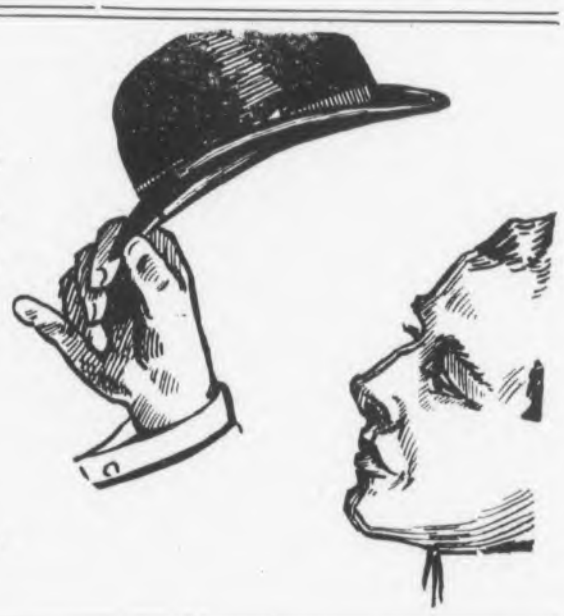

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Dear Ma + Pa!
Freshman life
is so rough that
I long to be
with you.
Willie '16

From the Editor's Desk.

Thirty-two is the number of this volume of "The Muhlenberg" and the volume will be the record not only of the activities of the students, but of their loyalty as well. This loyalty should manifest itself in desirable contributions of material to the various departments, constructive criticism and prompt payment of subscriptions.

The numberless incidents both humorous and otherwise which transpire in class-room and on campus would enliven Kampus Klippings. Why not report them to the personal editor? "The Muhlenberg" may not measure up to the high standard which you have set for your college publication; why not present to the Editor some helpful suggestions which will tend to raise the standard? If the cuts are superannuated, hand in some suitable drawings, and bearing in mind that cuts are secured only by making a financial return to the engraver, kindly remember the courtesy due the business managers. In other words, fellows, the staff asks for your co-operation in making this volume the most successful ever issued.

As to Freshmen.

The freshman is an object of much concern not only to himself but to the sophomores and upper class-men as well. The relation which exists between a freshman and members of the other

classes is peculiar in some respects, and at times the 'wearers of the green' may think they are not shown the courtesy which is due to a new-comer. Certainly, we welcome most heartily and cordially the new men, but let them remember that our first duty is to our Alma Mater and it is only by subjecting the budding genuises, which present themselves year after year for matriculation, to a discipline somewhat rigid and even harsh that they become better upper class-men, for before one commands one must learn the lesson of obedience. Not because we love the freshmen less but our college more is the explanation of the attitude which we assume.

The great lesson for many a freshman to learn is that he is not honoring the institution of his choice as much as the institution is honoring him in accepting him. If this point of view could once be gained hazing would become a useless procedure, for when the need passes the institution also passes. But let not the fond dream of "no hazing" find lodgment in the breast of any freshman until rule j of Section 5, Art. 3, of the constitution has been given due consideration and attention.

Short Story Contest.

Believing that healthy competition is desirable and also productive the staff desires to announce that a short story contest will be conducted to which all students of Muhlenberg College are eligible. The contest is to be conducted subject to the following conditions:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the Editor of "The Muhlenberg" by December 1st, 1913.

2. The stories must be handed in under a nome de plume, the name and nome de plume to be handed in in a separate envelope with the story.

3. The stories are to be between two thousand and four thousand words in length.

4. All stories must be neatly written in ink upon theme paper or type-written.

5. The stories must be original.

A first prize of TEN DOLLARS IN GOLD and a second prize of FIVE DOLLARS IN GOLD will be offered.

The Two Ink-Wells.

HE was only a clerk. Born of parents who spoke nothing but Pennsylvania German, he inherited all their characteristics. He was slow, painstaking, and obstinate. A few years in a country school and a year in business college comprised his education. His knowledge was limited to farm work and business, his vocabulary was confined to every day needs, his thoughts rose no higher than material things, except for a few hours spent every Sunday in the quiet, ivy-covered chapel.

But now he rarely saw the familiar steepled building that seemed as weather-worn as tho it had been beaten from eternity by storms bent on its destruction, for he had gone to the city. For years he had dreamed of the city, as one visioning far-distant Cathay. And then the day came, when with tearful farewells he left to take a position in the great house of Bradstreet and Son, where his business college had secured employment for him. Two years had passed, during which he acquired the reputation of being the most methodical and careful accountant in the office. Every morning he rose at half-past five and after a hasty breakfast walked down-town in time to arrive at the office at exactly five minutes before seven. Luncheon he ate at the counter of a quick-lunch restaurant in the business section, and he returned to his lodgings after the afternoon's work in time to meet the newsboy delivering the evening paper, which he read thru before meal-time. He lodged

at Mrs. Weaver's, a widowed cousin of his mother to whom the latter had directed him. Here he would almost invariably spend his evenings, some times playing checkers with Professor Schmiehl, who clerked in a five-and-ten-cent store and dreamed of the fourth dimension, sometimes painstakingly penning a letter home, sometimes joining in a frolic with the landylady's daughter Eva, a winsome little girl with whom he was a favorite.

One morning during the third year of his residence in the city he broke his usual custom and appeared in the dining room at quarter past five. There he found Mrs. Weaver arranging the dishes for breakfast. Tugging at a package that bulged in his coat-pocket he began reciting, nervously, a little speech, which he had committed the previous evening with much labor. The package, finally revealed, proved to be a box of candy.

"Well, Jacob Shaak, thank you so much!" exclaimed the landlady, after the stammering speech had finally come to an end. "But how did you know that today was my birthday?"

"O, that's a secret," he managed to reply, grinning with pleasure as he sidled out of the room. He ascended the steps two at a time, entered his room, and sat down to address his weekly letter home, so that he might mail it on the road to his work. But as he raised his pen to dip it in the ink he stopped suddenly, and stared before him. On his table stood two ink wells, one a glass cube with a small cavity, set in an ornamented frame. This he had received as a remembrance from the pastor's wife on his departure from home. The other was merely an ordinary five-cent ink bottle, bought at a stationery store. Only the bottom of the cube had been covered with a thin coating of dried ink, while the larger bottle had contained less than a quarter of an inch of the fluid. Of this he was sure. But now the small hole of the glass receptacle was almost half full of ink and the larger bottle was empty.

He took up both bottles and tried to find the cause of the change by staring at them. He was sure that he had dipped from the large bottle on the previous evening when he had written home. It must have happened while he was down-stairs delivering the present, for his door had been locked thru tht night. Perhaps some one had entered his room. He pushed back his chair hurriedly and hastily opened his trunk, but after a moment's anxious search he

found his money safe. He looked in his table drawer, in his bureau, on the walls; nothing was missing. He regarded the bottles again, there surely had been a change. He searched thru everything a second time, now more carefully, until he happened to look at the clock and was reminded that he was already ten minutes late for his breakfast. Hastily snatching up his hat, he locked the door and went down-stairs.

The other lodgers ate breakfast later, as their work did not demand very early rising. So he ate alone, thinking in silence, only pausing now and then to reply absently to Mrs. Weaver, who kept up a constant stream of conversation as she served him. Other mornings it pleased him to hear her gossip, but now her continual chatter jarred harshly upon his ears. Because of this and of his lateness he left his steaming coffee and hastened away, much to the landlady's astonishment.

On the way to the office he considered the matter of the ink-bottles again. Who had changed the ink? He thought of Borne, the puddler, but he always left for work at five o'clock before any other boarders had risen. He considered the others, one by one, and could think of no one who might have entered his room at that hour. Finally he reached the office on the stroke of seven. He endured in silence the laughing remarks of his fellow clerks on his lateness, and began his usual work. For about fifteen minutes he forgot the matter of the ink-wells. Then Harrison, the mail-order clerk, rushed in, breathlessly explaining that he had started on time but, when halfway down-town, had discovered that he had forgotten to lock his door, and had been compelled to return again to fasten it.

The incident started a new train of thought in Shaak's mind. Had he left his door unlocked on going to the office? He had gone in haste, and his door had probably remained open. The person who changed the ink might seize another opportunity, and steal his money. Probably he had disturbed the thief by coming upstairs again instead of remaining down for breakfast. Perhaps at this moment the robber was rifling his trunk. There was no phone in Mrs. Weaver's house, the residents of that section being too poor for luxuries. He kept on mechanically adding up figures, while his mind speculated on whether or not his door was locked. He had always locked it before in a semi-conscious state until the habit

became so strong that he lost all consciousness of the action. Was his door now unlocked? All thru the morning the question kept recurring thru the maze of figures on the desk before him.

It was about three in the afternoon that the shipping clerk came to the office and complained of a mistake in the list he had received from Shaak. It seemed impossible that the careful Shaak should make a mistake but the figures were there in plain sight. His companions treated it as a joke, and rallied him on his error. "He's getting old," one said. "He came to work late; he must have been drunk last night," another ventured. "Poor fellow! His mind's failing him," someone whispered in an undertone just loud enough for him to hear. New doubt oppressed Shaak. Was his mind failing? Had he changed the ink and then forgotten it? Why could he not recall the act of locking his door. How after three years of perfect work could he make a ridiculous error in addition? He recalled stories in the newspapers of men who suddenly lost their senses. The radical young Socialist, who boarded at Weavers, had once told him the story of Ibsen's Ghosts. Was his brain, too, decaying. And all afternoon he worked, adding and re-adding to make sure of the correctness of the accounts and to restore confidence in himself.

He walked home swiftly and found his door locked and his room undisturbed. At the supper table he inquired whether any of the lodgers had been in his room in the morning. His question was greeted with surprise, with indignation, with laughter. Had he missed anything? What would the prim Miss Green want in his room? Some one facetiously suggested "spooks." Had some one "hexed" his room? But Shaak ate on without answering. After supper he studied the ink-wells again. Were they "hexed"? Recollections of strange stories told by his mother of witches' power arose. Memories of circuitous roads taken to school to avoid passing an old woman's hut returned to his mind. He seemed to see again an old crone bending over his sick elder brother to "pow-wow" with mysterious mutterings. His door had been locked during the night; he was certain of that. And indeed what would the lodgers want in his room? Or what had the thief taken? Nothing was missing. The explanation was clear, he was "hexed."

The idea of bewitchment obsessed him. He seemed to feel the presence of something that was just beyond his understanding. Did he enter a room, it was with the feeling that some ont had just left thru the other door. Did he return late at night, he seemed to hear footsteps on the hard cement keeping time with his. Then he would turn suddenly, to see no one, altho he fancied he saw a bush quivering. He would place a book on the table on leaving, and at his return it would appear to have been moved. Then he would chalk the outline of it on the table and it was left alone. Strange sounds disturbed his waking moments in the night, creakings of the stairs, one after another, and then at the top-most step dead silence. A rustle of silk along the hall-way, strange flickering shadows on the wall, whirrings of winds when the leaves did not stir.

He distrusted every one. He felt that he was being watched, by what he did not know. At passers-by he darted suspicious glances. If some one walked behind him for a block, he suddenly turned to glare, as tho it were a demon. He spoke even less than before. His fellow lodgers and clerks began to notice his behavior He silenced their solicitations with scornful insults, but his suspiciousness aroused their curiosity. The clerks began to talk, and then one night three men gathered in the office with the head-clerk to examine his books, but the accounts were found correct. "Nothing has been taken yet," they reported. "And nothing will be risked," answered the manager grimly. And so he was discharged.

After a time he secured another position, but suspicion again soon brought his discharge. Jobs became more scarce and his clothes more ragged, with every dismissal. He had stopped lodging at Mrs. Weaver's, and he wrote home no more, for his parents were now dead. It was cheapest to buy a beer and devour free lunch. He slept where he fell, a drunken man does not crave a mattress, and a man without money cannot pay rent for a room.

It was exactly fourteen years since he had given Mrs. Weaver the box of candy, when the postman brought her a letter from her daughter, now at college. The mother had forgotten about Shaak's present long before, but she remembered it when she read in the letter:—

"This little gift reminds me of my first birthday present to you, a colored post-card with angels and lambs play-

ing in the fields. I can remember that birthday as if it were yesterday. I earned the money running errands, but I didn't know where I could address it in ink. So I crept into Mr. Shaak's room (where Miss Risser rooms now), and wrote the address with his ink. I had to pour it from a large bottle to a little ink-well so that I could dip into it better, a trick I learned from the teacher in school. I remember he asked about it that evening, and I felt that I had committed a great sin. So I kept quiet about it, but I have always remembered it, intending to tell him sometime."

And as she rose to open the Bible in which she had preserved the postal with its childish scrawl, she heard the deep bass voice of the "Colonel," who was reading aloud the important items of the morning paper for the boarders at the breakfast table. And as she opened the book, his words came booming thru the half closed doorway: "Here's another unknown, drunken fool run over by a train and killed!"

Wm. L. Werner, '15.

Freshman Fancies.

It was moonlight on the campus
And 'twas darkling in my room,
While the silvern rays of fancy,
Piercing thru the pending gloom,
Seemed to weave an introspection
To a symphony of thought,
And the prattling days of childhood
Once again were to me brought.

And the vivid webs of pictures,
Showing scenes of wilder days,
Such as fields and woods I rambled
And the games a fellow plays,
And the school that I attended
Standing under rural skies,
Were like tiny dreams that twinkle
In the dark, like fire-flies.

And the gentle breeze that entered
Thru the open window, bore
A much sweeter chord of music
Than it ever did before,
For I heard in it some voices
That I knew in infancy,
Such as flow from lips of mothers
When they hum lulluby.

But those webs were torn asunder,
And those melodies were fled,
And those fragrant buds of fancy
Fell like flowers that are dead,
And the sweet old retrospection
Of the evening was o'er,
When my room mate's foot had fallen
On the threshold of my door.

Walter E. Huetsch '17

The Owl.

From the back window on the second floor of my home I could overlook a wide stretch of forest and a small river creeping away in the distance. Every morning a large eagle flew across the valley back to its home in the forest, no doubt preying on some animal along the river during the night; and how we did search that forest for its home!

We never found the eagle, but one evening, in a thicket back of my home, we located a family in a large hollow chestnut tree that repaid our disappointment. Never to see an owl attending on her family in her chosen location is to miss one of the sights of "bird-land."

How we did laugh when we saw mother Owl peeping out of her front door to learn if it were still too early for her to go hunting, and then sadly shaking her head as if all the woes of "bird-land" rested on her shoulders.

I never saw a more interesting bird. Her face was heart-shaped, sharply outlined by several rows of crisp, upstanding, dark brown feathers and covered with fine white down. Her eyes were small for an owl, and slightly oblong. Her beak was almost covered by

fine, hairy feathers. Her breast was a little paler in coloring than her face and sparsely touched with tiny, very dark feathers. On the top of her head began a beautiful tan color, which gradually took strength as it spread over her shoulders, wings and tail. Her legs were bare to the first joint and she had four, good strong toes. Later we became acquainted with her mate, and he was very much like her except that his face and breast were pure white and his shade of tan lighter.

We stepped softly into hiding and watched. The owl stood in her doorway and squinted about as if to accustom her eyes to the light; then she dropped her head almost even with her feet and shook it in a melancholy and hopeless manner that was simply laughable. Soon, with soft, uncanny flight she flew away into the forest Then we investigated the tree and found that it contained her young, how many we could not tell. I remembered that ornithologists alloted her from three to five, but that was immaterial to me. It would be the easiest thing in the world to measure the depth of the opening and to remove a section at the back of the tree which would allow the young to be pictured with no disturbance; but how was one ever to secure a camera shot at the old owls? That was the problem, and we decided to solve it before we touched the young.

We took three shots at Mother Owl during the next three days, two of which amounted to nothing, and from the third we could get a weak print. These three failures proved that nothing could be done in the evening.

"I must try a stronger light or a flash-light," remarked my friend.

That gave me an idea. "Why not close her door after she leaves in the evening and shut her out until the light is sufficiently strong for a good picture in the morning? She is feeding the young; they will be hungry, but not particularly hurt by a little longer fast than usual, and, no doubt, they will call for food. When she finds that she cannot get to them, she will surely perch close by, and, if the young can be persuaded to cry, there is every probability that she will try to reach them, even in a strong light. So it will be easy for us to secure a picture."

My suggestion was followed. We nailed a board securely over the opening. Mother Owl soon returned, attacked it beak and claw. It was almost cruel. I fancied I could see Mother Owl shaking her head when she really had some cause. I didn't seem to live up to my pact. I was scarcely treating this mother as I would be treated. I whispered to my friend to go and take the board away.

"Ah, rats!" he replied, "the young must be well grown, there is nothing to hurt them permanently, and, if the old owls don't want their pictures taken they have no business to be carrying about such monkey faces."

At times they would leave and be gone a long while. Then they would return and work to get the board away. The night seemed interminable to me. It was clear, quite cold, and full of sounds.

With the dawn both owls went away, but from their calls to each other we knew that they were very near. Quietly as possible my friend slipped to the owl tree, climbed it and moved the board. Then he dropped a piece of string weighted with fresh beefsteak and a stone just a little way inside the opening. When he returned and everything was still for a while he lowered the meat and the young owls set up a perfect clamor. I was kneeling, listening with all my soul, my eyes on the opening. The night had been very chilly and I was cold and stiff, but my temples were wet with perspiration.

Mother Owl's flight was noiseless, but I seemed to feel her coming. I signaled my friend to jerk away the meat so it would not frighten her. The string broke and it fell down inside. Suddenly he reached for his camera. She alighted in her door with a slow sweep Instantly she turned, paused a second, and looked in my friend's direction, opened her eyes unusually wide to intensify her vision, then she swayed forward into the opening and was gone. However, my friend secured a splendid picture just at the opportune moment.

H. Dubbs, '16.

Charge of the Green Brigade.

(With apologies to Alfred Tennyson).

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
All of the Freshmen marched,
Less than a hundred.
"Forward the Green Brigade.
Charge the gate!" Day said,
Into the field of fun
Dashed the slim hundred.

"Forward the Green Brigade!"
Was there a man afraid?
Not like the cavalcade
No one had blundered.
Their's not to make reply
All knew the reason why.
All passed the constable
Bravo! slim hundred.

Cops to the right of them,
Cops to the left of them,
Cops in front of them
With clubs and curse thundered.
Stormed at with stick and stone,
Bruised to the very bone,
But no one faltered.
All heard the cry, "On! On!"
Gallant slim hundred.

Freckled with Freshmen caps
Was the whole Fair; perhaps
Those were the only steps
By which Law found them.
Out an official spoke,
"Are you not one who broke
Thru like a lightning stroke
With the slim hundred?"
Then came a meek reply
Stuffed with a shaking lie,

"No sir, O no, not I
Came with the Green Brigade."
Brazen slim hundred.

Bars to the right of them,
Bars to the left of them,
Bars to the front of them
Closed, while they wondered.
Thrown in a gloomy cell
With those that wayward fell,
They that had dashed so well
Locked in the dungeon.
Nearest in life to hell
For those poor seven
Who served for slim hundred.

O, can their glory fade?
Not since that charge they made,
While the world wondered,
Was there a Frosh dismayed?
Not in the Green Brigade
Noble slim hundred.

Walter E. Huetsch, '17.

A Hermit's Romance.

ANOTHER day. I wonder if it has ever been as lonely as it is today. For twenty years I've been here, and yet I seem to feel more lonely every day. Every tree that rustles in a breeze seems to whisper to me of home—home—home. How I long to see the meadows of England once more, and my old home town, and the garden back of the little house. Then I would see Catherine—but as the wife of another man. Rather than see that I would give it all up a thousand times over. For Catherine can never be mine again. How well I remember the tender glances she sent after Oliver, the quick blushes when she heard his name, her excitement when he was around. She didn't need to tell me that her heart had changed. I knew it, and so did Oliver.

Another day. How I wish these days could stop their endless coming. There is always another day of torture. This morning I couldn't stand it. An uncontrollable desire came over me for something—almost anything—to happen. Shaking with an excitement I couldn't explain, I ran to the top of the cliff that overlooked the sea. As I looked across the water as far as my eye would reach, I began to think of the land on the other side, and of the old days with Catherine. Then, straining my eyes, I saw in the distance something white slowly coming towards me, and as it drew nearer, to my amazement I saw the outlines of a sail. Closer and closer it came, until I could clearly discern part of a ship. My first impulse was to wait for it, but when I thought of men's faithlessness to me, I tore myself away, eager to escape the sight. I haven't seen a white man's face for twenty years, and I am not yet ready to see one again. But I can't help thinking of the shores from which it came—of the time when I was a simple gardener, simply loved by my Catherine. How long did my happiness last? Six months, and then came Oliver Sidney. Oliver was gentle and polite and educated, while I was but a gardener, knowing only how to love. He was noble, too, and it was no fault of his that Catherine's heart involuntarily turned from me to him. If he had been a villain, or if she had been treacherous, I might have been able to endure it: but to think that with all her kindness and faithfulness, she couldn't help loving him—when I had to watch that change, understanding it gradually, then it was that the call of solitude came to me with overwhelming force. I answered it, and came, and have lived ever since where this silent forest could fittingly match my heart.

Another day. When I woke up this morning, I heard a bird singing outside my cabin. I jumped up, and as I went thru the door, I noticed that the little bush growing near it seemed to have turned green during the night. The sun was just rising in the east. "I and the world are waking at the same time," I thought. Other birds started to sing, and all morning an almost forgotten wave of happiness swept over me. I walked about the woods, my heart lighter than it had been for years. My mind turned to the ship I saw yesterday, and just then I heard light crackling sounds behind me. This old forest has had many surprises for me, but never such a one as when I turned around. There she was, run-

ning by with a haunted look on her face—she—my Catherine. She saw me, her terror increased, she stumbled over a tree-root, fell, and lay there motionless. Shaking with alarm, I ran to her and found her unconscious. Taking her up in my arms, I gazed long at her, tingling at the touch. It was a beautiful face—the face of my Catherine. Was it Catherine? Then the mocking idea left me, and I thought, "Of course Catherine isn't young any more." I placed her just outside my cabin, doing what I could to restore her. Suddenly she sprang up convulsively, crying, "Don't let him get me. O save me." "What is the matter?" I asked assuringly; but she could only repeat, "Bernard—black—black Bernard," shuddering all the time. She sank back, and I quieted her the best I could. I felt safe in leaving her in my cabin calmly sleeping, and walked out for a while in the woods. In my excited state of mind I was prepared to find almost anything. Therefore, when I saw a powerful, mean-looking fellow come towards me, I wasn't at all alarmed. His hair and beard were jet black, and his hand carried a long sword. "Old man," he yelled harshly to me, "have you seen a young girl anywhere around here?" He came closer, and as I remained silent, he spoke angrily again: "Where is she? She is mine. I am going to marry her if she tries to run away a hundred times." He was very near me now, his face dark with anger, his sword drawn before me. But for twenty years the solid oaks had been my playmates, and I was not afraid of a mere man. Not that I care any more how a man treats me, but a fleeting picture of my frightened little Catherine was in my mind, and with that I forgot myself, brushed aside his sword, and flung him against the foot of an oak tree. He fell lifeless, and I—now startled by what I had done—came back to my cabin. It was a terrible thing to do, but my companion has breathed more easily since I told her that she would be troubled by him no longer.

Another day. A whole chorus of birds were chattering and chirping and singing this morning when I opened my eyes. Listening to them, I soon heard a merry voice, far sweeter than all theirs, calling "Good morning" to me. I could almost persuade myself that it was the voice of my Catherine of old. And when she stepped out of the cabin, in all the fresh beauty of youth, I could have vowed that the last twenty years had been a dream, and that she was really Catherine.

"Won't you tell me your name?" I asked, as she came and sat beside me.

"Catherine Sidney."

I trembled violently. Then the light came to me, and I understood. She was the daughter who might have been mine. "Catherine," I whispered, "what is your mother's name?"

"Her name is Catherine, too," she answered, as her eyes filled with tears, "and my father's name is Oliver Sidney."

Then I took her in my arms. She was not at all frightened, but seemed to regard me as her natural protector—a kind of foster-father. "Catherine," I breathed in her ear, "did you ever hear of anyone else your mother loved? Did you ever hear of Daniel Cowley?"

"Are you Daniel Cowley?" she asked in great astonishment. "Once a few years ago I heard mother say that he had gone far away, and ever since I've wondered where he is. She said he was an old lover."

"I am Dan Cowley." Then her tears began to flow again, as if she understood everything instinctively.

"And now I'm here with you," she said.

"But how did you get here?"

"I also am in love," she confided to me, looking troubled. "I love Ben, and Ben loves me, and we were going to be married. And then that black-haired Bernard came along, rich and powerful and mean. He fell in love with me, and didn't see why I shouldn't love him too. But I still loved Ben. One night Bernard forced me to come away with him, took me a few miles overland to the sea-coast, locked me up in a little room in his ship, and we sailed away. One certain servant brought me food three times a day, but I haven't seen Bernard since, and no one else tried to bother me at all. Yesterday morning when my breakfast came, this servant whispered, 'Now is your time. You can escape. Go while you have the chance.' Mad with fear, I ran out, and kept running till I saw you; then I stumbled and fell."

"But I don't see who there was to take such care of you. Who was the servant?"

"I don't know. Only God ever sent me to you."

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At last I have had a really happy day—the first for many, many years. She is a little angel, come to cheer up my life. Perhaps after all there is some good in humanity. She loves a common man, and will not sacrifice him for a rich one. That is noble. If her mother had been that strong, how happy I might have been. Maybe heaven sent this new Catherine to cheer me up in place of the old one. Perhaps she will stay with me, and father and foster-daughter can be a happy family. How pleasant is the wind among the trees.

Another day. Today more strange things have happened, but my good fortune has ceased. Why was I so foolish as to think I could ever be happy? Happiness for me is a delusion. I learned that twenty years ago, and I have learned it again today. This morning, however, the sun was shining brightly, the breeze was soft and cool, and the robins reviewed their light-hearted songs. Everything made us happy—my Catherine and me. But it was the last time, for soon we were interrupted by the third white person I have seen recently, a sturdy, well built man. When Catherine saw him she exclaimed, "Here's the man that brought my meals." Having drawn near, he flung off a mask and a wig, and to my utter astonishment, Catherine fell in his arms. "Ben, Ben, Ben," was all she could say for several minutes. Then turning radiantly to me, she cried, "This is Ben, my true lover." I turned away my face, and because I couldn't bear to say a word, listened silently to his story to Catherine, wondering why it was so hard for me to catch my breath.

"I was on good terms with one of Bernard's pages, who brought me the terrible news that you were already on board. At first I was nonplussed, but soon I decided I would not let you go alone. Disguising myself, I went in the boat as a kitchen-boy, and was thus able to bring you your food. The first part of the voyage I kept Bernard in a stupor almost all the time by giving him a lot of strong liquors. He was harsh to the sailors, and soon earned the dislike and disloyalty of most of his crew. I in the meantime became the friend of all of them, and soon had a stronger following than the master of the ship himself. I told my secret to two or three of my most intimate comrades, and one or the other of us was always watching your door."

"But why didn't you tell me who you were?" wonderingly asked my transient angel.

"I had to be very careful that my secret didn't spread."

"And why did you tell me to run away?"

"Knowing there would be trouble when we came to land, I thought it best to have you out of it: but one of my comrades followed you until he saw you in the hands of your friend here. Bernard slipped out unseen, and since then we have been hunting him. Since he is lying dead beneath a great oak tree, I know that our trouble is now over. They want me for captain going back, and we must sail today, while the winds are favorable."

I looked at Catherine, and noticed bitterly how happy she was.

"Oh, good, good!" she exclaimed. "And you, dear foster-father, shall come back with us."

All of my twenty years of loneliness seemed to come together then to drive me back to the home I had lost. It was a bright vision while it lasted. Catherine threw her arms around my neck, and begged me to come. But I could not stand the thought of being where my old Catherine was the wife of another man, and my new Catherine had a father and a husband of her own. I went to the ship with them this afternoon. My little Catherine cried and pleaded and did all she could, but I would not go back with them; for I would far rather finish my life alone here in these wilds, than go to my old home and be a left-out among those I love. But when I saw the highest point of the sails disappear in the distance, I realized that my bright spark of earthly hope had gone out forever.

Another day. It was cloudy this morning when I got up, and I didn't hear a single robin's song. These crowded woods seemed strangely empty. This morning I climbed the cliff to look out on the ocean: there it stretched blankly, with no break on its surface, as far as I could see. This afternoon I wandered around among the trees, trying to forget myself a little; but all the mighty oaks seemed to whisper in their branches, "She is gone." My second Catherine also has left me, altho I might have gone with her. But that was what I could not do. After all, I was never created to be happy, and I shall live on as I have been living for the last twenty years. Death will finally end the aching loneliness of my life—

death—perhaps in ten, perhaps in twenty, perhaps in thirty years. It is dark outside now, and a storm is tearing down the trees. The lightning is piercing the blackness of the night, and the thunder is crashing thru the sky. The wind is rushing among the trees and whistling past my cabin, rising and falling in its melancholy dirge. I am alone.

T. K. Finck, '15.

A College Proverb.

These six things doth a college professor hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him:

A habitual late comer, a continual kicker, and heads that are too big for the place,

A reciter who contriveth to bluff, and willing workers who can never get the collateral reading references,

Hearts that bear no loyalty, and feet that are swift to go home when there is cheer practice.

James H. S. Bossard.

The Muhlenberg

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ATHLETICS.

WITH Muhlenberg's football prospects at their best, the Athletic editor heartily welcomes the alumni and friends into the midst of her activities. As early as Labor Day, Coach Kelly had a big bunch of men out, tearing up the dirt every night. More than enough men for two teams have been out at every practice and the enthusiasm and spirit run high. Everybody is working for a winning team. With the first team bucking and plunging the line of the second team men, there can be no other result than a strong and formidable 'Varsity.

Another fact must not be forgotten. Realizing that we had a wonderful football team last year, does not necessarily predict a greater team this year. Mark you, last year's success hinged on three facts. First, the wonderful coaching of Kelly; Second, the great spirit and pluck of the players themselves, and last, but not least, by far, the support, encouragement and boosting which the student body gave. Fellows, let not last year's victories suffice for this year's success. Whether this season is to be a success or not, remember, we have our own choice. There is to be no knocking if we lose, and no lying down or quitting, and if we give our coach and his team the support which they merit, not even the "gloomer" will find any time to criticise.

Again, we will state, the material on the field looks very good. It is quite true we lost some mighty valuable men. "Bill" Katz, the faithful guard, will be hard to replace. Bixler's great work as a punter combined with his speed and steady playing will greatly be missed. "Squirrel" Loser's plucky work at halfback can well be remembered. "Polly" Loser's work at center aided greatly in the making of our 'Varsity. "Roomy" Groff's work at quarterback

Brennan

Copley

Laudenschlager

Roderick

Flexer

Capt. Skean

Ritter

Heuer

Fetherolf

Hubbard

Reisner

"VARSITY NUCLEUS"

is deserving of praise. Despite these losses we have an exceptionally fine nucleus.

Captain Skean, the sturdy fullback; Reisner, as quarterback and placement kicker; Fetherolf, the ever faithful center; Heuer, a speedy halfback; Copley, the giant tackle; Roderick, a weighty guard and tackle; Hubbard, a quick and scrappy end; Flexer, the stately tackle; Laudenslager, Ziemer and Nenow, all speedy ends; "Tommy" Brennan and Brubaker, both very promising full backs.

Above all things the new men must not be forgotten. We have three men from Philadelphia who received their football tactics at Northeast Manual Training School; namely Berry, the famous quarterback; Hayes, the scrappy center, and Day, the "ever-ready" guard. Eurell, a halfback from Phillipsburg High School; Seidel, a giant tackle from Bellefonte Academy; Hollenbach, a tackle from Millersville Normal; Henninger, a halfback from Lock Haven Normal; Hullahan, a quarterback from Dickinson Seminary; and Detling, a halfback from Allentown Preparatory School.

Now, fellows, here is a chance for training and the question is whether you are going to take it. The prospects are bright, but they will not remain so unless you get the spirit and support the team. Let us all work together; then watch us advance.

Schedule.

Sept. 27—Lafayette, at Easton.

Oct. 4.—New York University, at New York.

Oct. 11.—Open for home engagement.

Oct. 18.—Gettysburg College, at Gettysburg.

Oct. 25.—Lehigh University, at South Bethlehem.

Nov. 1.—Lebanon Valley College, at Allentown.

Nov. 8.—Franklin and Marshall, at Allentown.

Nov. 15.—Carlisle Indian Reserves, at Allentown.

Nov. 22.—Bucknell University, at Lewisburg.

Nov. 27.—Albright College, at Allentown.

Few Changes in Football Rules

College football this fall will conform in practically every respect with the code of rules which governed the sport last season.

The football rules committee, in session in Philadelphia, on July 30, made a few changes for the season of 1913. What few alterations were made proved of technical nature and for the most part served only to make the wording of the rules more clear. A somewhat important change will permit the kicker to stand at any distance from the line of scrimmage when booting the ball, instead of at least five yards back, as heretofore. It is expected that this will put a premium on quick kicking from directly behind the forwards and add a new feature of always welcome uncertainty.

Another alteration makes possible unrestricted substitution in the last or fourth period of the game. Previously men who had been removed from the game could not again be put in play except at the beginning of some subsequent period.

If often happened that an unexpected substitution was necessary in the last period, but under the rules no one who had before taken part in the contest could be used. The rule relating to substitution was therefore changed to read: Player may be returned once at the beginning of any period or at any time during the fourth or last period.

A specific penalty has been placed upon advancing beyond the lines in case of a puntout. In this case the punter's angle will be moved five yards away from the nearest goal post along the goal line. If the punter-out makes a deliberate attempt by a feint to draw the opponents off-side the referee must not permit him to kick the ball until the opponents have had time to return behind their restraining line.

In the rules regarding the conduct of players after a forward pass or after a kick insertion of the words "after the pass has been made" now makes it clear that players may interfere with one another until the pass is actually made.

A relic of the old time when the ball was not always snapped back with the hands has been eliminated. The rule which read "by one continuous motion of the hands or of the foot" has been shortened by cutting out the words "of the foot."

Muhlenberg Holds Lafayette to an Even Score.

Led off by about 350 enthusiastic supporters, the Muhlenberg football squad journeyed to Easton, to win fame from the Lafayette eleven on March Field. The game was in every way a great credit to Muhlenberg and a source of encouragement to her supporters. The Lafayette-Muhlenberg Special, via the Lehigh Valley Railroad, conveyed the loyal crowd of rooters to witness this great game, and without the least doubt, none were disappointed. The game was quite exciting, with sensational plays and spectacular exhibitions, which kept the crowd all the more enthusiastic. The game was a fight for supremacy from beginning to end. Muhlenberg having won the kick-off, Hubbard kicked the ball to Dannehower, who returned it fifteen yards, and on two rushes Lafayette made first down. On an end run, Hubbard threw Lafayette for a loss of 5 yards, but the penalty of 15 yards was inflicted for illegal use of hands by Blackburn. Lafayette failed to make first down. Blackburn punted to Berry, who returned the ball about 5 yards. Brennan was sent against the line for a 2 yard gain. With the next play Muhlenberg gained one yard more. Playing safe, Berry kicked and Lafayette receiving, the Maroon and White started real aggressive work, tearing off 25 yards on the next two plays. But then there was trouble for Copley broke thru the line and tackled Furry too hard for his hold on the ball which being fumbled was quickly recovered by Reisner who ran 40 yards before being tackled on the 8 yard line. Brennan hit the line for 4 yards, Heuer for 2 more and on the next play Brennan went over for the first six points count, Berry followed by kicking the goal, making the score 7 to 0 in favor of Muhlenberg. In the second period, the fight was in Muhlenberg's territory. Lafayette kicked to Berry who advanced 15 yards. Copley then carried the ball 2 yards, Heuer 4 more and then Berry kicked the ball far down into Lafayette's territory, but Dannehower brought the ball back about 30 yards before being tackled. The first forward pass of the game was then tried but failed, and on the next play Lafayette was penalized 5 yards for offside play. Hollenbach was sent into the game in place of Day. Then Lafayette got the ball and on a forward pass worked 20 yards from which place it was shoved over the goal. Lafayette 6, Muhlenberg 7.. Dannehower kicked the goal and tied the score. The ball again in play in Lafayette's territory and Muhlenberg's pos-

session, when two "peachy" forward passes were pulled off, the latter only being legal, which gave Muhlenberg a position very near the goal line.

The ball was within 10 yards of the goal, but an unsuccessful try at a goal from field gave the Lafayette team the ball on the 20 yard line and the goal line was not threatened again. The game ended with the teams struggling on the 45 yard line in Muhlenberg's territory. The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg	**Positions**	**Lafayette**
Hubbard	L. E.	Furry
Flexer	L. T.	Beyer
Ritter	L. G.	(Gulick) Clark
Fetherolf	C.	(Mauser) Luln
Day (Hollenbach)	R. G.	Woodward
Copley	R. T.	Captain Wagonhurst
Laudenslager	R. E.	D. Diamond
Reisner	Q. B.	Dannehower
Heuer	L. H. B.	Blackburn
Berry	R. H. B.	Sheeren
Brennan	F. B.	J. Diamond

Touchdowns—Brennan, Brown; goals from touchdowns, Berry, Scheeren. Referee—Hatch, Syracuse; Linesman, E. A. Green; Umpire—Bergen, Princeton. Time of quarters, 10 minutes.

Sophomores Win from Freshmen on a Fluke.

The annual football game between the first year men and the wise guys was played on Muhlenberg Field, on the afternoon of The game was played with numerous fouls and penalties as the men were not all well acquainted with the rules. Fumbling was the great not all well acquainted with the rules. Fumbling was the great error of the Sophs, and that probably is one reason why they were held in check by the "Fresh." Brunner having recovered a fumble made a spectacular run of 70 yards for a touchdown. Witmer failed to kick the goal. For the Sophs, Witmer, Weber and Afflerbach put up a good fight; while Frederick, Berry, Keck and Mader were the plucky "Fresh" performers. The game consisted almost entirely of line bucking and occasionally a forward pass was tried, only to be successful with the Freshmen. The "Sophs" were repeatedly

penalized for offside play, due to the fighting spirit which they manifested. So evenly matched were both teams that the game ended with the teams tusseling in the center of the field.

The lineup was as follows:

Sophomores	Position	Freshmen
Weber	R.E.	Frederick
Barner	R.T.	(Uhler) Anderson
Rohr	R.G.	Landis
Everitt	C	Hummel
Hepner	L.G.	Scheetz
Billow	L.T.	Schwenk
Brunner	L.E.	(Bausch) Uhler
Parker	Q.B.	Mader
Afflerbach	L.H.B.	(Hefley) Boyer
Witmer	R.H.B.	Blair
L. Fry	F.B.	Keck

Officials—Referee, Heuer; Umpire, Skean; Head Linesman and Time-Keeper, Leisey. Touchdowns, Brunner. Time of quarters, 8 minutes.

Gridiron Jottings.

Blackburn, the left half back on Lafayette's football eleven, who was formerly a Muhlenberg 'Varsity man, made some fine end runs in our game with the Eastonians.

"Harry" Ziemer begins to look good———since he is raising a tooth-brush.

Reisner's cool head and steady playing was responsible for a large part of our ground gaining in the Lafayette game.

Fetherolf, Copley, Brennan and Huer are in 'Varsity style and show up very well.

We welcome Berry, Day and Hayes to the rank of 'Varsity men. Let us hope that they can continue to "shine."

"Bully" Parker forgot that he was playing football in the "Fresh-Soph" game, for further particulars see "Bully."

If you want to help the school, give cheer leaders Fry or Miller some football songs. Your efforts will certainly be appreciated.

As an after thought, Freshmen attendance at cheer practice is compulsory. Let a word to the wise be sufficient.

Army and Navy Game in New York.

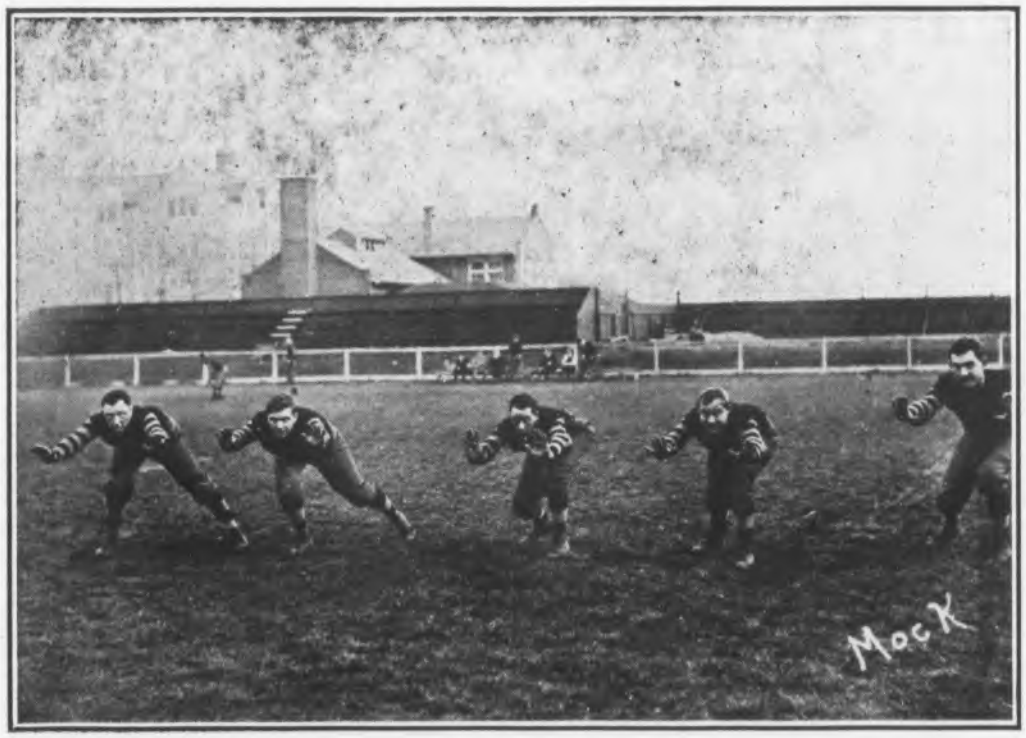
The Army-Navy football game will be played at the New York Polo Grounds on November 29. The West Point Cadets wanted the game at New York and the Annapolis Cadets wanted it at Franklin Field. The controversy became acute and West Point cancelled the game. The Navy generously yielded to the Army at a conference held at Washington, D. C., on September 3, between Secretary Daniels and the athletic directors of the two academies.

Muhlenberg Completely Overwhelms N. Y. U.

On Saturday, October 4th, the Muhlenberg gridiron warriors jouneyed to New York University and displayed their skill and tactics on Ohio Field to the tune of 54-0. The New Yorkers were very weak in tackling, and at the same time were a few pounds lighter than the wearers of the Cardinal and Gray. "Touchdown" was the watchword in this game, and whenever it was mentioned, the result was visible. Berry, who played left halfback for Muhlenberg, scored 24 points. Time and again he got around right end for runs varying from twenty to seventy yards. The New York defense was not very strong and Berry seemed to be able to get through almost at will. Waldman, who played right end for New York, showed up very well, Huntley also made some clean tackles. The game was not quite two minutes old before Berry had gotten around right end for a touchdown. Not ten minutes later he repeated the trick. Reisner kicked the goal in both cases, so that at the end of the first quarter the score was 14-0. By the end of the first half Muhlenberg increased her lead 20-0. In the second period Kelly practically put his entire scrub team into the game, which proved still more disastrous to New York. Muhlenberg rolled up 34 points scoring once by a long forward pass, and by long end runs.

The line-up and summary:

Muhlenberg	Position	New York University
Hubbard	L. E.	Daly
Flexer	L. T.	McKay
Detling (Ritter)	L. G.	O'Donnell
Fetherolf	C.	Torrance
Day	R. G.	Hollander
Copley	R. T.	Hous[illegible]
Laudenslager	R. E.	Waldman
Reisner	Q. B.	Huntley
Berry	L. H. B.	Baldie
Heuer	R. H. B.	Von Michon
Brennan	F. B.	McDermott



STRENUOUS WORK

Kampus Klippings.

MUHLENBERG College opened her doors to a new class for the forty-ninth time, on September 18th, 1913. The campus was alive with old and new students, and many alumni. After a social hour in the reception hall of the Administration Building, the chapel became the scene of activity.

Dr. Wackernagle conducted the opening service, after which President Haas introduced the speaker, Rev. Charles E. Boyer, Ph.D., of the class of '85. It has been well said that he is the Robt. E. Speer of the Lutheran Church. His subject was Personality in Leadership, and rarely have we had the pleasure of an address so strong. so eloquent in its simplicity, so effective thru the lovable personality of the speaker. His words of guidance were most appropriate and one and all were refreshed and vigorated.

In part he said:

Our ideals, moods, and entire being are shaped largely by others. This moulding power, frequently unsuspected, is called personality. In this is the solution of higher education, and could this force be

reproduced at will we would have solved leadership. While impossible to be formed directly still personality can be studied and cultivated.

Personality, while it employs physical means such as the eye, the voice, or sex is spiritual rather than corporal.

The first essential is intellectuality. Church reformers, educators, doctors, teachers, all must master the entire thought of their profession; think beyond those thoughts; and then compel all others of their day to think with them. Colleges, to send forth leaders, must produce both thinkers and teachers to impart such intellectuality.

The second principle is moral beauty embracing the attributes of sincerity, justice and fraternity. Sincerity must be found in both teacher and pastor. This beautiful quality was exemplified in the late Dr. Spieker. A keen sense of justice defying both show and technicality is found in such men as the late Mayor Gaynor of New York, Judge Ben Lindsay of Denver, and Captain George of the George Junior Republic. College must give her men a broad view of brotherhood guarding against undemocratic tendencies..

The third essential is moral strength. The man who can face a multitude with courage of conviction and stand immovable where principles are at stake shapes his day and generation. This spells the man who will not sell his soul for gain—the man whose purpose is unassailable.

Immediately after chapel Dr. Haas announced that Harold K. Marks, '07, for a number of years organist of Zions Reformed Church, had received the appointment as professor of music to succeed his father, the late Dr. Clement A. Marks. Also that Professor Reese would offer a course in Agricultural Chemistry.

Another advance in Muhlenberg's history is evidenced this year by the large enrollment of new men. With two exceptions, namely, Everett and Hollenbach, all are Freshmen.

The following are candidates for matriculation:

Wm. Anderson, Harrisburg; Mark Bausch, Lynnville; Howard Berry, Philadelphia; Albert Blair, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Allen Boyer, Lebanon; Edgar Brong, Allentown; Edward Clauss, Allentown; Franklin Day, Philadelphia; Francis Dettling, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Noble Dundore, Myerstown; Jesse Erich, Allentown; James Ernest, Mooresville; John Euchler, Gilbert; Thomas Eurell, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Homer Everett, Long Pond; Samuel Frederick, Allentown; Waldemar Gallenkamp, Scranton; Samuel Gangewer, Allentown; Paul Ge-

bert, Tamaqua; Edwin Haag, Reading; Ernest Harting, Allentown; Edwin Hartzell, Bethlehem; Louis Hayes, Philadelphia; Wayne Heffley, Birdsboro; Harvey Heist, Allentown; Peter Henninger, Williamsport; Wm. Hollenbach, Maytown; Walter Huetsch, Easton; Clairis Hullihen, Williamsport; Joseph Hummel, Allentown; Russell Kern, Neffs; Samuel Kistler, Allentown; Maurice Klick, Lebanon; Andrew Kolesar, Phillipsburg; Henry Kraft, West Hazleton; Clayton Krum, Allentown; George Kunkle, Aquashicola; Leslie Landis, Harrisburg; George Lazarus, Vinemont; Leroy Leister, Sellersville; Walter Loser, Paxtang; Paul Meder, Allentown; John Mohr, Alburtis; Frank Moyer, Slatedale; Henry Moyer, Aquashicola; Stanley Nickum, Allentown; Lester Rarig, Catawissa; Antonio Ramirez, Porto Rico; Elvin Reimel, Bartonsville; John Ruhe, Allentown; Roland Rupp, Breinigsville; Victor Ruth, Allentown; Luther Schmehl, Reading; Morris Scheetz, Perkasie; Ray Scheenley, Allentown; William Schout, Allentown; Elwood Schwenk, Boyertown; Fred Seidel, Hazleton; Bela Shetlock, Egypt; Emory Sieger, Coplay; Corson Snyder, Harleysville; Samuel Sussman, Allentown; Jackson Uhler, Easton; George Weida, Krimsville; Joseph Wimmer, Telford.

Why Is It?

What makes the student dance and shout
  And wave his hat that way?
He's glad that college has let out,
  So he can get away.
If he's so glad to leave it all,
  I wish you would explain—
Why will he dance and shout next fall
  Because he's back again?

—Stanford Chaparral.

Fresh Rush Gate.

"What an awful lot of bad boys these Freshmen are, I'd just like to be their mother," said a dignified matron. Maybe the Freshmen wouldn't mind but that isn't the point. The Freshmen had to see the Fair and not being flush just pushed an auto aside, hit a "poor weak constable" and sauntered in. We leave it to Dr. Bauman to figure out by mathematics whether it is cheaper to take 75 men in and have 7 pay $21 or have 75 pay 50 cents apiece. It's beyond us all this money.

Under 'Klippings we must note that Prof. Simpson has grown dignity (?) during the summer.

Fresh-Soph Bowl Fight.

On Wednesday morning, October 1st, in the midst of a driving rain and a sea of wind, the Sophs met the "Greenies" in the annual bowl fight. The Sophs were slightly outnumbered and seemed to use their experience of last year to a disadvantage. The Freshmen, because of inexperience and lack of pluck, were beaten by the small score of 30-23. The fight was fiercely contested from beginning to end. The Freshmen chose Blair and Schwenk for their bowlmen for the first and second periods, respectively; while Afflerbach and Hepner represented the Orange and Black. The first half ended 0-0, even though the Freshmen put up a plucky scrap.

Despite the rain the fight was witnessed by most of the upper classmen and several professors and visitors.

Summary.—Referee, Leisey; Timer, Freed; Scorer, Unangst. Time of halves, 5 and 8 minutes. Score, 30-23.

FRESHMEN SMOKER.

On the last Monday of September we enjoyed the first Smoker of the year, which was tendered to the new men by the Muhlenberg Christian Association. The effect of 7 vs. 7 was mighty evident, and it seemed as though we began this year just where we left off last year, so far as real spirit is concerned. The college orchestra (!) rendered many selections, both popular and classical, and Sophronia hummed with songs and cheers. The faculty was represented by President Haas and Professors Wackernagle, Horn, Reese, Simpson and Bossard, and each man was distinctly helpful in his remarks.

IN DAYS OF YORE.

Bossard '09 (In Spanish)—"Why, Doctor, it would take volumes to tell of all my love affairs."

Dr. W.—"Yes, and all bound in calf."

* * * *

The new dorms make a fine appearance and make us realize the advent of a "Greater Muhlenberg." We regret that they are as yet unfinished but we know that the authorities are doing all in their power to hasten completion.

The familiar figure of "Squire" with his imposing badge is no longer in evidence. His retirement comes after a long and faithful term of service.

The Muhlenberg College Band.

Why not? With a nucleus of seven pieces comprising two cornets, two horns, a flute, a trombone and a snare drum, all that is needed is a leader and organizer. Here is a chance for some one with musical ability to go down in history as the organizer of the first M. C. Band. The number is not large but it is a **beginning** and this step would be in line with the spirit of progress which is permeating this institution. Smokers and football games would be greatly enlivened—take for instance the results produced at the reception given to the new men. Enthusiasm will ignore the mistakes in execution—and remember it is a beginning. Fellows, think it over and make the M. C. Band a reality.

Alumni Notes

During the past summer I have gathered the following interesting news of our alumni. Some of this may seem old to some of our readers; but this is a record of events since the publication of the last number of "The Muhlenberg."

'78. Rev. Dr. Charles F. Fry has severed his relations as pastor of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church of Catasauqua. Dr. Fry becomes the Superintendent of the Church Extension Society of the General Council, and he will devote all of his time to this work, his headquarters will be in the Drexel Building, Philadelphia. He and his family will reside in that city. Dr. Fry has served the congregation at Catasauqua ably and well for the past six years.

'87. Reuben J. Butz, President of the Allentown National Bank, and District Attorney Lawrence H. Rupp formed a law partnership with offices in the Young Building. This partnership was first announced when Mr. Butz was elected President of the Allentown National Bank. They will maintain offices in the Young Building until next April when they move into the Allentown National Bank Building.—Allentown Chronicle & News.

'00. The Class of 1900, at its reunion in June, resolved to donate a sum of money every year for the purchase of books for the library, in the departments of Greek and German. During the past

year also both of these departments derived much benefit from this donation of the Class of 1900.

'02. Quincy A. Kuehner, Assistant Principal of the Allentown High School, was elected Principal of the Tamaqua schools at a salary of $1250 a year. Prof. Kuehner is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, where he secured the degrees of A. B. and A. M., and the University of Pennsylvania, where he had a degree of Ph. D. conferred upon him and where he also won a $500 prize for his thesis on "School Teaching." Prof. Kuehner has our good wishes in the performance of the duties of his new position.

'03. Harry W. Shimer, at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Northampton school, notified the members that he had been elected Supervising Principal of the Woodstown, N. J., schools, and therefore handed in his resignation which was accepted with regret. Mr. Shimer occupied the position as Principal of the Northampton Schools the past eight years, having charge of a large teaching force. In his new position he will have charge of a force of twenty-two teachers. Mr. Shimer is a son of former County Commissioner Llewellyn S. Shimer, of Shimersville, and is now thirty years of age. After leaving the public schools of his home town he entered Perkiomen Seminary, graduating with honors at the age of sixteen. He entered the Sophomore Class at Muhlenberg College, graduating with the Class of 1903. For a year after that he taught in the Macungie schools. He was then principal of the Freemansburg schools for a term. In 1905 he was elected Vice Principal of the Alliance, now the Northampton schools, and when the superintendency was created five years ago, was elected as Principal of the High School and has served in that position ever since. When the new building was erected three years ago, a full four years' course, comprising college preparatory, commercial and regular courses, was put into effect. Mr. Shimer was instrumental in the organization of a lyceum course three years ago with great success and a fair-sized library was built from the proceeds. Besides this he found time to take active interest in the town affairs.—Chronicle & News.

'06. Two clergymen officiated at the wedding of Miss Emma A. Schutter, a local school teacher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Schutter, 338 South Tenth Street, to Rev. Leidy B. Sterner,

who has a Lutheran charge at Weissport. The ceremony was solemnized in Grace Lutheran Church. Returning from the seashore, Rev. W. H. Myers, the pastor, together with Rev. Reiter, of Quakertown, the native town of Rev. Sterner, performed the nuptials, which were witnessed by members of the families and a few friends of the couple. Rev. Sterner was graduated from Perkiomen Seminary in 1902, Muhlenberg College in 1905, and Mt. Airy Seminary in 1909. He is popular in his present charge and has made great strides for the spiritual welfare of his congegation. Mrs. Sterner is a lifelong resident of Reading. She attended the High School for Girls and was graduated in 1905. In 1906 she went to the Interstate Commercial College. Mrs. Sterner was graduated from the city normal school in 1909 and for three years taught in the local public schools.—Reading Eagle.

'07. Prof. Harold K. Marks has become the organist of St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown, succeeding his father in that position. He has also been elected to his father's place at the college, where he is giving a course in the History of Music.

'08. Paul H. Rudh, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Freeburg, Pa., died of appendicitis, aged 29 years. He was a son of the late Henry Rudh, of Brooklyn. He was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1908 and the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary in 1911. He had been at Freeburg a little more than a year.

'08. The engagement of Miss Elizabeth R. Reiff, of Allentown, to Ralph H. Schatz, the attorney, has been announced. Miss Reiff is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Reiff and is a social favorite. She was graduated from the Allentown College for Women with the Class of 1911. Mr. Schatz is among the most prominent of the young members of the Lehigh County Bar Association. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Schatz, of Penn and Hamilton Streets. He was graduated from Muhlenberg College with the Class of 1908, and from the law department of the University of Pennsylvania with the Class of 1911. Since that time he has been practicing in this city with an office in the Stiles Building.

'09. Mr. Harold Shoenenberger, of Siegfried, has been appointed an instructor in the Department of English at State College. Mr. Shoenenberger is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class

of 1909. Later he went to Indiana, where he taught English at a Girls' Seminary. Last year he took a post graduate course in English at the University of Pennsylvania. He is well qualified for the position and was recommended by Dr. Schelling, the head of the English Department of the U. of P.

'09. Albert C. H. Fasig, instructor at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, and son of Mr. and Mrs. George Fasig, 429 Spruce Street, Reading, and Miss Mary Daphne Deck, daughter of Emeline and the late Isaac Z. Deck, 347 North Front Street, Reading, were privately married at Llanerch, Pa., by Rev. Dr. M. C. Horne, a former pastor of St. James' Lutheran Church, Reading. Mr. Fasig was graduated from the Boys' High School of Reading in 1905 and Muhlenberg College in 1909. For several years he was assistant to Meat and Milk Inspector Fetherolf. At present he is instructor in the physical and chemical department of Muhlenberg College.

'09. Robert R. Ulrich has been appointed an instructor in the Bethlehem High School.

'09. Warren A. Ziegenfuss, of Tamaqua, is instructor of Latin and History in the Allentown High School.

'09. Dr. Roger Rupp, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rupp of Lehighton, a graduate of Muhlenberg College, and of the Harvard Medical School, will shortly begin the practice of medicine as an associate of Dr. H. Y. Horn, of Coplay. While a general practitioner he will specialize as an expert in nervous diseases and will be in direct communication with the most expert lecturers in this country. It is the intention of Dr. Horn, since he has so able an assistant, to start a private hospital for the purpose of taking in medical and surgical cases. Surgery will no doubt be the chief factor in the work of the hospital, especially so because Dr. Horn is the surgeon of the Atlas Cement Company. This hospital will be open to patients of all doctors who desire to bring their patients there, where the patients can have their own home physicians or surgeons. Dr. Rupp is a nephew of Dr. C. J. Otto, one of the assistant surgeons at the Allentown Hospital.—Chronicle & News.

'10. The engagement of Miss Laura Helen Heaney and Rev. Karl L. Reisner has been announced. Mr. Reisner is pastor of St. Simeon's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia. He is a son of Mr. and

Mrs. Lewis Reisner of Millersville, a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1910, and Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, 1913. Miss Heaney is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women, Class of 1908.

'10. Mr. G. Howard Gelsinger is a graduate of Classical Philology at Harvard.

'13. Edgar W. Kohler has been elected assistant principal of the Bath High School.

'13. Edgar F. Romig, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Romig of No. 223 North Tenth Street, who recently completed his middle year at Union Theological Seminary, New York City, has been appointed instructor in English in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, Syria. Before assuming his duties he is traveling in Europe. The instructorships at Beirut are for periods of three years, with lengthy summer vacations during which time trips are taken to Palestine and Egypt. It is Mr. Romig's plan to complete his work at Union Seminary and Columbia University after his return. Mr. Romig spent several years at Muhlenberg College, and then attended Franklin and Marshall, from which he was graduated with honors.

'13. Harvey L. Reno, Boys' Secretary of the local Y. M. C. A., has accepted an offer to become the Boys' Secretary at the Birmingham, Ala., Y. M. C. A. Mr. Reno, who is a graduate of the Allentown Prep. School and studied at Muhlenberg for two years, is distinctly an Allentown Y. M. C. A. product, being one of the many young men who have gone out from this institution to other institutions in the country as leaders in Y. M. C. A. work. Two years ago, after a course of training in the local institution he succeeded B. W. Geise as Boy's Secretary. The Birmingham institution recently became housed in a magnificent nine-story building and is one of the leading institutions in the new south. It is pursuing an aggressive work and Mr. Reno anticipates a wide field for his work. The new secretary is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Reno, of No. 45 South Madison Street, and a brother to Claude T. Reno.

Exchange Department.

So long as there shall be college periodicals; so long as they shall shake hands with each other in exchange—just so long will the following be enacted in many and varied places throughout this collegiate world of ours:

Scene:—A student's (?) room, possessing all the engaging, charming, irresistible and inevitable pennants, photos, trophies, etc. A table is seen in the middle in a condition presaging a six hour day in the immediate future. At one side is a large window seat piled high with literature (?), in the shape of numerous college periodicals.

Time:—11 P. M.

Characters:—The Exchange Editor of the college paper, and the Editor in Chief of that same breezy publication.

As the curtain rises, the Exchange Editor is seated at aforesaid table, assiduously boning, and mumbling to himself:—

"Confound Epiphemomonalism, anyhow. This psychology is nothing but plain common sense, all balled up, to get our goat——I

wonder if Dot got my candy; what a Dream she is——Epiphenomonalism! Epiphenimonalism!! Epi-H-!! What, is it 11 o'clock? I've got to copy this theme yet, and goodness—(knock at the door)—now, what's up? Well, come in."

Editor in Chief enters, immediately glancing at pile of exchanges on window seat: "Good work, old man. I see you're at it. You know the printer must have our copy tomorrow at 10."

Exchange Editor: "I'm at it? At what? Am I exchange editor? I forgot the bloomin' job. What under the sun is an exchange department good for anyhow? Great guns, must I look over that bunch of rot?"

Editor in Chief: "I reminded you of it last week, coming over from the library, and I'll have to have it by tomorrow morning."

Exchange Editor: "What'll I do? I can't run through all that stuff now."

Editor in Chief: "That's dead easy. Simply jot down a few trite exchange bromides such as—'College World: Cuts would vastly improve your last issue.' 'Campus Clips: We note with deep regret that your usual standard of irreproachable neatness has sadly detrioated.' 'Pink and Purple: May we suggest a bright and snappy short story to enliven your otherwise very creditable effort.' See? Just run it off like that."

"Exchange Editor: "Just a moment, wait till I jot that down."

Editor in Chief: "And don't forget to open up with a few fatherly remarks, that all our criticisms are administered in a kindly spirit and overflow with brotherly affection."

Exchange Editor: "Rubbish."

Editor in Chief: "And always close with the fond wish—that we sincerely hope that we may have the keen delight of receiving many other college papers at this table. (Exchange Editor gently blows his nose and removes a tear drop from his eye). And if you don't have enough by that time, just slip in a few Ladies' Home Journal jokes. They're good fillers.

Exchange Editor: "All right, I'll have something out."

Editor in Chief: "Well, good-night."

Exchange Editor: "So long."

CURTAIN.

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Choose you must and as you choose
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"Mother, is father in the fruit business?"

"No son. What put that idea into your head?"

"Well, when he took me for a walk the other day, he met Mr. Jones, and all they talked about was peaches, pippins, and dates."

* * * *

The weather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the back porch. Mrs. Casey, across the way, observed this.

"Pat," she called, "shure an' Oi see ye air shavin' outside."

"Begorra," he responded, "and did ye think Oi was fur-lined?"

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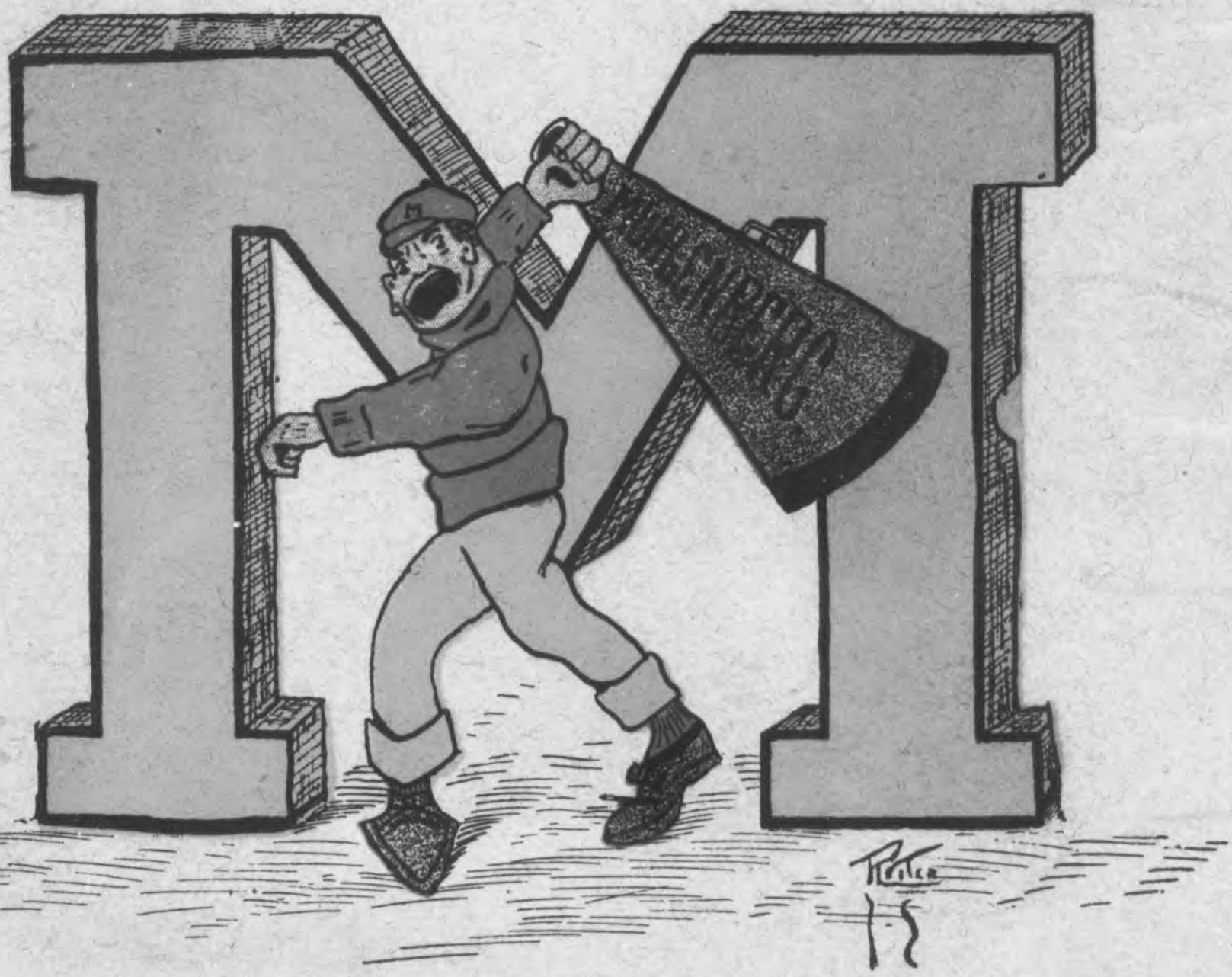

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THE REASON: MUHLENBERG 25—FRANKLIN and MARSHALL 0

From the Editor's Desk.

A Thanksgiving Number? Why not? Haven't we at Muhlenberg many and sufficient reasons for being thankful? The Freshmen seem dubious and the Sophomores are too modest to answer, for they think they have a just claim to some of the thanks—and no doubt they do, but the decisive answer from the upper classmen makes the under-classmen forget some of the more petty things, and a great shout of thankful appreciation reverberates thru the halls of Muhlenberg.

Why all this shouting, asks some alumnus who has been awakened from his state of coma and is about to realize that his Alma Mater has demanded and received the recognition she so justly deserves. Shall we tell you why Muhlenberg men are celebrating a most joyous Thanks-

giving? Because—in fact many becauses. We are thankful because our able and beloved president *WAS NOT* lured away from us by *the call of the wild* and energetic west and because our capable coach *WAS* lured away from that same wild and energetic west. We are thankful for our efficient and sympathetic faculty, our large and loyal student body, our strong and thoroughly organized football team and our new and excellent student band. We are thankful for a progressive board of trustees who have courageously erected three new sections of "dorms," and we are thankful for a live and energetic Athletic Association which made possible a Commons and our wonderful football prowess. And then too we are thankful for the increasing support of our alumni and friends, which is reflected in the life of the student body in that wonderful, intangible, yet ever growing something called college spirit—yea verily, true Muhlenberg spirit. Is that something to be thankful for, asks some one "who never to himself hath said, 'this is my own DEAR MUHLENBERG.'" To such an one we say, "Come and See." And finally we are thankful for the success of our football season and especially for our victory over Franklin and Marshall, and Franklin and Marshall can be thankful that they got off as easy as they did. So all together, fellows,—the long Muhlenberg for THANKSGIVING.

Should Literary Societies be Abolished?

We are living in an age of cynicism when traditions are disregarded and carelessly brushed aside. The disregard for tradition in itself is not wrong, the question rests with the value of the tradition.

Cynicism has struck at our literary societies and Mr. Past Record blushes when he thinks of his achievements, and can present no very strong arguments for the continuation of the traditional literary societies.

Muhlenberg has developed and to some extent outgrown her literary society "jeans." When the student body was small the two societies had only one-half of their present enrollment and men could perform frequently. But now by the rule of rota-

tion each man can perform only twice a year. Is it worth while spending one hour and a half a week to render these two performances plus the incidental parliamentary training which is, to a great extent, acquired in student body and class meetings?

Numerous factors contribute to the decline of the societies: (1) The increasing numbers and consequent decreasing performances of individual members. (2) The demoralizing effect of the lack of interest on the part of many who are there by compulsion. (3) The time lost in profitless "red tape" such as numerous elections of numerous officials, reports of various committees—real and imaginary, the ceaseless revision of an ephemeral constitution, and similar time-wasting devices. (4) The lack of homogeneity due to the diversified interests of the upper and under-classmen. (5) The loss of effort thru misdirected energy.

The charges are true and not exaggerated, but in these days of arbitration can we not reach a compromise?

We proceed on the hypothesis that a man does not develop when forced to engage in work against his will and inclination. Lively interest coupled with a determined earnestness well directed will produce results. "Utopian ideas" mutters some one. Perhaps so, but we must have some ideal.

Now then for a suggestion .....(1) Transfer the control of "The Muhlenberg" to the Student Body which organization shall also contribute to the support of the library. (2) Have optional membership but compulsory attendance, that is, regard societies as we do the elective courses. (3) Retain the two societies but have one open only to Seniors and Juniors and the other open to Sophomores and Freshmen. (4) Have faculty supervision and the elimination of as much "red tape" as possible. (5) Have one hour a week or every two weeks as the circumstances require. (6) Require no initiation fee and only a small yearly fee.

The plan would obviate many of our present diffiiculties, and would offer to those so inclined an opportunity to do thorough work.

Regarding the Short Story Contest.

In the belief that men in writing a short story should be unhampered by set limits, rule three of the short story contest will be entirely eliminated. We wish, however, to emphasize the fact that we *prefer short* short stories and we believe you do too. Fellows, it's easy money—get a clever incident, weave a clever story about it, hand it in under a nom-de-plume and the ten "bucks" are yours. That's a dollar for every two hundred words and even if you only get a dollar for every four hundred words it pays better than writing themes—perhaps. At any rate it's worth a try!

A Revised Department.

The Exchange Department refuses to be ignored and another revolution is on. Now honestly, fellows, how did you like the old fashioned exchanges which dealt with the technicalities of editing and story construction? Not at all. So we thought and hence we have enlarged and rejuvenated, regenerated and fumigated that department and wish to present to you *Intercollegiates.* Therein will be found notes of interest concerning other institutions, as culled from our exchanges, with the addition of a little chance for individuality. Here's success to the editor of Intercollegiates.

The Nocturne.

Henry and his mother were sitting in the parlor of their luxurious home.

"Only nineteen, and going to leave me so soon," she said softly.

Henry tried to be cheerful. "When I come back, mother, dear, you can be proud of me. Only three years abroad, studying at Leipsic, and then I'll come home."

But the mother was still sad. "Yes, you'll come back then," she echoed, but tears filled her eyes as she spoke.

This distressed the boy very much. "Don't," he pleaded. "Cousin Clara will be here, and she loves you as much as if you were her mother. And Bob is almost the same way."

Clara was the daughter of his mother's only sister. She and her husband, Robert being the only near relatives, were living with the boy and his widowed mother, who was now growing old. The presence of the couple did much to brighten the home.

"Yes, they are very kind," said the mother, "but nobody can take the place of my son." Her eyes wandered over to the sunlit corner of the room, in which stood a massive grand piano. "Son, play the Nocture for me before you go."

In answer, he stepped to the beautiful instrument and sat down on the stool.

His mother closed her eyes, while the full, quiet sounds of the piano floated toward her. Her greatest pleasure in life

was to hear her boy play. And now—he was going away from her. But if he could leave his magic touch, his heavenly music with her, she thought she might endure his absence. When he had finished, her tears were flowing afresh.

She accompanied him to the front door. With a kiss and a "Good bye, mother," he was gone.

When the boy reached Leipsic he buried himself in his work. The language had to be learned and there was much else to do besides. Every Monday he would write to his mother, and she would write to him. In this way three years passed.

Henry was successful with his work and on finishing his education, received a good position in Leipsic. In this he prospered, but his work kept him so busy, that he saw no possible way of going home for a year or two longer. When he grew homesick he would find a piano; then, touching the keys, he would play the Nocturne, his mother's favorite, as he had played it when he left her. However, far away in his Massachusetts home, his mother had fallen sick. The family doctor visited her, and gave a physical cause for the illness, although she herself knew that it was largely due to her grieving over her son's absence. He decided that the best thing to be done was to take her south. She was rich and could afford any comfort she desired.

"Bob," asked Clara, "how do you like the prospect of moving South?"

"Well enough," he answered, "and I hope it will help your aunt."

"So do I," she said. She looked around the room and although assured that it was empty she still moved uneasily in her chair.

"Bob," she commenced, "I've been thinking of something lately." She hesitated.

"What?" he asked.

"You know, Aunt hasn't written to Henry since we have decided to go to Virginia. Now that she is sick, all her letters to and from him must pass through our hands. We can keep them, and no one need be the wiser."

"What do you mean?" demanded Robert.

"Why, Henry won't know where we are. No one in the South will even know that Aunt has a son. He is doing well himself, so why can't we have the money when she dies?"

"Clara!"

"Why not?" she asked.

"I suppose it is a good idea," he said reluctantly. "But won't that shorten her life? I mean not getting any news from her son."

"No, Bob, it can be no worse than now, for it is her son's absence that is troubling her anyway. If it weren't for that, and that Henry is making lots of money for himself, I wouldn't do it."

"Yes, it's a good plan; we'll do it," was her husband's answer.

After that Clara took pains that no more Monday letters left the house. The sickness had occurred only that week, and the son abroad would have no chance to learn either of his mother's sickness, or of her departure for the South.

In accordance with their aunt's own plans the house and its beautiful furniture was sold. But the sick woman had said that she wished them to take the grand piano along, so that looking at it she might always hear the chords of the Nocturne that her son had played so long ago. This request was willingly granted.

The decision to go South was soon carried out. To any one asking where they were going, an indefinite answer of "somewhere in Virginia," was given. In a very short time they were ready to leave.

The departure was made at night. They changed trains several times, and finally reached the place where they intended to remain.

On the other side of the Atlantic Ocean their action took effect. The son in Leipsic received no letter at the usual time. He waited, thinking there might have been an accident—but no letter came. He worried over this day and night for three months, and still no message came to him from his mother.

One night he sat and thought about it. He decided that without doubt, he should go to America, as there was no longer

any chance of a mistake or accident in the delivery. He no sooner came to this conclusion than he resigned his position, and prepared to cross the water.

A few weeks later he was walking up to the house which he had left years ago. His heart was beating fast as he rang the door bell.

"Why, hello, Jim!" he said to a servant whom he recognized. "Where is my mother?"

"Your mother?" gasped the other, even more surprised at the question than at seeing him so unexpectedly. "Why she's gone South with your cousins."

"Where?"

"Virginia."

"What place in Virginia?"

"Nobody knows that; they wouldn't tell."

Henry became pale. He caught hold of the doorway for support.

"Why did they go, Jim?" he asked finally.

"Your mother took sick and the doctor said they should go South."

Determination seized the mind of the heartsore man. He immediately went to see the doctor. Together they talked things over, and before a day had passed the matter was in the hands of a detective. He, instructed to work with all possible speed and regardless of expense, set out to find the missing woman. In the meantime the son was in an agony impossible to describe.

It did not take the detective long, however, to find the exact place where the mother was living with her niece and nephew. He reported the matter personally to the man who had employed him.

After telling him exactly where to find her, he continued:

"Although your cousins are well known in the place, few know your mother, and I regret to inform you that she lies in an extremely serious physical condition. The people have no idea what is the matter with her. They say she has never been well since her arrival."

"Do they know she has a son?"

"No, they think she has no children, and that all her property will go to her niece and nephew."

"You think, then, that it is a scheme to get my mother's money when she dies?"

"There is little doubt of that."

"Will I have time to get there while she lives?"

"Oh, yes. She can hardly be that sick."

"Then I leave for Virginia on the first train," he said with finality.

Inside an old-time Virginia dwelling, Clara was standing at the foot of the old lady's bed, while her husband was seated in a corner of the room. The doctor and the nurse were both at the left side of the bed, watching the face of the woman lying there. It was wrinkled and expressionless. She was not yet dead, but so nearly so, that she was unconscious of anything around her.

"It won't be long now," the doctor said softly.

Clara was thinking. Her plan seemed to have been completely successful, and in a short time the sick woman's fortune would be hers and her husband's. After all, she had done nothing very terrible. The mother would have died anyway. And why should she allow her actions to trouble her longer? Even if her cousin should come at the very moment, his mother would not be able to recognize him; and without that recognition it seemed to her a proof of sonship was practically impossible.

As if to answer her train of thought, there was a soft knock on the outer door.

"Allow nobody to enter on any condition," was the doctor's order to her, as she stepped to the hall to answer the knock. As she opened the door, she saw a man standing there. He was tall, and looked rather strange, but she knew him to be the man she had wronged. She involuntarily jumped back, but quickly regained her composure.

Henry apparently did not notice her, but walked toward the half-open door of the sick room.

"The doctor says no one must enter," said Clara, placing herself in front of him.

"Where is the room?" he demanded, as if he had not heard her. Getting no answer, he passed through the door nearest him, and entered his mother's chamber.

"Sir," said the astonished doctor, coming near to him, "this lady is dying. She is unconscious already. Can you not let her die in peace?"

The long-absent son cast his eyes on the face of his mother. A low moan fell from his lips. Then he seemed to become inspired, as he almost inaudibly replied to the doctor, "I can."

His eyes had found the grand piano in a corner of the room. It was not his own will that governed him, as with a manner that bore no interference, he sat down before it, and struck the opening chord of the Nocturne. The room was filled with a melody, a sweetness it had never known before.

To his mother, whose soul was resting on the border-line between earth and heaven, there came a mellifluous succession of low chords, uniting themselves into one protracted and varying sound. She knew there was but one person who could play those chords like that.

A smile appeared on her face as she still listened to the soul-satisfying music, which passed into a higher, sadder strain of beauty, and then into full, low tones again. Once it turned playful, as if beckoning her back to life. But there was an abiding comfort in the strange tones that followed, and an inexpressible peace took possession of her soul as the vibrations of the last deep, pulsating chord of the Nocturne died aawy.

The smile still remained on her lips as her son, coming to the bedside, bent over her and touched them with his own.

"My son," she murmured faintly, as her now-contented soul passed into heaven.

T. K. Finck, '15.

An Incident of the Muhlenberg Camp.

(Apologies to "Bob" Browning)

You know, we men, stormed F & M:
In cardinal and gray,
While on the line Coach Kelly
Paced on our storming day:
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
He puffed his strong cigars,
While raving winds and rain beat down
Upon our 'leven stars.

Just as perhaps, he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may roll
Let once my army leader—Skean
Waver at yonder goal."—
Out twixt two thousand cheers there shot
A man from White and Blue.
He ran so fast we thought at last
That he from Heaven flew.

Then suddenly he stopped and said
In sentences half cleft,
"Ye gods! O Coach! our team is dead
Save I—I'm all that's left.
Your men are like the cannibals
That kill to cook and eat!
O save me Coach! They want me bad!
They know I'm tender meat.

"Well," cried he, "have you no will
Nor words to still my fear?
Your men are thru with all the rest,
I'm sure they'll find me here.
There, see your banner flap on high!
Is't not what you desire?"
King Kelly's eyes, alike his plans,
Soared up again like fire.

Coach Kelly gazed; but presently—
Old Muhlenberg went wild,
For Hubbard dashed and tackling low,
He felled the last stray child.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the very last
Of F & M's men said.
"I'm killed, Sire! and I'm mighty sure
You punctured our swell-head!"

W. E. Huetsch, '17.

"A College Bomide."

AND there was a certain young man. Sleeping in the cemetery on the hill nearby lay a long line of ancestors, each one famed in his day for his Christian principles and virtuous life. He was reared in a Christian home. He grew to man's estate amidst ennobling environment and among the best influences. Then one day in September his father drove him to the station, laid his hands on his shoulders, looked deep into his eyes, and said: "Goodbye." The next day he enrolled as a freshman at Wisterberg.

* * * *

One calm starlight night, near the end of May, one half intoxicant and one three-quarter intoxicant, were assisting, to the best of their wobbling abilities, one whole intoxicant across the college campus to his room. It was in the dead of morning. The venerable ivy covered buildings seemed gravely and sadly quiet because of what they saw. Every now and then some of the topmost leaves on the majestic elms, that stood scattered about like stern sentinels, would stir, as if whispering to each other the news of the sad scene. A gigantic oak, towering in their midst, stirred too—half mournfully, half disapprovingly, like an aged man shaking his head while viewing some youthful folly. And when the first rays of the morning sun fell upon his dew covered top, it seemed like the moistness of tears.

* * * *

King Demon Rum sat upon his royal throne, calmly smoking an Egyptian cigarette. Two servants, in glass livery, sat at his feet. A bell tinkled faintly somewhere in the palace, and a moment later another servant in livery, like unto the former two, appears and bows.

"One of the men in the college division, your Majesty."

"Which one?"

"The Manager of the Wisterberg division."

"Show him in."

A handsome dissolute looking young man, wearing white flannels, saunters in. He removes his Panama and bows.

"You wish to see me?" asks his Majesty.

The Wisterberg representative bows his assent.

"I have a report in that Roland case which interested you so much."

His Majesty carefully veiled the deep interest he felt.

"You were—successful?" This in the most casual of tones.

"Yes. It was a hard fight, but we won. We had a lot of difficulties to contend with. In the first place, he comes from a family that has always been narrow and antagonistic to us. Then that fellow Conscience that goes around with him kept reminding him of the sacrifices his parents were making to send him here, and used to show him a picture of his mother, and re-read her letters to him. I tell you it was a hard tussle." And the Division Manager laughed a fiendish little laugh.

"Ah, you must have had a difficult task, eh, my dear Rodgers," asked the Arch Fiend.

"Very. But I kept on nagging him, how he couldn't be a real live bona fide student unless he went out with the rest of the bunch. And I took him around and showed him some of the most prominent men at college drinking, and finally when that little Osborne college widow threw him over, I had my opportunity. He's been drinking rather heavily the last few weeks."

"You have done well, Rodgers, you shall not be forgotten," and the bow of King Rum signified that the interview was at an end.

* * * *

Two hundred miles away, on a certain front porch, sat a gray haired, refined looking lady. A moment later her husband joined her. That very day he had paid the interest on a mortgage. He had borrowed money since John left for Wisterberg.

"Next week our boy comes home," she said. There was a joyous little thrill in her voice.

Prof. James H. S. Bossard.

Our F. and M. Victory.

On the eighth of November with three hundred men
Came haughty F. and M. again.
Each bearing colors and megaphone,
Each man shouting in boastful tone,
"On to Muhlenberg!" Loudly they cried,
Little dreaming what their words implied.
Headed with trumpets they marched four abreast
From Station to College, two miles west.

Assembled on Muhlenberg's field that day
Were four thousand people joyous and gay.
The student stands were packed and filled
Partly by fellows trained and drilled
To cheer their teams and sing their songs,
And entertain the gathered throngs,
And partly by sweethearts, old and young,
Each with ribbons and chrysanthemum.
The other stands were likewise straining
Under the weight they were scarce sustaining.
Each person there had come to see
His favorite team win the victory.

The day was stormy, the field was wet,
A circumstance that caused regret,
For both the teams had speedy backs
And soft wet sod at least detracts
From speed and skill, and makes sheer weight
A factor smiled upon by Fate.

They're on the field!—just half past two
The referee's opening whistle blew,
And amid wild cheers and loud ovation

Each player slowly took his station.
None who was there will ere forget
The "pep" of the teams as first they met;
How F. and M. with powerful play
Rushed madly at the Cardinal and Gray;
How Muhlenberg with mighty defence
Repulsed their charges with vehemence.
And when F. and M. had spent her vim
How Muhlenberg unyielding, grim,
Furious, urged by student cheers,
Drove her arch enemy to rout and tears;
How the pennants waved; how the trumpets blew;
North stands went crazy, score grew and grew;
How F. and M., as she realized her plight,
Slowly and pitibly ceased to fight.

No one who loves Muhlenberg's fair name
Will forget the deeds of that great game.
Ben Hubbard's feat, an act so clever
That it will live forever and ever,
Was judged by all who saw it done
A mighty, "classy" catch and run.
Do you remember his position
Hemmed in by foes whose main ambition
Was to prevent our cunning Ben
From catching Berry's toss, and when
Our end saw that he was surrounded
Do you recall the way he bounded,
Seized the ball and plunged and tore
And an instant later made a score?
Honor to you, Ben! Loud is our praise.
In grateful tribute our voices we raise.

How we love to think of Berry's run!
We'll ne'er forget how it was done.
As he broke his way through F. and M.'s line
You recall we thought t'was pretty fine.
We then had hopes of some good gain
Never dreaming of the lane
That Berry saw in F. and M.'s defense.

I don't know just how t'was done, and hence
Neither I nor others can e'er be sure
Just how our hero was able to lure
Our foes from their mark, we simply know
That Berry sped on side-stepping each foe
Until but Jones stood in his way,
A tackler, keen and sure, the mainstay
Of their defence. Did Berry falter then?
You all remember. No! Like cunning Ben
When Fate gave him a chance, so Berry now
Arose to heights of highest fame. How?
With increased speed he plunged at Jones
Risking muscles, tendons, joints and bones.
You remember that thrilling test
Of wits, of skill, of all man's best.
You remember how our hearts stood still
As star met star, as will met will.
And when Berry sped on, a glittering streak,
And Jones fell headlong still and meek
We jumped and raved and I aver
Our shouts were heard in Lancaster.

Stalwart was every man of our team.
All were heroes, tho some scarce seen.
Our linesmen kept the enemy away;
Opened holes and aided runners on their way.
Long in our memories will they live
We honor them. And now to give
Just tribute to him who ran the team,
All hail to our quarter, wise and keen,
Whose judgment brought such rich success,
And to Skean, our captain, no whit less
Of praise we give. He played his best.
He battered the line and without rest
Again and again helped make the score
Larger than any we had earned before.

The game is over. Our victory
Is now enscrolled in history.
Long may Kelly guide our team.

Then t'will always be supreme.
And when bold, haughty F. and M.
Comes again with mighty men
May we trounce her well once more
With an even larger score
Than twenty-five, then let us see
The score rolled up to thirty-three.

Prof. H. D. Bailey.

The Girl and the Game.

WHEN dime novels rose in price to fifteen cents, Jimmy took to girls. Not violently or dangerously or to any one princess in particular, but rather in a general way, 'with malice toward none,' and so on. He collected rings, bracelets, pictures, handkerchiefs and pink envelopes in the same disinterested fashion in which one clutters up the house with postage stamps and old coins. And just about the time the cute little, slim little styles of girls were attracting his attention, James Snyder, Sr., held a family conference at the supper table which resulted in Jimmy's 'going away to school,' as the milk-woman explained to the town in general.

Thereafter the mind of James was filled with higher things. True, like William Shakespeare he learned "small Latin and less Greek," but the faculty worried about this more than James did, for from the beginning he was labeled 'material.' Consequently he spent long hours crouching on the green, falling on an elusive spheroid, flinging a sawdust dummy violently to the ground, shouting mystic numbers to his co-laborers, and indulging in wind-sprints; all under the ever-watchful supervision of an omnipresent task-master, known as 'Ole Pep' Graham. But all this was quite the proper thing to do, and he was elected President of the Freshman Class and Bowl Man and was distinguished from forty other green buttons by receiving the cognomen 'Runt.'

In time even Seniors spoke of him in respectful tones as 'Varsity calibre.' Intimations were advanced that without his resourceful leadership, the light and inexperienced Blue and Gold team would go to pieces. And the day of the big game

with Newberry College was approaching! Newberry was reported to have one of the strongest teams in the history of that institution, (it is always wonderful how many veterans your opponents retain as a nucleus for the following year). And so the Packer varsity and scrub battled long after sundown in a discouraging effort to 'smash that line hard,' to 'bust up that interference,' and to 'get the ole pep, damn ye.'

And Newberry week came! Came, ushered in with a thunderous 'Pack-Pack-Packer' for the team; came with a raucous roaring that reechoed and reverberated thru the halls of the buildings until even the grinds, that had to read 'collateral' in the library, heard the clamor; came with the defiant threat of little Tony Baker that he would consider any practice of the 'Hold-em, Packer' yell an insult to himself, the team, and the college; came with orations of varying persuasiveness by the faculty; came with a seething, surging mass that fought each day on the gridiron; came with a smoker, with more smoke, more cheering, more speeches, more songs, more inane reasons, 'Why we shall win,' than ever before in the history of Packer.

All this so aroused the excitable mind of James Jr. that he felt it his solemn duty to have the village of Manita represented at the historic event by one Miss Ruth Cooper, the most chic of the chicks—that is, in Manita. Elsewhere she might have been called old-fashioned, or as James Jr. expressed it, 'delightfully quaint.' She was a little in arrears in her knowledge of the world, still considering Mr. Dooley and T. R. fit subjects for jokes, and her latest slang, when she deigned to employ that vehicle, was 'skedaddle.' And yet it all sounded 'delicious,' if you were interested. James Jr. was.

While numerous orators made numerous inimitable speeches at the smoker, he, being excluded with other football men, spent the evening explaining the intricacies of the game to his fair friend. It was all very interesting, including the talk about football. During the course of the evening Ruth gleaned two important facts; that James Snyder Jr. was the chief pillar, support, mainstay and backbone of the Packer team and without him, there was only defeat, and that a great deal depended on the proper use of a most intricate trick play, never before

attempted in any football game. It was a play fearfully and wonderfully constructed by the combined brains of the coach, the captain, and the math. shark of the Senior class, a sickly-looking individual with spectacles. It was supposed to perplex, baffle, and defeat Newberry. It was a combination of four psychological principles, which resulted in a trick so simple that it could be used only once. The other eleven could detect at once, by its peculiar formation, any repetition of the play. No one knew anything about its construction except the coaches and the varsity, but the strained whispers of awe-struck freshmen said it was wonderful and marvelous. Ruth called it 'scrumptious.'

Came the day of the game! It is a day still remembered in the annals of Packer College. Sharp and shrill in the cold, crisp air, the referee's whistle shrieked. Martin, the Packer full-back, booted the ball to the ten-yard line, and the man was downed on the spot. Newberry in rapid succession made three first downs, while the grocery strategist from Ashland Centre gnawed his gums. Then Packer stiffened, held, and 'Runt' caught the kick on his forty yard line. A gentleman from Newberry embraced Martin for a loss of two yards, an end run merely brought them nearer the other side of the field, several line plunges failed; and it was Newberry's ball. And up and down the field oscillated the ovoid again and again, while the cheer leaders flapped their arms and pleaded with the rooters to "talk to 'em" and "make 'em hear you." And Coach Graham chewed a cigar on the side-lines, waiting impatiently for the psychological moment to use the psychological play that would beat Newberry. But the first quarter ended, the teams sucked sponges, the Packer cheer-leader borrowed a chew, and the game remained scoreless. The second quarter brought no more results.

Between the halves Graham in a rick and picturesque vocabulary gave the team the full benefit of his knowledge of the game as it should be played. Again the struggle was renewed. Near the end of the third quarter Martin heaved the hogshide for a forward pass of fifteen yards, and when the Runt plucked it out of the atmosphere, he was promptly slammed to earth by

a Newberry back. He awoke to find oatmeal-water streaming over his face, while the coach muttered savagely in his ear something about the 'ole pep.' The rest of the game seemed like a dream to the Runt. He seemed to have forgotten something; what it was, he did not know. He repeated the signals in a dazed, mechanical way, and the game continued in see-saw fashion.

The fourth quarter began on Packer's twenty yard line. Line plunges netted a few yards each, and an end run made a first down for Packer. Then Newberry held and Martin kicked. Now Packer held and Newberry kicked. The Runt pulled the pigskin into his arms and made five yards. On the second down Packer kicked. The Newberry quarter, not expecting a kick, fumbled, and a Packer end fell on the ball on Newberry's thirty yard line. A sub., sent in to replace the right guard, whispered 'one minute' to the Runt. It was the psychological moment. Then the Runt knew what he had forgotten, the signal for the great trick play. Perhaps he would remember it in a moment. He looked at his team-mates, at Martin stamping the ground, nervously impatient, at Johnson, the right-half, pale, atremble with excitement, at Carl on the left plucking the grass with quivering fingers, waiting for the signal; it would never do to ask them the signal. His team-mates were relying on him, the coach had told him before the game that a single slip might mean defeat. The rooters over in the stand were shouting his name.

In desperation he called an end run signal, and, stowing the spheroid under his arm, jerked, and turned, and twisted and writhed across to the other side of the field for a ten-yard gain. The Packer students were down on the side-line shouting, singing, shrieking his name, because of that big gain. The cheer leader had succeeded in quieting the rooters somewhat, so that the signal could be heard, and the Runt was desperately calling for a forward pass, when he heard a familiar voice, still cheering for that glorious end run, yell, "Scrumptious." Something seemed to snap back into place in his brain. In a flash he remembered the previous evening's talk, the explanation of the 'scrumptious' play. The numbers of the signal danced before his eyes. There was still time.

"Signals off. Formation C. 17-36-22," he shouted above the cheering. With the precision of a machine the line shifted, the backs jerked into position, the ball was snapped and over-riding all opposition, the Runt planted the pigskin past the goal posts! And the whistle shrieked the end of the game.

Wm. L. Werner, '15.

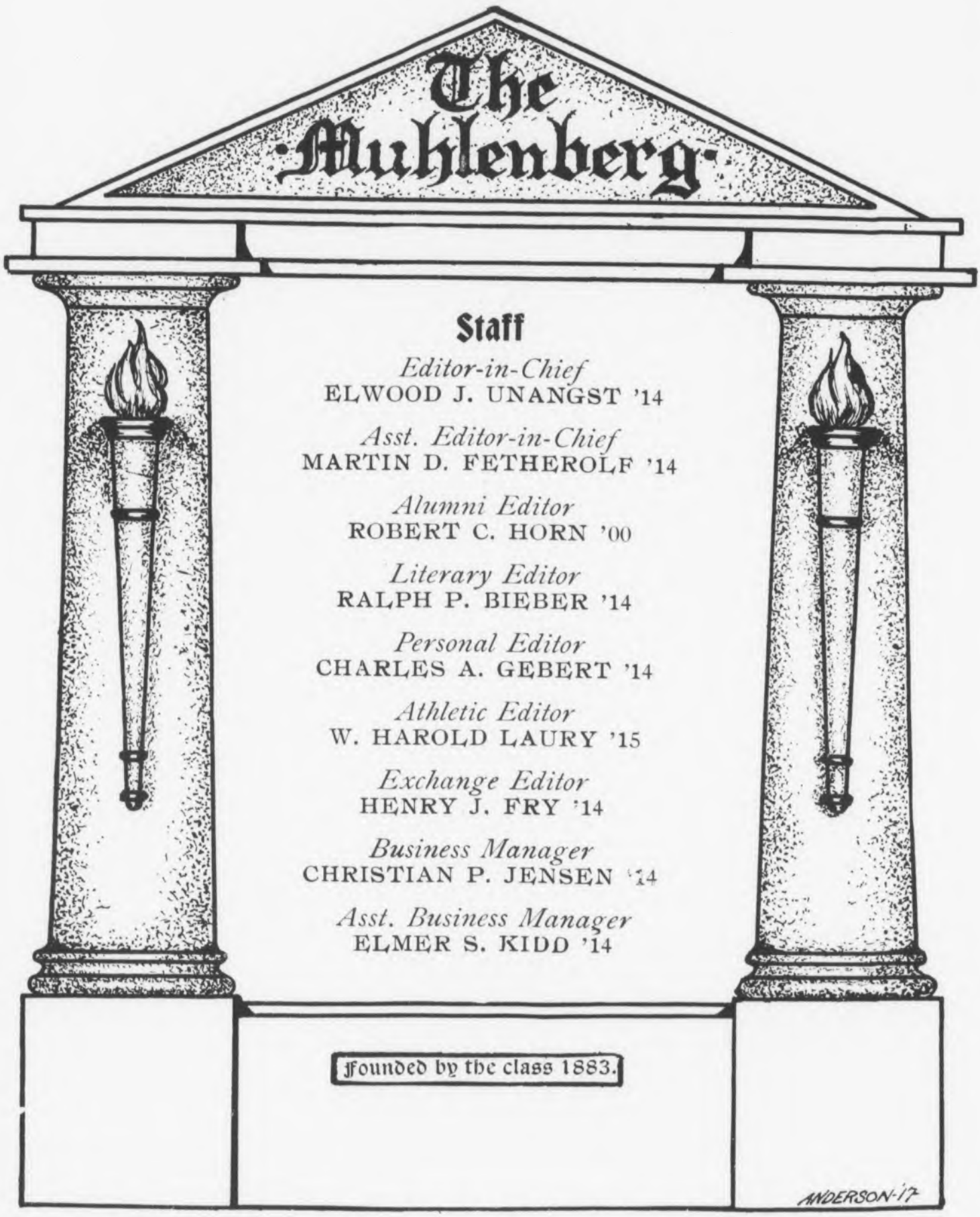
A College Proverb—Revised Version.

These six things doth a college student hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him:

A *prof*essing jokester, a continual quizzer, and hands that mark down zeros.

A teacher who prizeth no course but his own, and theorists who appoint a single volume for forty collateral readers.

Hearts forgetful of the "smoker" the night before, and assignments made as if every man were a "grind." Student.



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ATHLETICS.

Muhlenberg Beats the Battlefield Warriors.

¶ IN a fiercely fought game at Gettysburg on Saturday, October the 18th, Muhlenberg's football eleven defeated the strong Gettysburg team by the score of 26-6. Muhlenberg thereby scored four more points on the Blue and Gold than the Penn State eleven made the Saturday before. Gettysburg's only touchdown was partly the result of a fluke. Mahaffle, Gettysburg's fullback, intercepting a forward pass on the ten yard line and running ninety yards for their only score. Weijel failed to kick the goal. The field was wet and slippery and this caused our 'Varsity to do much fumbling in the first period. Taking advantage of this, the Gettysburg team worked the ball down to Muhlenberg's 25 yard line, where an attempt at a goal from placement was unsuccessful. This spurred the Cardinal and Gray team to greater efforts. They punted the ball into play on the 20 yard line, and smashed steadily down the field for the first score of the game. Straight football tactics were used, rendering the Gettysburg team powerless before the Muhlenberg onslaught. In the second half of the game Muhlenberg made a great showing and displayed the variety of her offensive work. By well executed forward passes and double passes two more touchdowns were registered. Most of the end runs for Muhlenberg were made by Berry while Captain Skean did most of the gaining thru Gettysburg's line. The most notable features of the game were the unmanly tactics which Gettysburg used in their over-confident idea of beating our strong gridiron warriors. However our men with slight bumps, came forth as conquerers.

The line-up and summary:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Gettysburg*
Hubbard	L.E.	(Spangler) Diehl
Flexer	L.T.	Zellinger
Roderick (Day)	L.G.	McCollough
Fetherolf	C.	Witherow
Ritter	R.G.	(McGill) Dreibilbis
Copley	R.T.	Beagle
Detling	R.E.	Kohler
Reisner	Q.B.	Hoar
Berry	L.H.B.	Poffinburger
Henninger	R.H.B.	Scheffer
Capt. Skean (Brennan)	F.B.	(Hatch) Mahaffle

Touchdowns—Berry, Copley, Brennan, Mahaffle. Goals from touchdowns, Berry 2. Referee, Saylor, Harvard. Umpire, O'Brein, Swarthmore, Head Linesman, McGillicuddy, Brown. Time of quarters, 12 and 10 minutes.

A Muddy Victory for Lehigh over Muhlenberg.

Battling in a field of mud and water, quite favorable for canoeing, Lehigh University finally managed to gain a victory over Muhlenberg College by one touchdown, the final score being 7 to 0. An immense crowd or rooters braved the inclement weather to see the contest, which had been one of the chief topics of discussion for some weeks.

Muhlenberg failed to show up as well against their opponent as admirers of the Cardinal and Gray had hoped they would. There were several reasons for this fact, the weightiest reason of all was the condition of Lehigh's field, which, due to the personnel of the two teams, was decidly in favor of Lehigh.

With her heavy backfield, Hoban and Crichton starring, Lehigh repeatedly made good gains through Muhlenberg's line. On the other hand the Muhlenberg backfield was unable to gain consistently through Lehigh's line, but depended largely on their speed to gain ground around the ends, which was made impossible due to the condition of the field.

Lehigh's lone touchdown came in the second period and it must be said that about all the credit they can take for it is that

they gained it through the penalties which Muhlenberg suffered. In the first period alone Muhlenberg was penalized 30 yards. In the second period Hoban and Crichton by their steady line plunges gradually carried the ball down the field until within a few yards of the goal which our warriors were defending. Muhlenberg then stood the test, for time and again Lehigh tried but was unable to gain until finally with but one more chance our team was penalized the half length and the Lehigh eleven, on the next play, sent Crichton over the goal line.

The summary and line-up:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Lehigh*
Hubbard	L.E.	(Green) Sawtelle
Flexer	L. T.	McCarthy
Ritter	L.G.	Grumback
Erickson	C.	Scruggs
Roderick (Seidel)	R.G.	Bianco
Copley	R.T.	Baily
Detling (Hayes)	R.E.	Goyne
Reisner	Q.B.	Chenoweth
Berry	L.H.B.	Keady
Caskey	R.H.B.	Hoban
Brennan	F.B.	Crichton

Touchdown—Crichton. Goal from touchdown—Hoban. Referee—E. Thorpe, De La Salle. Umpire—Kingden, Columbia. Head linesman—E. Green, Syracuse. Time of periods—12 minutes.

Muhlenberg Overwhelms Lebanon Valley.

On Saturday, November 1st, Muhlenberg College football team played its first home game. The College Band assisted in creating a spirit and enthusiasm which could only result in the aiding of our team to victory. The game was featured by frequent fumbles and penalties. For two periods the Muhlenberg backs and tackles smashed through the Lebanon Valley line practically at will, and made a number of long end runs. Berry did some great open field running, pulling off a fifty yard run for the first touchdown of the game, and doing some wonderful snake-like wriggling through a broken field, eluding would-be tacklers a number of times. Captain Skean did some mighty

fine work at full-back, a thirty-yard run of his starting the march towards the Lebanon Valley goal line for the second touchdown, made by Henninger, after a 40-yard run. Copley ripped through the line like a human projectile, during the first half, when he scored two touchdowns. In the second period he had difficulty in holding the ball, fumbling a number of times when tackled. Berry kicked every one of the five goals.

In the first half of the game Muhlenberg outplayed and completely outclassed Lebanon Valley. However, in the second period, a number of Muhlenberg second men were put into the game and the ball was kept pretty well in the centre of the field until the whistle blew for the finish.

The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Lebanon Valley*
Hubbard	L.E.	(Smith) Enavely
Flexer	L.T.	Mackert
Seidel (Roderick)	L.G.	Mickey
Erickson (Fetherolf)	C.	Von Bereghn
Ritter	R.G.	(Wenrick) Hollinger
Copley	R.T.	Slatton
Detling (Hayes)	R.E.	Swartz
Laudenslager	Q.B.	Leren
Henninger	L.H.B.	(Evens) Donahue
Berry	R.H.B.	Wheelock
Skean	F.B.	Pell

Touchdowns—Copley 2, Berry, Skean, Henninger. Goals from touchdown—Berry, 5. Referee—Ellicott, Lafayette. Umpire—Ryan, Michigan. Head Linesman—Bruce, Lafayette. Time of periods—12 minutes.

Muhlenberg Humbles Franklin and Marshall.

On Saturday, November 8th, the Franklin and Marshall football eleven, backed by their entire student body and the Pioneer Band of Allentown, journeyed to Muhlenberg Field, with all confidence and a firm belief in victory. But such was not the result. Following their procession came the mighty Cardinal and Gray warriors, backed by the entire student body, the Muhlenberg College Band and the alumni and town supporters.

Automobiles, bearing the Cardinal and Gray colors galore, entirely surrounded the athletic field. Roughly estimating, about 4000 people witnessed the struggle for supremacy.

On a wet and soggy field, with the rain coming down in torrents at times, Muhlenberg overwhelmed its ancient rival, Franklin & Marshall, for the third decisive victory, 25-0. In the beginning of the first quarter the fight was a nip and tuck contest with the odds in favor of F. & M. The tide, however, turned, and not less than a minute and a half of play in the second quarter had passed when Muhlenberg tried three forward passes, in succession, the third working to perfection, Hubbard scoring our first touchdown. Hardly had the F. & M. players assembled in the second half when after a series of ripping line plunges, following the kick-off, Berry dashed for right tackle, where Copley had opened a path wide as a barn door for him. Thru it, the Philadelphia boy galloped, and ducking the second defense, which had pulled in after him, where the first defense was shattered, leaped across the goal to score another touchdown. Berry kicked the goal. Score 13-0. This completely unnerved the Blue and White. The third touchdown came after a series of line plunges, when Muhlenberg got the ball on the 20-yard line and Copley made a forward pass to Henninger, who caught it in back of the goal line. Then in the fourth quarter, Copley ploughed through the line for the final touchdown of the game, making the score 25-0.

It might be stated at this point that Franklin and Marshall made three first downs as against twelve made by Muhlenberg, and was penalized only 30 yards, while Muhlenberg gave their opponents almost 100 yards of ground at dangerous stages of the game. F. & M. succeeded with two out of four forward passes. Muhlenberg attempted eight and got away with four, two of them culminating in touchdowns.

The line-up:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Franklin and Marshall*
Hubbard	L.E.	Schaffner
Flexer	L.T.	Hartman
Seidel	L.G.	Teske
Fetherolf	C.	Diehl

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Franklin and Marshall*
Ritter	R.G.	Wangaman
Copley	R.T.	Smith
Detling	R.E.	Glidden
Laudenslager	Q.B.	E. Mylin
Henninger	R.H.B.	Gerheart
Berry	L.H.B.	Hulse
Skean	F.B.	Jones

Touchdowns—Hubbard, Berry, Henninger, Copley. Goals from touchdown—Berry. Substitutes—(Muhlenberg) Roderick for Ritter, Erickson for Fetherolf, Seidel for Copley, Brennan for Henninger; (Franklin & Marshall) Sassaman for Diehl, Carman for Sassaman, Sykes for Jones, Witherspoon for Glidden, Wetzel for Teske. Referee—Doctor Newton, Penn. Umpire—Tyler, Princeton. Head Linesman—Miller, Haverford. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

Intercollegiate Champions.

Winners in Major and Minor Sports of the Past Athletic Season.

Football—Harvard.
Track—Pennsylvania.
Baseball—Yale.
Crew—Syracuse.
Basketball—Cornell.
Cross Country—Harvard.
Swimming—Yale.
Water Polo—Princeton.
Gymnastics—Pennsylvania.
Tennis—Princeton.
Golf—Yale.
Cricket—Pennsylvania.
LaCrosse—Harvard.
Hockey—Harvard.
Wrestling—Cornell.
Soccer—Harvard.
Fencing—Columbia.
Gun—Yale.
Rifle—Harvard.
Chess—Columbia.

Gridiron Notes and Jottings.

A wonderful quartette we have at college, Berry, Hayes, Day and Caskey. All hail from Northeast Manual and are "hummers" in every respect.

* * * *

Captain Skean surely does plough through the line with some speed and force. It took four men to "ground" him in the Lebanon Valley game.

The student body sincerely sympathizes with the injured 'Varsity men. It is hoped that they will soon be in sound condition.

* * * *

Seidel and Henninger are certainly showing what perfect tackles and sturdy plunges and end runs can accomplish. The latter player showed up wonderfully fine in both the F & M and Gettysburg games.

* * * *

Hubbard's snappy blocking of Wheelock's attempt at a goal in the Lebanon Valley game, saved the crossing of our goal line.

* * * *

Copley's work on the line, on both offense and defense, was spectacular in the F. & M. game.

* * * *

The heroes of the game were Captain Skean, Hubbard, Copley, and Berry.

Believe me, "The Copley-Hubbard" forward pass worked like a charm.

* * * *

Mylin, Herman and Jones were the star players for Franklin and Marshall, also the Pioneer Band of Allentown.

* * * *

Carlisle Indian Reserves next and then "On to Bucknell." Everybody boost and support the idea of "The Bucknell Special."

Victory and its Resulting Festivities.

Immediately after the game, the entire student body, headed by the City Police, who were on duty at the game, followed by the Muhlenberg College Band, marched down Hamilton Street to Seventh, where with the Franklin and Marshall student body

on the Roof Garden at the Hotel Allen and the Muhlenberg student body upon the monument, cheers and songs were exchanged and be assured the town knew that victory was ours. Suppers were sacrificed; quartettes and octettes were parading up and down Hamilton Street, singing the Muhlenberg songs in "Scrap Iron Harmony" as the evening progressed and to be short and concise, The Allen and the Orpheum were also "Heavy Scorers."

Very little was stirring on Sunday, but when Monday came the students were on the job. A bon-fire was scheduled. Auto trucks were conveying wood from "down-town" the entire day. By supper time a thirty-five foot pile of wood was erected. At eight o'clock the mass was set afire. Speeches were made by the football players and other ardent supporters of the team. The crowd of town people was great and it plainly shows that the town appreciates Muhlenberg's advancement.

Kampus Klippings.

THE College again offered a Fall course of very instructive lectures. Attendance was good and it was particularly gratifying to note the large number of townspeople who attended. For this we are doubly thankful since it shows their interest in Muhlenberg and her activities and, secondly, it shows us that Allentown appreciates this privilege. The men who lecture to us are authorities in their various subjects and give us the result of long years of work. Even tho Dr. Balliet, in his lecture did say that drudgery was found in education, it cannot be said that to listen to these lectures was drudgery.

The first lecture was delivered October 9th by Prof. Warren C. Laird, Sc. D., of the University of Pennsylvania on "Fundamentals of the Building Art," a subject foreign perhaps to many of us in our classical institution, but very interesting in that Prof. Laird gave us a different view-point of both architecture and the architect. The lecture was illustrated thus emphasizing the principles and making them more vivid. In the course of his

lecture he showed how the building art can portray the feeling of pride, power, strength or the sublimity of faith, and pointed out the three fundamental essentials of stability, utility and beauty each of which he carefully explained in its relation to the whole.

The second lecture on "Play, Work and Drudgery in Education and Life," was delivered October 16th by Prof. S. M. Balliet, Ph. D., of New York University. The lecture was attended by many of the school teachers who were in attendance at the County Institute convening in the city at that time. Dr. Balliet emphasized his points with humorous little illustrations, making his lecture bright and snappy. The visiting teachers could gain much from this lecture to make their work of education more interesting. Dr. Balliet demonstrated that it is largely our attitude of mind toward education and our work in life which determines whether it shall become play or work or drudgery.

The third lecture was delivered October 23rd by Prof. A. H. Quinn, Ph. D., of the University of Pennsylvania on "The American Novel—Past and Present." It was a most enjoyable lecture and doubly appreciated by those taking the course offered by the college. Prof. Quinn traced the rise of the American novel from the first attempt in 1780 when "The Power of Sympathy" was published down thru Cooper, Hawthorne, Howells, Crawford and Smith. He stated that at present there were no young writers of exceptional talent.

Prof. Ephraim Emerton, Ph. D., of Harvard, delivered the last lecture on "Luther," presented from an historical point of view and in the light of modern criticism. Prof. Emerton gave an unbiased opinion and, despite the attack upon Luther by Catholic writers, paid him a high tribute because of his fearlessness and honesty of purpose.

Stolzenbach '15 journeyed to New York and witnessed the N. Y. U. game.

* * * *

The latest social functions inaugurated at College are pink teas served to the freshmen by the "sophs."

Since our last edition we have two newcomers, Carl Erikson, of Elmira, entered the Sophomore Class, and Lawrence Caskey, of Philadelphia, who entered the Freshman Class.

* * * *

Prof. R. (to Stolzenbach '15, who has just brought the Kelvin Vortex Ring theory up for discussion)—"Ah, but even Kelvin himself abandoned his theory over twenty years ago."

Stolzenbach '15—"Well, anyway, there always is some **darn** fool that brings it up."

Prof. R.—"I quite agree. I quite agree."

* * * *

A friend in need is a friend—to avoid.

* * * *

There are rumors afloat of a Junior Prom. Make it a go. While social functions are not our prime object at college, still we could and should run at least one big dance a year.

* * * *

Blair '17, Gallenkamp '17, and Anderson '17, visited Vera Cruz lately.

* * * *

The faculty has abolished the bowl fight, objecting to the statuary which is distributed over the campus in this old Grecian custom. What new scrap would you recommend?

* * * *

That "Frost" Rarig is some "fusser." Just think, three Hallowe'en parties in one night!

* * * *

During the past month we have been favored with chapel talks by the following men:

Oct. 9 Rev. West, of the First Baptist Church, Allentown.

Oct. 16 Rev. Harry P. Miller, '95, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem.

Oct. 23 Rev. J. H. Waidelich, '86, of Sellersville.

Nov. 4 Rev. H. J. Kuder, '84, lately returned from India, where he is serving as a missionary.

* * * *

The banner scrap after four postponements was finally held Oct. 10th. Due to a misunderstanding between Student Council and the two underclasses only three Freshmen appeared and the Sophs easily tore down the banner.

* * * *

Seidel '14 and Bucks '14 are again visiting college after paying their respects to all the fair school "marms" at the County Institutes.

* * * *

Muhlenberg again offers a Saturday course to teachers. Quite a number have availed themselves of the opportunity.

* * * *

Hurrah! At last we have a College Band. Quite a number of the fellows have had experience in this line and all that is needed is practice. The faculty supported the movement very substantially and forty dollars was donated by the Student Body for drums, horns and cymbals, which instruments remain as college property. Encourage the band. *Everybody boost, not Knock* is our slogan.

* * * *

The first football Smoker of the year was held Oct. 25th, the night before the Lehigh game. The speakers were Dr. Haas, Profs. Reese, Bossard, Brown, Barley and Fasig, Brandt '11, Eberts '11, "Bot" Haas ex-'11 and "Mal" Gross. They were all red hot and all in all it was a "peach" of a smoker. The band made its first official appearance and was received with great applause.

* * * *

We had our first "shirt tail" parade on Hallowe'en. Gee! its lots of fun, why didn't we do it before? The band was

also in the parade and was heartily approved of by the townspeople. Incidentally they were paid and who knows but that in a few years we will have a self supporting band?

* * * *

Lazarus '17 (in English)—Looking down from the mountain I beheld a farmer plowing a field, another one covered with grass and another with a brook running thru.

* * * *

On the occasion of his 75th birthday the Juniors presented Dr. Wackernagel with a picture of Corregio's famous painting, Holy Night. The wish of the entire student body is that the dear Doctor may spend many useful years at Muhlenberg.

* * * *

Pay your assessment. Loyalty to your college ought to prompt it.

* * * *

Did it ever occur to you that in "being exposed to a subject" as Dr. Balliet put it in his lecture, there is danger of infection?

* * * *

Fry '16 saw Muhlenberg trim the Battle Field boys.

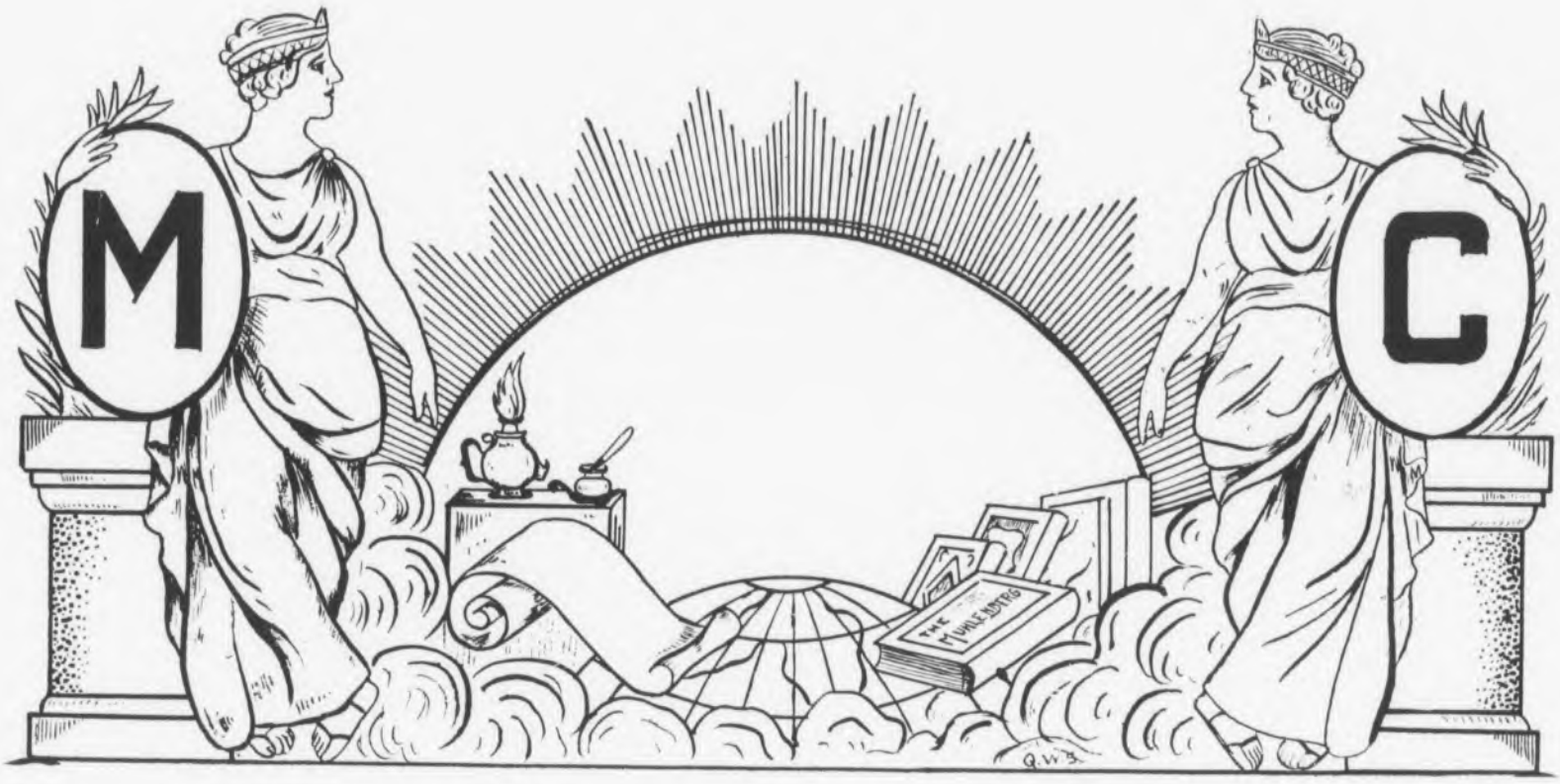
* * * *

Not in years was there a more enthusiastic gathering at old Muhlenberg than when the monster football Smoker was held on the eve of the F & M game, and it was a hummer. Faculty, alumni, students and friends gathered in large numbers. The refectory echoed and re-echoed with cheers and songs and enthusiastic applause called forth by the stirring speeches and by the excellent selections of the new College Band.

All prognostications were of the most favorable nature and altho we must admit that some of them were slightly unreliable yet every one present soon had good and sufficient reasons for expecting a decisive victory.

Speeches were made by Dr. Haas, Dr. Ettinger, Professors Simpson, Brown, Fritsch, Bossard, Fasig, Reese and by alumni, old and young: Lazarus, Lentz, Bauman, Reisner, Cressman, Keim. Coach Kelly in his talk spoke most optimistically, which is quite unusual and did much to raise our expectations. Results verified all predictions.

NORTH GROVE



Intercollegiates.

IT seems to be the inspired duty of most exchange editors—so far as we can find out—to dissect the literary productions of Exchangedom. Our aim is not, primarily, along such lines. We feel a bit incompetent before a task of this nature, and thus we lay down a different platform, to wit: The majority of Muhlenberg men do not see the publications of their sister colleges, and for this reason we hope to glean from them such notes and comments as will be of real interest to us, and will have a direct bearing upon our interests and activities.

"The Lafayette" for October 15, publishes the following:

LEHIGH'S HEAD PLEADS RESPECT

Appeals to the Students to Treat Foreign Teams with Due Courtesy.

(*Reprinted from The Bethlehem Times, Oct.* 10.)

On behalf of the high name of our community for courtesy and cordial hospitality, I appeal to the good people of the Bethlehems to use their influence with the young men of the towns to cause them, when attending games between Lehigh University

and other institutions, to treat the foreign team with kindly courtesy. Owing to the spirit of exuberant enthusiasm engendered by the excitement of intercollegiate games, there has, of late, been a tendency, on the part of our home supporters, to let their partisanship overrun their good manners; to forget when accompanying our team elsewhere to show courtesy to our hosts, and to forget that when teams from other institutions play here they are our guests—not only the guests of the university, but of the Bethlehems.

Recently the guying here from the bleachers of visiting teams and their managers, notably so in the Indian game last week, has increased, and must stop. At Lehigh, we take great pride in the reputation as a university that we have held, of a hospitable host.

Above all things, Bethlehem, the home of good people, of progressive, live business and of high culture and refinement, should frown on and discountenance license by her sons that brings discredit on her good name.

HENRY STURGIS DRINKER,
President of Lehigh University.

Along the same line "The College News," of Lebanon Valley, said:

"What the visiting team says about the home team, especially when defeated by them, is worth knowing. If they have nothing good to say, our team must lack the sportsman's spirit and must border on athletic club rowdyism.

"Clean sports are what we want, and may we always strive to play and act in such a fashion that whether we win or lose we come out the victor in some respects. Satisfied contestants are good advertisers, this is a thing we should remember."

And right here, Muhlenberg congratulates Franklin and Marshall on the sportsman-like spirit she showed on Muhlenberg Field, Saturday, November 8th, when her entire student body witnessed the smashing defeat of their team at the hands of the Cardinal and Gray. Her cheering remained solid and spirited

thru it all; there was no scoffing when penalization occurred; and more than once she cheered her winning opponents. They were 'game' to the finish.

* * * *

We looked over more than fifty periodicals this month, and almost without exception they contained references to Y. M. C. A. work, or other movements of a similar nature. There were notices of the publication of Y. M. C. A. handbooks, of meetings, of the raising of funds for philanthropic work, and so forth. It is significant that so much space in our college papers is given over to this work, and it goes to prove that it holds a distinct place in our college life, and is counted a vital factor.

What do the editors of other periodicals find in our columns of this nature? Come on men, let's get on the job.

* * * *

"The 1913 football season at Lafayette was opened last Saturday when the home team met Muhlenberg College on March Field. A good-sized crowd turned out to see the first game of what is hoped will be a most successful season. Most of the spectators looked for an easy conquest but the little college from up the Lehigh proved a big surprise and with a little luck and by taking advantage of the turns of the game, managed to gain a 7-7 tie."—The Lafayette, Oct. 1.

* * * *

The Ursinus Weekly published a timely editorial, on October 27, one that comes home to us, and we heartily second them.

"It is an unquestionable assertion that the sentiment in favor of promiscuous hazing has changed, during the last decade, to one of disapproval, in nearly all up-to-date colleges. Not that all hazing is frowned upon, for there are cases in which it is still looked upon as legitimate; but the idea that a person should be "put through" because he happens to be a Freshman is, we repeat, becoming a thing of the past.

"In one of the leading college publications of this state, there appeared, last spring, an editorial on this subject from

which the following extract emphasizes the statement which we have just made:

"'Indiscriminate hazing and general "rough-housing" of men are getting to be things of the past in up-to-date American colleges.' This fairly well illustrates the attitude toward this subject which the leading institutions are taking; and that the smaller colleges are rapidly falling into line and taking a similar view of the matter, can be seen from the numerous editorials appearing in the college papers on this subject."

* * * *

If you're tired of "Life" "Puck," or "Judge," and want a mighty refreshing substitute, read the Lehigh University "Burr." Its editorials are alive; its cartoons and drawings are clever; and the atmosphere is breezy.

* * * *

Muhlenberg College extends her sincerest sympathies to Moravian College, Bethlehem, for the grave loss she suffered by fire, on October 31.

* * * *

What they said about our June "Muhlenberg"—

"Your literary department has exceptional merit."

The Mirror, Moravian Sem., Beth.

"The Muhlenberg for June contains three good stories. They are skillfully developed and lack the crudeness which is characteristic of the work of inexperienced writers."

The Collegian, Grove City College.

"The June number of The Muhlenberg, seemingly, in a desire for individuality among college papers, has all sorts of composition, except narratives in its literary department."

The Morning Star, Conception College, Missouri.

* * * *

We are going to take account of stock. Some changes should be made, and tho what follows will not be inspiring in the way of literature. We will appreciate it if editors will glance it over.

Muhlenberg has grown and expanded her influences during the past five years to a remarkable extent, especially in athletics, and there are a number of colleges with whom we have direct and indirect football relations, whose publications are not on our list, and it would be of mutual advantage if the following institutions would exchange with us—Swarthmore, Washington and Jefferson, Bucknell, New York University, Haverford and Dickenson.

We have made requests for exchange with Princeton and Harvard, as we feel that it will be of advantage to them to have their periodicals on our tables, in attracting men for post graduate work.

Further, in revising our mailing lists, we feel that heretofore many of our exchanges have been almost valueless, owing to the facts that the schools concerned are entirely out of our pale of influence and activity, and we feel it advisable to concentrate a little more closely on territory in our more immediate vicinity. Can not colleges in Ohio and the West use the publications they send us to better advantage? Exchanges with such schools are of undoubted interest, and were money and time limitless the present suggestion would not be offered. We trust that the colleges which we are asking to discontinue exchange relations with us, will understand our motives, and our parting handshake is of the heartiest kind: Midland College, Otterbein University, Buchtel College, Lincoln College, Conception College, Findlay College, Bethany College, Concordia College, Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh; Lenoir College, Gustavus Adolphus College, Red Wing Seminary, Capitol University, Hartwick Seminary, Elizabethtown College, Eureka College, Park Region College, Luther College, Miss Anables School, Northeastern College, Farnum Prep., Holderness School, Grove School, Lutheran Normal School, S. D.; Mt. Herman Academy, Scandinavian Academy, Bliss Business College, Chester High School, Burlington High School, Milton High School.

By the way, Gettysburg, Delaware, and A. C. W., we have not heard from you this year. What is the trouble?

To the preparatory, high, and normal schools with whom we exchange we would say that one of our purposes in so doing

is to get our college before the eyes of your students. During the past many of you have sent us men, and certainly we entertain the same hope for the future. May we therefore ask if "The Muhlenberg" finds a pla e in your reading room where it is accessible to all?

For the sake of completeness we acknowledge the following: University of Pennsylvania, Moravian College, Moravian Seminary, Thiel College, Susquehanna University, Franklin and Marshall, Albright College, Gallaudet College, Ursinus College, U. S. Indian School, Carlisle; Lebanon Valley College, Lafayette College, Grove City College, Temple University, Penn State, Lehigh University, Harvard University. Preparatory Schools: Harry Hillman, Nazareth Hall, Schuylkill Seminary, Blair Academy, Allentown Prep. High Schools: Hazleton, Lancaster, Easton, Pottstown. Normal Schools: Kutztown.

* * * *

Seashore—Moon—Man—Girl.

She: "What effect does full moon have upon the tide?"
He: "None. But it has considerable on the un-tied."

L.H.J.

* * * *

Naefi's Law for the Termination of Repose:—

The hour of arising is directly proportional to the square of the distance from the reposer to the alarm clock.

Alumni Notes.

The students and alumni of Muhlenberg College are planning to hold a dinner in New York City on February 17, 1914. The New York alumni which include Dr. Edgar D. Shimer, Dr. Albert Shields, Dr. Gustav A. Straubmiller, of the New York schools, have urged the local followers to make a trip to the metropolis and hold a dinner similar to the affairs held there by the leading colleges of the country.

The idea was quickly taken up by the local alumni and a number of business men have already promised their assistance to make the event a big success.

The intention is to go to New York about 200 to 300 strong. During the last few days when the matter was quietly discussed fifty names were obtained.

There will be some speakers from this state and New York. Efforts will be made to have Governor Tener accompany the Allentown party and several prominent New York speakers are slated.

It is to be an affair not only of the distinctive college men but the many local business men are taking more pride than

ever in Muhlenberg and they also appreciate the value of Muhlenberg College as an advertiser for Allentown. Those approached thus far joined heartily in the idea. The New York committee consists of Drs. Shimer, Shields and Straubmiller and the local committee appointed is: Dr. H. S. Seip, L. H. Rupp, M. C. Henninger, M. W. Gross, Ralph Schatz, Claude Shankweiler, Dr. Willard Kline, W. H. Reese, D. A. Miller.

* * * *

'96. Rev. Samuel G. Trexler was one of the recent preachers at the services at Sage Chapel, Cornell University. Rev. Trexler is well deserving of this honor.

'03. At a special meeting of the congregation of Christ Lutheran Church, Easton, it was decided by a unanimous vote to extend a call to the Rev. Paul J. Neff, of Summit Hill, Carbon County. It is understood that he will accept the call.

The pastor-elect is 36 years of age and married. He is to succeed Rev. Elmer E. Snyder, who resigned May 11, after a long and successful pastorate.

'09. Rev. and Mrs. I. B. Ritter, of 1309 Hamilton Street, announce the engagement of their daughter Miriam to Prof. James H. S. Bossard, of Muhlenberg College. Miss Ritter is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women, Class of 1913. She is a member of Christ Lutheran Choir, and a singer and musician of ability. Prof. Bossard is the head of the Department of History, Economics and Sociology at Muhlenberg College.

We were glad to welcome so many of our alumni on the occasion of the Franklin and Marshall game and we feel sure they were glad to come back and rejoice with us in the victory. We cannot refrain from commending the loyalty of our men at the seminary who thru their interest and enthusiasm induced so many of their colleagues from other institutions to attend one of our big games.

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THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING BY THE LIGHT OF THE BON FIRE

From the Editor's Desk

"I wish you a merry Xmas."—"Thank you, I wish you the same," and thus the bromide is tossed back and forth at this season, its only virtue being that it is a welcome variation to the 'How d'y'do' or 'Good something or other' which is said with as much meaning and less hypocrisy. "Listen to the pessimist," exclaims some would-be optimist, and peradventure it may be pessimism. But call it what you will, it is well to remember that the simple phrase, 'I wish', is not a magical formula which transforms gloom into cheer nor a cornucopia out of which will roll innumerable blessings for the individual addressed.

True it is that sometimes the bromide is sincerely spoken, but how often does it resemble a hollow mockery? Formalism and appearances are today the bane of society and the fane of of the worshippers.

'Why all this railing,' mutters some patient (or impatient) reader. Simply to say to you, "We wish you a Merry Xmas," and to let you know that we say it, not in a thotless way, but because we as a staff have tried our best to please you every time "The Muhlenberg" appeared, and in that capacity we have thus contributed our share to the sum total of your Xmas cheer. We hope that the "I wish you the sames" will not be bromides either but that every alumnus and student will try to increase the circulation of the monthly of his alma mater for therein lies the hope of making the Christmases of all succeeding staffs a little happier.

Time of Short Story Contest Extended

We did not originally intend to write a series of editorials on Short Story contests, nevertheless this is the third of a series, and all because the fellows are too rich, too busy or too modest. When the flood of short stories didn't pour into the editor's room and only three trickled in underneath the door the S. S. C. gasped for breath and asked for 'time out.' So the staff has decided to extend the time of the contest until after the Xmas vacation. Contestants will please note the slight changes in the conditions, all of which are again restated. The first and second prizes are ten dollars and five dollars respectively.

Conditions

1. All stories must be in the hands of the Editor of "The Muhlenberg" by Jan. 7th, 1914, at 12 o'clock noon.
2. The stories must be handed in under a nome-de-plume, the name and nome-de-plume to be handed in in a separate envelope with the story.
3. The stories are to be between fifteen hundred and three thousand words in length.
4. All stories must be type-written.
5. The stories must be original.

The Typical College Sport

The football season has closed. Walter Camp has selected his All-American team. Faculties feel more certain of the educational salvation of the students, while the students feel less

certain about that same salvation as "midyears" loom up large in the distance. Various editors of various publications deal either with the fatalities of the season or the money expended in support of the game with the result that the general reading public compares football with war and agrees with Gen. Sherman.

We must, of course, admit that the sport does cost something not only in time and money, but even in human life, but what sport does not demand its death toll. The fatalities in football as compared with the fatalities in any other sport, are comparatively few in number. The wonder is not that so many but that so few are injured when we consider the great number of students in colleges, preparatory schools, and high schools who engage in the sport without proper coaching.

Besides, football, as we know it today, is the result of an evolutionary process. Originally played merely as a sport among the students of one institution, it gradually became a typical intercollegiate sport and in keeping with the commercialism of the age the advertising factor was recognized and its advantages in that direction were realized. Moreover by proper coaching football offers to men athletically inclined a fine opportunity for development and beyond doubt aids greatly in creating and increasing college spirit. The place of football as the main college sport in the college world is assured.

The Fool

ABOUT the middle of a sultry summer afternoon, the torrid kind we find in the climate of India, Acting Colonel McDermott of His Majesty's Tenth in India, sat in the barracks' office making out the report of the regiment's actions in the previous day's fighting. There had been a skirmish with some of the snaky haired border thieves from the Neck of Baroob. These thieves are the menace and the constant annoyance of the troops in India, and although the regulars had been successful, a stray bullet had killed Colonel Cummner and the joy of victory vanished in the sorrow of "Grandad's" death. Adjutant's Clerk Hubbard sat by the open window seeking all of the air that was possible and watched his superior officer closely. Several times he seemed to be on the point of offering his assistance to McDermott, but never moved. There was no doubt that McDermott was having the devil's own time with the report, for he was a fighter first of all, and a literary man afterwards.

A child bothering itself with the first composition in school could not have contorted its face any more than McDermott did. His tongue was wagging up against his teeth with as much vigor as if it was doing the writing and the end of the wooden pen holder was frayed into a brush by constant chewing. Finally, with a great deal of satisfaction, he closed his inkwell and dried his pen. He looked at the chewed and bitten end of the pen with a great deal of wonder but said nothing about it. He started to call Hubbard a couple of times but hesitated; finally he made the attempt and broke the silence with these words,

"Hubbard, have you any objection if I read this report to you? You have acted as clerk to Cummner for a long time and perhaps you can suggest some corrections or omissions." Without any more ado he started to read the report in a droning, singsong voice.

He paused a little towards the end and then continued, "I further recommend that Private McPherson be awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry in yesterday's battle, the full details of his actions will be given in his formal application."

Hubbard sat up with a start and hemmed and hawed a little but finally blurted out, "Private McPherson was once Lieutenant McPherson and a man reduced in rank is ineligible for the Cross."

McDermott looked at Hubbard in surprise and an involuntary "Oh" escaped him. He thought for a moment and then continued, "Won't you tell me the story? It seems funny that as good a friend of McPherson as I am does not know the story."

"No, I won't. If McPherson will tell you himself, all well and good, but I will not. He is at the stables now, smoking one of those native cigars that almost kill a man. This means that he is in good humor and I will call him if you wish."

"All right, Hubbard, I wish you would." With this Hubbard left the room.

As McPherson heard the crunch of Hubbard's foot on the gravel, he looked up and greeted him with a cheery "Hello."

"Hello yourself," Hubbard replied. "McDermott wants you in the barracks office. He is going to recommend you for the Cross if you will allow it."

"Is that coming up again?" McPherson asked. "I thought that with Cummner's death the whole thing would be forgotten, but here it comes up the first thing. Well, the sooner it is over the better for me." And he followed Hubbard to the barracks.

As McPherson entered the room McDermott looked up quickly and then strode across the room and offered him his hand for they were the best of friends. Then without any more ado he burst forth for he was blunt and rough if nothing else. "Mac I understand that you are ineligible for the Victoria Cross

due to the fact that you were once reduced in rank. Now why didn't you tell me this for I have attached your recommendation to the end of this report, and now I will have to write it all over again. Besides this, from what Hubbard has told me, you can be reinstated again as soon as you tell the facts in the case. No, he did not tell me that," he continued as he saw McPherson glance at Hubbard with a look of surprise. "I guessed it from what he did say, but now I am sure that it is so. Why don't you do it?"

The old struggle came up in McPherson and he started to speak, checked himself, and finally stood silent. The beads of sweat stood out on his forehead as McDermott looked at him in amazement, for it was beyond his comprehension that anyone should turn down the cross for the best reasons in the world. Finally his patience left him and he nearly shouted as he repeated the question, "Why then, you darn fool, don't you do it?"

At these words McPherson winced but replied, speaking slowly and with great care, "Because I am fool enough to let the sorrow and humiliation, that this would cause to one I love, outweigh my personal ambition."

McDermott looked up with sorrow written all over his face at the pain that he had caused his friend, and it was with great difficulty that he said, "I'm sorry, Mac, I didn't mean to hurt you in any way but you know—you know—"

"Yes, I know, Dermie." They had dropped all their dignity and were no longer Officer and Private but Dermie and Mac. "I know what you mean. I, too, at one time would have called a man a fool for turning down the Cross; but, there are greater things than the Cross, now, aren't there?"

"If you say so there must be but I can't guess of a reason why you should not be reinstated and get the Cross. No, to be frank, even tho you say so, I don't think that there is anything that is greater than the Cross, the Empire's seal of approval."

"Yes there is, at least there is one thing that is greater than all of the Victoria Crosses that were ever cast. If you will promise me not to tell I will relate most of the story, not all of course, but the essential facts."

"Tell? Why, you ought to know better than that. Did I

ever tell any of your secrets?" Hubbard saw that he was not wanted and left the room.

As soon as he had left McPherson started his story.

"You remember Colonel Cummmer's farewell dinner, that he gave to his friends, just before he sailed for India ten years ago." McDermott nodded. "During that dinner a jewel was missed by one of the guests, a diamond pendant of great value which had been an heirloom in the family. Colonel Cummmer, as host, requested that all of the men be searched by himself while the ladies were searched by his daughter. That was fair enough and all agreed. Colonel Cummmer and I went in the butler's pantry and searched the men in short order. The search was over and we were ready to go out and see what success Miss Cummmer had had with the women, when Colonel Cummmer remarked that he had better search me."

"I refused because I had some tidbits in my pocket that I had filched for my mother, and, for some reason or other, this seemed to imply a lasting disgrace and I refused. Cummmer seemed stunned by my attitude but said nothing for a long time. finally, he said, 'We'll say nothing about this tonight but you will come to see me in the morning.' Of course I agreed and we went into the other room to report no success. Miss Cummmer reported, just as I expected, that she had had no success and the party drew to a miserable close. After all of the guests but myself had left the jewel was found in a cup of coffee. The Colonel seemed surprised at this occurrence and cast an inquiring look at me but I said nothing. A little later I bid him "Good night" and went to my quarters."

"Promptly at nine the next morning I entered the Colonel's office and saluted. With no formality at all the Colonel started things by saying, 'McPherson, you know that rumor has it, that last night you stole the jewel and to avoid detection, hid it in a cup of coffee after the search.' Yes, sir, I replied, I have heard all of the talk that is going around."

"To bring this matter to a head, as man to man; did you, or did you not steal the jewel?"

"No sir."

"Can YOU prove this?"

"Yes sir."

"What?" The Colonel barked this.

"Yes sir."

"Do so, please," ordered he sarcastically.

"I refuse, sir."

"What?" The Colonel's astonishment was even greater this time. "You understand what this means do you not?"

"Fully, sir. Loss of ranking order by court martial, provided, I let the case come before the court."

"Unless you let the case come before the court? What do you mean by that? Are you coming to reason?"

"In one way perhaps, in another, not."

"Well then will you tell me why you refused to be searched last night?"

"Gladly. Last night I refused to be searched because I had some tidbits in my pockets for my mother and it seemed to be a disgrace to have them found by you."

"Quite a likely story." The Colonel lost his self control and rose impulsively from his seat, but just as quickly recovered himself and sat down again and continued, "I see that you understand fully the consequences unless you clear yourself. Will you clear yourself or will you let the case go to court martial?' I stood there thinking. Thinking harder than I have ever thought and my mind was torn to shreds with the fierceness of my emotions. Should I, or should I not? Was it worth it? Then I looked at Cummner sitting there—"Grandad" Cummner—

"I want my answer," Colonel Cummner broke in.

"I did not reply at once but took a knife from my pocket and carefully cut off all of the insignia of rank and laid them in the Colonel's hand; then, I replied to his question and left the room. As I closed the door I heard the colonel repeating 'neither—neither—neither,' the word which had been my answer."

"That noon the Coolnel read an order degrading me to the rank of a private for insubordination. Shortly after this we sailed for India and——here I am, turning down the Victoria Cross for a quixotic fancy of my youth."

As he finished McDermott looked at him for a moment and then said in his blunt style, "Whether you are a fool or a wise

man, I do not know, but the way it looks to me you are more of a fool than anything else."

There was a deep silence for a long time, as often ensues when old friends are in each other's company and words are not necessary. McDermott was thinking, thinking hard (to judge from the wrinkles in his forehead) while McPherson sat with the slight smile of reminiscence that often accompanies pleasant memories, or the knowledge of a deed well done.

"Was the jewel put in the coffee before or after the search?"

McPherson hesitated slightly but said, "Afterwards, I am sure."

McDermott reached over and clasped him by the hand. Neither spoke for a time and then McDermott, the blunt, made the only pretty speech of his life.

"Just now I called you a fool but out of justice I must call you a noble fool, if you are a fool at all. But did it pay?" The favorite question of the Devil had to be uttered.

McPherson smiled at him, and took a well worn letter, written on regimental stationery and handed it to him.

McDermott read its contents with surprise and gave the letter back with a smile, and shook hands with him even more heartily than before as he said, "It did."

"But who stole the jewel?" you ask.

"McDermott guessed before he saw the letter, surely you can do the same."

Edw. H. Stolzenbach, '15.

The Idol Joss

Near the tea-fields of old China,
  Where the lovely lillies loll,
Stands a grotesque ivory figure
  With a diamond studded skull,
And an opal in its forehead,
  And two emeralds for its eyes,
And two lips of inlaid rubies,
  All a heathen's sacrifice.

As it stands amid the lillies,
  And the moonbeams on it shine,
We can see the spangled purple
  Drapery of its mounted shrine,
And a hideous smile a-sparkling
  Vying with the astral skies;
And to think that all this splendor
  Is a heathen's sacrifice.

When at dawn the creeping amber
  Of the oriental sun
Lightly streaks its purple altar
  Then its worship has begun,
And a thousand yellow heathen
  Come and shower it with rice
While its jeweled smile seems mocking
  Every heathen's sacrifice.

W. E. Huetsch, '17.

A Tale of the Wind

FRANK Carlton was walking down Hampton Avenue on a windy afternoon in the latter part of May. Carlton was a very ordinary sort of a young man, and there is nothing about the latter part of May with which one can interest a fickle reading public, neither has historical criticisms revealed to us that afternoons have played any especially significant role in the evolution of states, kings, and that sort of boring thing. But we said that it was windy, and thereby hangs this tale. Moreover, he was walking down Hampton Avenue, and the fact that he had just crossed 24th street recalls to us who tell this tale that he was one square away from *her* home. *Her* home was on Hampton Avenue at the corner of 25th street. In addition, the house was set back a bit. Don't forget that. The fact that it was set back a bit is important. The home also had a front porch, but we may take that for granted. No one would be so silly as to write a tale about a boy and a girl and a home, in the latter part of May, unless there were a front porch. Front porches are an absolute ne-

cessity in love tales. Sometimes authors have used back porches,but front porches are ever so much more aristocratic. Besides, it is essential that this be a front porch, even if there was a wind.

But to return to Frank. (One can't write a love story about a front porch and a wind. Robert Chambers couldn't do that.) Despite Frank's twentieth century crime of being ordinary, he did not feel ordinary at this minute. Oh, no. His mind was filled with visions of conquest, and all because *she* was sitting on the aforesaid front porch. But no, I don't mean that kind of a conquest. This was a different kind. It was this way. She had angered him the night before, and being ordinary, he flew into a rage. Also, he flew out of the house, and now she was sitting there. But not that he cared; not in the least. He would walk by that house, with his chest out, and his head up in the air with his face turned straight forward, yes, very straight. She should know how little he cared. He would ignore her. Then she would be sorry. All this he thought of as he walked down Hampton Avenue towards 25th street. Nearer and nearer he came, chest fuller, head higher, face straighter.

Meanwhile, she had looked, and seen, and then, being a girl of spirit, she became intently interested in her book. And why shouldn't she be. It was a very interesting book, and besides, she had to return it to Sue by to-morrow.

He was almost abreast of the house.

Here is where the wind comes in. We have spoken about the porch, the boy, and the girl. The wind was not to be neglected; it would assert itself. Up it arose, in all its might; it swirled around and around; it plainly was angry. Then it stopped swirling. Over the street it crossed. It stirred up the dust, just to show what it could do. Had it stopped there, this tale would not have been written. On, on it came. It dashed on the pavement at Frank! It brushed back his coat and—horrors! It lifted up his hat! And this when his chest was so prominent and his head so high. Plainly, this wind did not recognize an aristocratic carriage in a young man; and away it took that hat.

Here is where the front porch becomes important. It was not to be outdone by a mere wind; not the front porches of Hampton Avenue. Anyone who has seen them could tell that.

And so the porch stopped the wind; also the hat. And right in front of her, at her feet, so to speak.

Had Frank been extraordinary, he might have walked on without his hat, but we said he was an ordinary sort. And so he followed it, across the lawn, to the front porch, to *her*.

This particular wind blew at exactly 2.45 P. M. At five o'clock or thereabouts, Frank's roommate from Wisterberg College chanced along. From 25th and Hampton Avenue, he had company up to College Hill, which proves two things: First, that one can never tell what young people are going to do—in the latter part of May, I mean; and second, that wind can do more than blow dirt into one's eyes and send fat men puffing after runaway hats.

James H. S. Bossard, '09.

The Evolution of a Student

Given in the course of a "Chapel Talk," by Rev. J. H. Waidelich, '86.

The College Freshman is unique
In looks and speech and act,
Shows this when he is heard to speak,
Displaying lack of tact.

His hazing day is dreaded oft,
When past, he feels quite free;
Then proudly lifts his head aloft,
Take notice—'I AM HE.'

At times he hates the Sophomore,
Shuns him at every turn,
Must wear a cap, which makes him sore,
Has still so much to learn.

The year being o'er, he will look back
With freedom and with joy;
For Sophomores no wisdom lack
Their work seems but a toy.

He knows so much and is so bright,
Expects that all will bow,
Salute him as a special light,
Which shines from his high brow.

He now becomes a Junior,
Shows sense and modesty,
Associates with some Senior,
Who grants such liberty.

At last he loves his College course
The drudgery work is past;
In lore he seeks the actual source,
His time is flying fast.

As Senior he begins his work,
The end is drawing near;
The tricks he played like ghosts do lurk,
And often start a tear.

Discerning man's true self indeed,
Which links to highest HEAVEN,
Whose Word he seeks, his way to lead,
His kingdom like a leaven.

The Saviour is to him his ALL
'The Rock of Ages cleft,'
Who hath redeemed him from the fall,
His promise with him left.

If thus from College he will go,
Assured of Jesus' light;
Then neither sorrow, sin nor woe
Will harm him in his fight.

That Autumnal Night

It was a weird and sullen night
That closed that wild autumnal day
Wherein the wind-god stormed these hills,
And froze the Jordan's singing stream,
And laid the ferns and flowers waste;
And this wide Saucon vale that bloomed
Rose-like, became a snow-flaked tomb,
And the sky, a jet-black velvet pall,
With frozen flowers dropping down.

Walter E. Huetsch, '17.

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ATHLETICS.

Muhlenberg Scalps Indian Reserves 48-0

THE Carlisle Indian Reserves, the red-skin football players, whose big brothers are always considered topnotchers in American football and this year have planted their colors near the top by their defeat of Dartmouth on Nov. 8th, were no match for our speedy and clever Muhlenberg warriors. Almost in succession were twenty-eight points scored in the first half. The Indians, reputed for their speed, were outrun and outdodged by the alert Berry; while Laudenslager out-tricked the duskies and repeatedly put plays over that made it simply a matter of skill against brute strength.

Only one forward pass got thru and that was for but ten yards. Berry starred in the first quarter, after which he was taken out to be rested for the Bucknell game. The other regulars were gradually taken out of the game, and the team that gobbled up the "Reds" in the last quarter was composed practically of the entire Scrub team. The line-up:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Indians*
Hubbard	left end	Norl
Flexer	left tackle	Dewey
Roderick	left guard	Morris
Fetherolf	center	Winnischick
Ritter	right guard	White
Seidel	right tackle	Bigtop
Detling	right end	Schenandore
Laudenslager	quarterback	Needham
Berry	left halfback	Buchard
Caskey	right halfback	Kettle
Skean, Capt.	full back	Leo

Touchdowns—Berry 4, Caskey 2, Reisner. Goals from touchdown—Berry 4, Reisner 2. Substitutes. Indians—Eastman for White, Gibson for Winnischick, Crow for Needham, O'Neida for Norl. Muhlenberg—Day for Ritter, Hollenbach for Seidel, Heuer for Berry, Brennan for Skean, Hayes for Detling, Reisner for Laudenslager. Referee, Ellicott, Lafayette. Umpire, Ryan, University of Michigan. Halves, 12 minutes.

Muhlenberg Suffers Defeat at Bucknell

On Saturday, November 22nd, the Muhlenberg football team lost to the strong Bucknell team at Lewisburg by the score 14 to 6. The Cardinal and Grey really outplayed the Bucknell eleven in nearly every department of the game. Topham, the star fullback of the Bucknell eleven, was their mainstay and it was his brilliant work that won the game for his team. Without him or a player of his calibre, and such a player is hard to find, Kelly's team woud have come home with due honors.

Fortune did not seem to favor either team, for both had misfortunes. Twice Skean and Caskey worked the ball nearly the whole length of the field on line plunges and short end runs with an occasional forward pass, only to lose it when it seemed as if they must score. At one time a costly fumble prevented a score, and at another a forward pass fell short of Hubbard's waiting arms by a few feet. Muhlenberg was successful with three out of five forward passes while Bucknell succeeded with only two out of nine attempts. Muhlenberg was penalized 60 yards to 35 yards for Bucknell. Muhlenberg made 21 first downs against Bucknell's 9. Skean was easily the star of the game as his line plunging was terrific. The line-up:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Bucknell*
Hubbard	left end	Capt. Keiser
Flexer	left tackle	Kern
Roderick	left guard	Reading
Erickson	center	Schafner
Ritter	right guard	Fisher
Copley	right tackle	Platt
Detling	right end	Sturgis
Laudenslager	quarterback	Cruikshank

Berry	left halfback	Aloshouckas
Henninger	right halfback	Gdaric
Capt. Skean	fullback	Topham

Touchdowns—Keiser 2, Berry. Goals from touchdowns—Sturgis 2. Substitutions—Muhlenberg, Reisner for Laudenslager, Caskey for Henninger; Bucknell, Edwards for Reading, Archer for Sturgis, Fenten for Schafner. Referee, Maxwell, Swarthmore. Umpire, Godcarles, Lafayette. Head linesman, Bush of Swarthmore. Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

Muhlenberg Closes Her Football Season

On Thanksgiving day the Muhlenberg football team closed its season by decisively defeating the Albright College eleven by the score 29-3. Benfer was the star on the Albright eleven and played the position of fullback. He was the chief support of their team, playing the entire game practically himself, calling out signals, smashing interference and making gains by sturdy line plunges.

In this game Muhlenberg showed her cleverness and speed in the face of the roughest playing that it has run up against this season. The officials penalized Albright 155 yards and still more roughness was overlooked so as to hasten the game.

In the first quarter, Albright made a great spurt and succeeded in making a field goal. The second quarter ended 3-3. The third ended with a touchdown by Berry. Copley, Laudenslager, Berry and Capt. Skean showed up well for Muhlenberg.

The line-up:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Albright*
Hubbard	left end	Hartzell
Flexer	left tackle	Ritter
Day	left guard	Shambough
Fetherolf	center	Capt. Yost
Ritter	right guard	Rebheim
Copley	right tackle	Brillpart
Detling	right end	Bold
Laudenslager	quarterback	Benfer
Berry	left halfback	Holmer
Heuer	right halfback	Higgen
Capt. Skean	fullback	Zim

Touchdowns—Berry 2, Erickson, Laudenslager. Goals from touchdown—Berry 2. Substitutes—Erickson for Fetherolf, Hollenbach for Day, Hayes for Hubbard, Brennan for Heuer, Baker for Bold, Collins for Shambough. Referee—Ellicott, Lafayette. Umpire—Ryan, Michigan. Head linesmen—Bruce, Sargeant, Normal. Time of quarters—10 minutes.

Capt. Skean, Flexer, Fetherolf, and Heuer donned the Muhlenberg uniform for the last time in the Albright game. The work of Skean and Flexer deserves special mention. For four years these two men have worked hard and consistently. Altho Fetherolf and Heuer have been on the varsity only for the last two years they developed into sturdy and reliable players.

Do you know that for the first time in four years "Jim" Flexer had to be taken out of a game due to injuries. Just a little too rough, Albright.

M Men in Football

The following men received their "M's": Capt. Skean, Henninger, Berry, Caskey, Day, Hayes, Reisner, Brennan, Laudenslager, Heuer, Fetherolf, Erickson, Ritter, Roderick, Seidel, Copley, Flexer, Hubbard, Hollenbach, and Detling.

Resume of the Season

Muhlenberg.

Lafayette	7- 7
New York University	0-54
Gettysburg College	6-20
Lehigh University	7- 0
Lebanon Valley College	0-35
Franklin and Marshall	0-25
Carlisle Indian Reserves	0-48
Bucknell	14- 6
Albright College	3-29
	37-224

Muhlenberg scored 33 touchdowns. Goals from touchdown, 23. Field goal, 1.

Athletic "Pick Ups"

One hundred and six students reported for the Varsity and Freshman teams at the University of Pennsylvania, when the first call for Basket Ball practice was scheduled.

Charles E. Brickley, the phenomenal Harvard player, with five goals in one game, one a placement lift, carries off the undisputed honor of being the most brilliant star of the Eastern players, in fact the next best record that can be recalled is the feat of Walter Eckersall, who put four drop-kicks over the bar in a game against Wisconsin in 1903.

It cost Harvard about $2000 per man for the development of the eighteen men who faced yale on November 22nd. The Crimson football squad numbered thirty-three men this Fall. The cost of their development was approximately $33,000.

All-American Football Team

As selected by Walter Camp.

End—Wagner—Pittsburg.
Tackle—Ballin—Princeton.
Guard—Brown—Navy.
Centre—Simpson—Pennsylvania.
Guard—Munns—Cornell.
Tackle—Patterson—W. & J.
End—Hogsett—Dartmouth.
Quarterback—Huntington—Colgate.
Halfback—Craig—Michigan.
Halfback—Guyon—Carlisle.
Fullback—Brickley—Harvard.

Basketball Prospects

The first call for volunteers for the Muhelnberg basket ball brought a large number of new men into prominence. Twenty-five men reported for the team, and all showed great interest considering that this is the first week. All evidences point toward a very good team. Five men of last year's team are back, Leisey, Hubbard, Copley, Ritter and Afflerbach. The new men who are out are, Witmer, Blair, Detling, Hayes, Boyer, Blank, Hollenbach, Schwenk, Everitt, Seidel, Loser, Lazarus, Gallenkamp, Royer and Weida. The season opens with two games in

Philadelphia on December 12th and 13th. There are five home games. All that is asked is that the students give basket ball and the team the spirited boost which they gave football and the season will be a success.

Muhlenberg Basketball Schedule

Friday, Dec. 12.—Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, at Phila.
Saturday, Dec. 13—University of Pennsylvania, at Phila.
Saturday, Jan. 17—Susquehanna University, at Allentown.
Wednesday, Jan. 21—Lehigh University, at So. Bethlehem.
Friday, Jan. 23—Lafayette College, at Easton.
Thursday, Feb. 5—Fordham University, at Allentown.
Thurdsay, Feb. 12—Seton Hall College, at South Orange, N. J.
Saturday, Feb. 14—Fordham University, at New York.
Saturday, Feb. 21—Lafayette College, at Allentown.
Thursday, Feb. 26—Lebanon Valley College, at Allentown.
Saturday, Mar. 7—Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, at Allen.
Thursday, Mar. 12—Lebanon Valley College, at Annville, Pa.
Friday, Mar. 13—Susquehanna University, at Selins Grove, Pa.

THE DORMS BY MOONLIGHT

Kampus Klippings

THE Chaminade Octette, of Allentown, rendered a very fine concert in the chapel on Nov. 13. The Octette is composed of Misses Fegley and Schnurman, first sopranos; Misses Aurand and Yeakel, second sopranos; Mrs. Conrad and Miss Lerch, first altos; Misses Graffin and Spangler, second altos; Mr. Warren F. Acker '04, Director, and Miss Sara Gabriel, Reader. Their selections were very well rendered. Miss Yeakel deserves special mention for her rendition of "When Celia Sings." Miss Gabriel had a number of clever readings.

* * * *

Nov. 25 at 7 o'clock Allentown Preparatory School held its annual football banquet. Prof. Reese gave one of his characteristic football speeches. Mueller '09, Seegers '13, Richards '13, Crouthamel '14, Sell '14, Gebert '14 and Keiter '15, attended. Let us all take a keener interest in Prep.

Soph: "Hey, Frosh, when is a girl not a girl?"
Frosh: "I'm too green."
Soph: "When she's a chicken."
Slim—Why does a chicken cross the road at Central Park?
Stout—Well, why does she?
Slim—To get to the Manhattan Hotel.
(Fooled you that time.)

* * * *

We wish to compliment the Sophomore Class on the clever menus they prepared for the Thanksgiving dinner.

* * * *

"Chon" Sefing says there are only 2 kinds of automobiles, Fords and can't affords.

* * * *

The Evils of a Bucknell Special—Crouthamel reports Freihofer as smoking a cigarette while in Lewisburg. Horror of Horrors!!!

* * * *

Albright brought (?) quite a crowd of rooters with them. Do you get me, Steve?

* * * *

Seems strange, doesn't it, that so many of our alumni should come back for the Thanksgiving Day game and so few fellows stick around?

* * * *

Changed cooks at the Commons again. Here's hoping not for better but for the best.

* * * *

No sawdust on the floor around here. This is a regular place. Both chicken and turkey on Thanksgiving.

* * * *

All the left overs at Thanksgiving indulged in a pink tea. Mrs. Kelly acted as chaperone.

Jim—Why is a horse with his neck hanging down like Tuesday?"

Jam—Shoot!

Jim—Because it's next week.

(For those who don't get that deep one—neck's weak.)

* * * *

For suggestions for Xmas presents visit "Bernie's" College Store and remember the Sophomore Calendars which promise to be pretty fine.

* * * *

Rev. Preston A. Laury, S. T. D. '89, spoke in chapel, Nov. 13.

Our Bucknell special was a great success. All told one hundred and seven people went along. We had a good time and made some time. Those who went will never forget it. The number was perhaps small, either because money or college spirit was lacking. If at some future time we run another special just a word of advice—Don't let your College Spirit be measured by the price of a railroad ticket.

* * * *

Phony—When is a man not a man?

Grouch—Spill it.

Phony—When he's a little hoarse.

(Apologies to Skinny Shaner)

* * * *

We quote from a daily:

"The football season now being over a good many students will waste time studying their lessons."

That editor has undoubtedly voiced the sentiments of many a football warrior.

* * * *

The annual business session of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Union was held Saturday, November 15, at Muhlenberg. Delegates from the six colleges comprising the union were present as follows: Swarthmore, two; Franklin and Marshall, two; Gettysburg, two; Muhlenberg, two; Lafayette,

one, and Ursinus, one. Adler, '15, was chosen from Wash. Hall to represent the college at this year's meeting. Routine business was transacted and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Tomlinson, Swarthmore; Vice President, Adler, Lafayette; Secretary, Snyder, Muhlenberg; Treasurer, Shelly, Franklin and Marshall. New arrangements were made regarding the selection of delegates which will affect Lafayette and Ursinus. The constitution was amended in order to meet certain needs of the organization. The spirit of the meeting was unusually good and a big effort is going to be made to increase interest in the Union, prior to the next contest. This contest will be held sometime in March at Franklin and Marshall College and Lafayette will be represented by Barker, '14, the winner of the Junior Oratorical Contest.

The General Council Board of Education met at Muhlenberg on Nov. 25th. Addresses were made in chapel that morning by the following members of the board: Dr. Andreen, Pres. of Augustana College; Dr. Beberding '73, of Chicago Theological Seminary; Rev. W. A. Beates '72, Rev. Spaeth, of Williamsport, Rev. Pfateicher of Philadelphia, and Dr. Linberg, of Augustana Theological Seminary.

Checkers is a brutal game—Everybody got it—Well then no explanation is needed.

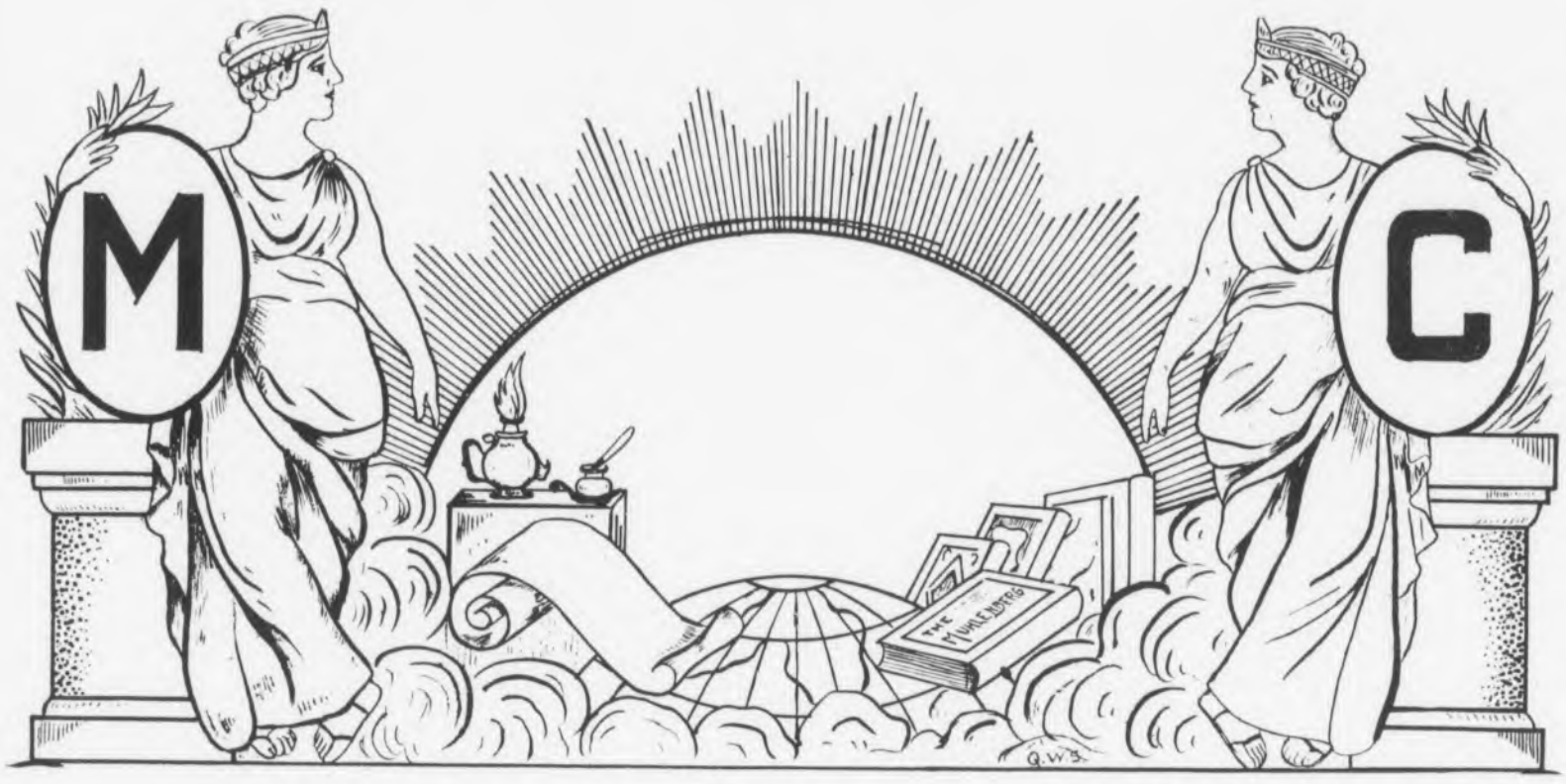
Nov. 19th Dr. Haas and Prof. Reese accompanied by the student body paid their respects to Peter Gross, the artist, at Lindenmuth's studio. Mr. Gross has just returned from Paris where he made quite a name for himself as an artist.

Life is always a dull grind to the man who thinks only of the grist.

RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

Male (sitting in crowded street car)—Pardon me, madam, but you're standing on my feet.

Standing Suffragette—If you were anything of a man you'd be standing on them yourself.



Intercollegiates

That the problems of our campus are not at all peculiar to us, is at once evident, on glancing over our exchanges.

CLASS FIGHTS.

From "The Washington-Jeffersonian" for November.

"For some time there has been a general feeling of dissatisfaction concerning the time honored college tradition in the form of class fights. They are a relic of the past; a symbol of a barbarism that the college of today does not wish to foster. Men no longer think that a man must be humiliated and made to participate in such escapades, before he can become a true college man.

"Every year there are accounts of men who are permanently injured or killed, in such battles, and the mere fact that injuries received in local fights, have not resulted fatally is no sufficient proof that they may not. Again, the classes are frequently unevenly matched, and victory in such a case implies neither skill nor bravery. Thus the fights at other schools could be investigated, and something less dangerous substituted, which will serve the same purpose."

We are in the same position; our present fights are unsatisfactory, and defeat the purpose for which they are intended – that of promoting vigorous class spirit. We are not radical enough to propose the abolition of all such struggles: Either we do

not have the nerve, or we really feel that they have a rightful place in college life. We suggest that some of the editors who each month rack their brains for material for editorials, give us hints as to what their colleges are doing along this line.

HAIL YE, LIT. SOCIETIES.

From "The College Student," F. and M., for October.

"Every member of the faculty and of the literary societies appear convinced that next to class room work, the work of the literary societies holds the most important place on the college curriculum. If our faculty is conscientiously taking this stand, as we believe, let them prove their words by works. If our professors would place society work on the same plane as regular college work, which is not rating it too high, why is the student not given credit for this work? Is not a two, or two and one-half hour program, in which every man repeatedly takes a part, the equivalent of one hour of class room work in English?

Would it not be justice to the students, to the literary societies and to the college to credit every active member of either literary society with at least one hours' work on the college curriculum?

In the present unrest concerning our Societies, this is of more than passing interest. We feel the need of change, and it the work is to take on new vitality is it not necessary that the faculty step in, and give it poise and more solidarity?

CONCERNING CHAPEL.

The Delaware College Review has an editorial on the merits (or the opposite) of compulsory chapel. We do not agree with the editor, for tho the spirit of reverence may not be the rule, tho the singing be poor, tho the faculty be absent, are not all these things manifestations of thoughtlessness rather than irreverence and lack of respect, and does not the fact of going to chapel, whether compulsory or not, have a decided value, in the long run, considering the effect on the student body as a whole?

* * * *

It is interesting to note the place given in several recent college editorials to the ever present question: Why are we here?

TIME WASTING IN COLLEGE.

From "Old Penn" for November 15.

"That was a serious indictment which Provost Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, read against present day college life at the meeting of the Teachers' Club, when he declared that entirely too much time and attention is devoted to the social and sporting activities and not enough to the business of learning. The more general diversions, like athletics, theatricals and dances, have been carried to such extremes in some of the colleges as to require fully as much time of the average young man as the regular course of studies. Neither Provost Smith nor other educators who have spoken on the subject can fairly be accused of "kiil joy" proclivites which is the favorite undergraduate way of classifying such criticisms. Wholesome amusements are undoubtedly as necessary to the student as solid doses of learning, but nowadays the non-essentials are more often mistaken by the young man at school for the essentials."

Right in line with this is an editorial from "The Ursinus Weekly" for December 1.

"Let it not be understood that extra-curricular activities are being condemned as undesirable or useless. The student who takes little or no part in the work of the school organizations is losing a most valuable training. The Christian organizations, the literary societies, athletics—all are most desirable as means for giving expression to various phases of college life. The truth seems to be that these organizations should supplement rather than displace the regular class-room work of the institution. Their work should be the avocation of the student, while his college studies should be his vocation. Wasting time is entirely too serious a fault with most of us. Too often do we lounge around in a student's room, indulging in idle conversation or profitless discussion. The mingling of students with students is a desirable feature of dormitory life, provided it is not allowed to interfere unduly with the normal college work of the student."

* * * *

The "Lehigh Burr" has a cartoon that brings tears to our eyes—

> We are in a dormitory hall. In the immediate foreground is seen a member of the cleaning committee (female) industriously cleansing the same. In the background, immediately back of her, behold an entrance to one of the showers, in which entrance stands a youth

in all his pristine splendor, save for a paltry 6 x 7 inch towel. He is innocently singing—'Trull-lull-dul-de-dee-ee." The expression on his face assures us that he must catch the next car.

* * * *

We were pleased to hear from Washington and Jefferson. Their paper has the general tone of prosperity, and we are under the impression that the periodical of an institution is a pretty good index as to "what's doing"—tho there are exceptions to this. Institutions such as Harvard, Penn, and the larger of the colleges as Lafayette, send papers to our table which give ample proof that they are doing things on a big scale, when compared with the smaller colleges. There are, of course, more activities, more men of ability, and the periodicals show it. Leaving these out of the discussion, it is enlightening to take the publcations of the smaller colleges of this section, and place them side by side in comparison. It is evident which ones have a live loyal student body, with enthusiasm in their activities.

* * * *

May we again mention the changed policy of this department: To bring before the Muhlenberg men the activities of other institutions which have a direct bearing on us, and to criticise but a little.

* * * *

The Chief Justice of the State of Maine says: "The difference between a large university and a small college is that in the large university the student goes through more college, while in the small college more college goes through the student."

* * * *

Preliminary plans have been drawn for a proposed university chapel for the University of Pennsylvania, to cost at least half a million dollars.

* * * *

Rhode Island State is the first New England college to introduce a course in Psychology for freshmen. The course is officially known as "Psychology VIII. How to Study." It is a practical course based on psychological principles, and is designed to increase the efficiency of students. In connection with this course, a test to determine the mental efficiency of each freshman will be given in the near future.

There are many favorable comments on the first issue of "The Muhlenberg" in various papers of which the following is typical:

"The Initial number of the "Muhlenberg" is attractive and bodes well for successive numbers. The sketches and views greatly improve the appearance of the paper. "The Two Ink Wells" is original and very good. "The Charge of the Green Brigade" is a clever parody on Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The Exchange Editor has ingeniously filled up his department and his effort is worthy of commendation."

We received fifty exchanges this month and we thank old and new friends for their courtesy in this matter.

CONCERNING THE POETRY OF OUR EXCHANGES.

The Folio—Allentown College for Women.

Why apologize to Moore for your verses entitled "A Modern Psyche"? Why not to the Muses? There is absolutely nothing in your rhyme—scheme or meter, which resembles Moore's poetry. Evidently you are not acquainted with skill in parodizing.

Tho your lines "The Meter—Not the Spirit" are very smooth they are not inspired. They are impressive because the subject is impressive and because the details are so moving. I do not think you have contributed anything of your own to make your theme appeal to the reader.

The Echo—Hazleton, Penna.

Is it not the essence of a poet's work that he puts into his lines a magical something which transforms his facts and fancies into a sort of gold? I fail to find this magic in your poem entitled "Winter."

The half-secret of writing poetry is WORK. You seem to avoid this particular half in your verses called "The Close of Day."

The College Student—Lancaster, Pa.

Your poem "The Uninvited Guest" is big in power and promise. Some of your symmetrical lines are interlined with that splendor which is bound to outshine many of your contemporaries. Fire on!

Walter E. Huetsch, '17.

Alumni Notes

'78 One of the prominent speakers at the meeting of the United Missionary Conference, held at the Y. M. C. A. building, was Dr. Charles L. Fry, Secretary of the Board of Church Extension of the General Council of the Lutheran Church. This interesting account of Dr. Fry's work was given by one of the local papers:

Rev. Fry is a graduate of Muhlenberg College and of the Mount Airy Seminary. His first pastorate was Old Trinity, Lancaster, and extended over a period of twenty years, 1881-1901. He was a member of the Board of Directors, which founded the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna. He organized the University extension movement at Lancaster, and was thus brought into close relation with Woodrow Wilson, of the Princeton University, and now President of the United States, having entertained him at his own home. From 1901-1906 he was pastor of St. Luke's, Philadelphia, and during his administration the $12,000 mortgage was cancelled. The first Inner Mission Society in America was organized in his home, at the close of a dinner arranged for that purpose. He was the first President of the Kensington Dispensary enterprise. He established the first free kindergarten in the Ministerium of

Pennsylvania. For a period of two years, 1906-1908 he was the eastern representative of the Lutheran Mission and Church Extension Society and has now become its General Secretary. Dr. Fry is a fine speaker and brings to his work splendid qualities of leadership, which will no doubt, mean a great success in his work.

'96 A Washington, D. C., dispatch, under date of December 2, says:

"The 'Trust-busting' force of the Department of Justice was increased by the appointment of Marcus S. Hottenstein, of Allentown, as an assistant to the Attorney General in handling Trust cases.

"Mr. Hottenstein is a lawyer, 35 years old, who has devoted special study to the Trust question and has lectured on the subject before many colleges and other institutions and organizations. He was generally indorsed for appointment by the bar of Lehigh county and other eastern Pennsylvania cities, and had the active backing of Representative John H. Rothermel."

Mr. Hottenstein has accepted the appointment.

'99 Mr. Ambrose A. Kunkle, formerly Principal of the Allentown Preparatory School, has recently returned from Germany, where he was buying toys and novelties for the S. S. Kresge Co.

'07 Rev. Edward T. Horn, Jr., has changed his address to 434 Shinyashiki, Kumamoto, Kyushu, Japan.

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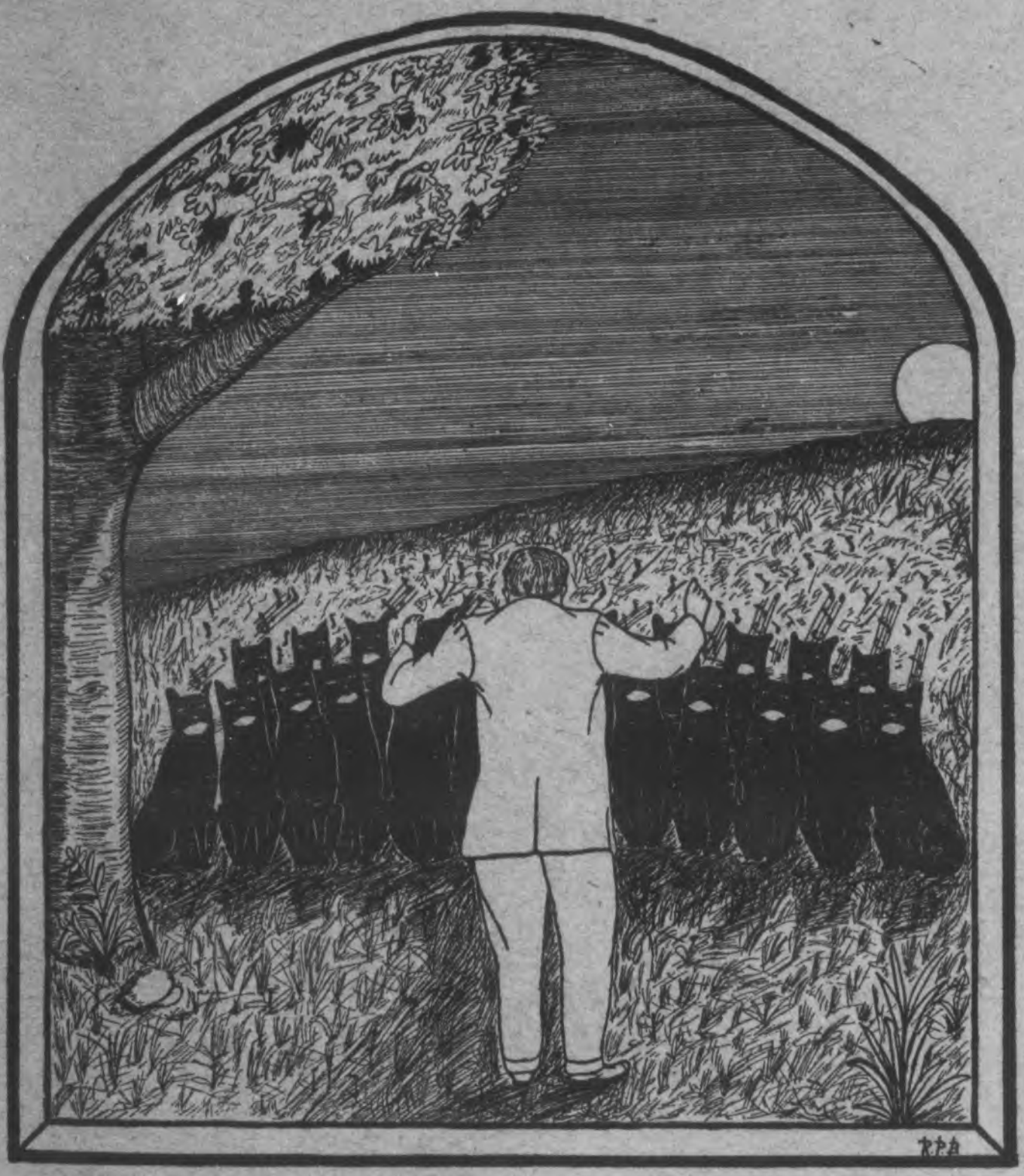

Glee Club Number

Vol. XXXII January, 1914 No. 4

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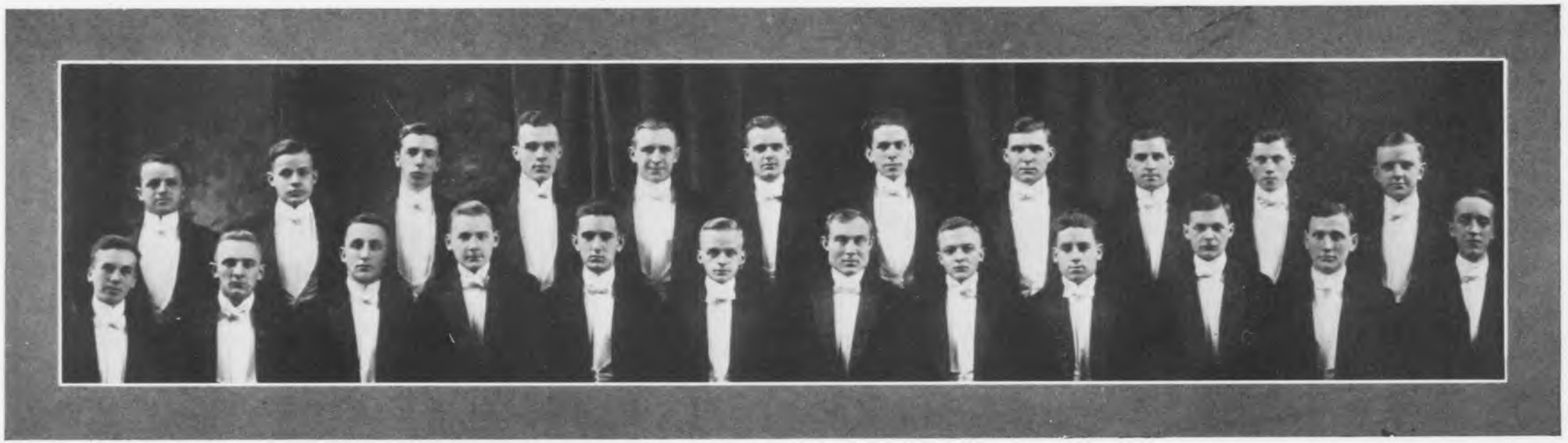

THE GLEE CLUB

From the Editor's Desk

The year Nineteen Fourteen is a series of challenges; the year Nineteen Thirteen has been. Sometimes we won and sometimes we lost, but at all times we gained—experience. Some of the gains were expensive and we may regret the expense, but it may be well to remember that regrets are efficacious only in proportion to their influence on future actions. Christian Science may not work when it comes to broken arms and crushed legs but it does work when it comes to mental dyspepsia. As a man thinks so is he and optimism and pessimism are contagious mental conditions. "Optimism is the soul of confidence and confidence is the product of knowledge." So "quitcherbarking and go to it."

A Standard Cover for the Muhlenberg

New cuts for the cover of "The Muhlenberg" are scarce and old cuts are so drawn that they are suitable for but one issue and then oftimes only suitable because they have been used before for the same number. Would it not be worth-

while to standardize our cover? We have artists who could draft a cover that would be distinctively "Muhlenbergian." Our seal with some prominent feature of the campus might serve as features of the cut. The expense of such a cut could be distributed thruout the year and need not be borne by one staff alone since both staffs would make use of it. Would this not lend an added dignity to our publication and incidentally spare the editors the necessity of making many a useless search? Standardize the cover and make it a cover worth standardizing.

The Glee Club Number

We have had Basket-ball numbers, Football numbers, and Track numbers and it was but proper so to do. But what organization does more to advertise the college and bring credit to our Alma Mater than the Glee Club? The increasing popularity and success of the Club should bring some acknowledgment, and since this is the month that witnesses the opening of the season we have seen fit to issue a Glee Club number. The invitation extended to the Club to sing at the Muhlenberg Banquet to be held in New York at the Waldorf Astoria on the ninth of February is but another testimony to its popularity. Here's to a successful season.

The End

With this issue the present staff retires to make way for the staff elected to serve for the second semester. We do not intend to indulge in the usual editorial bromides, heretofore deemed essential in a January number, but we do wish to acknowledge one noteworthy factor in our past work. The usual complaint of lack of material and lack of support was quite unnecessary, and this plaintive outburst which had been so often repeated that it almost acquired the dignity of a tune was, we are glad to say, happily absent. We therefore desire to express our sincere thanks to the students for their contributions of material, their hearty co-operation, and especially their kindly words of encouragement. We wish also to acknowledge the substantial interest manifested by various members of the faculty for the precedent is a commendable one.

In passing we might note that the change of paper and type, a new and different cover each month, and the revised Exchange Department now known as Intercollegiates were the new features of our monthly for the past semester. Whether the changes were wise or not must be answered by our subscribers.

We also desire to thank the individual members of the staff for their lively interest, helpful suggestions, and the promptness with which they handed in their material. It was due to these and the foregoing factors that the plans of the editor were able to be realized, and the work rendered pleasant. We extend our best wishes to our successors.

Paga Tirzukonuta

(Awarded first prize in short story contest.)

UTTERLY exhausted by the heat I had remained on deck long after most of the other passengers had retired to their cabins. My own room seemed like a furnace, even hotter than the deck if such a thing were possible. For ever since the "Queen Anne" had left Aden, bound for Bombay, we had been experiencing the most terrible heat wave I had ever known. After the military service I had seen in Egypt I had believed myself capable of withstanding any amount of heat, but during the past two days I had realized that I was wrong. I was absolutely exhausted and my nerves were worn to a frazzle. The other pasengers, such as there were did not seem to mind the heat, chiefly, I suppose, for the reason that all had been in India previously and known its equal. During the time I had been home on furlough, however, I seemed to have lost all my ability to withstand such conditions, and was in a rather bad way. For two nights I had slept scarcely at all, and the strain was beginning to tell on me. Even the deck seemed no cooler than any other place. In the daytime it was unbearable to sit there, for the very planks seemed to radiate heat, and even now the metal fixings on deck were not cool to the touch. Everything was burning hot.

As I sat there trying to get some comfort from a black cigar, the calmness of the night in a way counteracted the influence of the heat. A deep silence prevailed. Only the faintest suggestion of the 'swish' of the waves reached my ears as

we moved on our course. The working of the engines was felt rather than heard. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, stretching out to the distant horizon. The sky was absolutely cloudless and studded with thousands of bright little stars. One instinctively felt that he was isolated from all the world. The quiet seemed almost unnatural and oppressive.

While I was thus trying to quiet my nerves and forget my uncomfortable stickiness, I was surprised to see my cabin-mate, long a friend of mine, Captain Robert Anderson, of His Majesty's —— the Dragoons, coming toward me. I was unable to ascribe his presence on deck to any cause save the heat, and this seemed strange to me, for he had already seen several years service in India and was the last person on board who should have suffered from that cause.

"What's the matter with you, Anderson, prowling around here at this ungodly hour? The heat's not getting you, is it?" I asked.

"No, it isn't the heat," he replied shortly.

I noticed his serious tone and depressed manner, and wondered.

"What's the trouble? There's nothing wrong, is there?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I don't quite know myself. I believe I'm getting superstitious."

This struck me as ridiculous, for superstition was the one quality I had never found nor expected to find in him. "Superstitious." I snorted, "Crazy, perhaps."

"O laugh if you want to, but this thing is getting on my nerves. I tell you its the most uncanny feeling I've ever had."

"Tell me what you're talking about, will you?" I said, now convinced that he was in earnest.

"Well, Hillchrist, I feel as if I were continually being spied upon. I feel even now as if someone was watching me. I can't explain it, but the feeling's there and I can't get rid of it."

"Now look here, Anderson," I said, "What you need is something to do. You've been on furlough too long I believe. What you want more than anything else is good hard work. Nothing to do in this heat is a bad thing for anybody. Its just a case of nerves. Why your idea is ridiculous. Who on God's

earth would want to spy on you, and why? Tell me that, will you?"

Anderson was silent so long that I believed I had convinced him of his foolishness. Suddenly he surprised me by saying, "I'm not so sure but that there is a very good reason for someone to spy on me I'm going to tell you a little family history that will furnish an answer to that question. Of course what I say is between us alone."

He was silent again and I waited wondering. His manner was so earnest and concerned that I instinctively felt that the affair was graver than I had at first been willing to believe. Then he began:

"Hillchrist, you know my father served in the army in India for many years. He had a fine record too, except for one thing which not five people know about today. He himself felt how serious his fault had been and he tried to rectify it afterwards."

Again he stopped, deep in thought. I said nothing and after pacing the deck awhile he began again:

"My father always was rash and often imprudent. He could be persuaded to attempt almost anything on earth provided he had no time to think it over. He always acted on the spur of the moment and what he did was frequently not very wise. Mother told me that this trait in his character got him into several bad scrapes when he was young, and even when he became older he sometimes did things he afterward repented. Besides he was always ready for any adventure with an element of danger in it.

"You know that there are hundreds of heathen temples scattered over India, many of them having immense treasures of precious stones of all kinds. Formerly there were many more, but now they are gradually vanishing as Western ideas enter the country."

"Well, my father was persuaded to join two of his comrades in an attempt to rob one of these temples. As was his custom, he did it thoughtlessly, as the result of a dare, and without giving it any consideration. The danger and risk of the thing was a big enough inducement for him. At any rate he joined the party and together they were entirely successful, the jewels they got easily amounting to 6000 pounds.

"While they were making the raid, tho, some kind of Hindu priest of the temple—a pujari they call him—interfered. He was easily overpowered but no one wanted to kill him in cold blood, and they finally had to leave him go. Before he left he swore revenge on them for having desecrated the temple, but they paid little attention to him.

"Well, they hid the treasure to be divided after the excitement had died down. The pujari did not appear to accuse them, evidently knowing that his unsupported word would not carry much weight against the word of three men of the army, all of them with good records. Several nights later the man who had originated the idea was killed in a village brawl. Meantime Dad and the other man—Little we call him—had been thinking over the affair pretty seriously. Finally after a lot of debate they decided to restore what they had taken. You can imagine what they felt like when they came to the hiding place and found the treasure gone. Whether the place had been discovered and rifled or whether the dead man had played them false, they did not know. At any rate the treasure was gone and what could they do? It struck them both pretty hard.

"Then the pujari began to take a hand. Within a year two attempts were made on my father's life, both fortunately unsuccessful, but Little was not so fortunate. He was murdered one night, and the only clue left was a little scrap of paper on which were written the words, 'paga tirzukonuta,' the word for "Revenge" in one of the Hindu dialects.

"Father then returned to London and for four years lived in peace. It was during this time that he confided the story to me once when he believed himself to be on his deathbed. Afterwards he never broached the subject again and even a hint of it threw him into the deepest melancholy. You know what happened then."

Anderson stopped, overcome by his emotion. I remembered very vividly the event to which he referred. His father had been found murdered one morning, and beside him lay a scrap of paper on which were inscribed those same mystic words, "paga tirzukonuta." That paper had caused much mystification at the time and about it there sprang up scores of theories. The murderer had never been caught, and this was the first time the

truth of the matter had ever come out. Needless to say I was dumbfounded.

Finally Anderson spoke again:

"After that my mother and I moved to Leeds and apparently lost the avenger. But we did not doubt that he would attempt to follow us, for he had so far not been able to recover the lost treasure, and that was his primary object after all, I think. Since father was the only man of the three with a family I would be the only man conceivable who might have the jewels, and any further attempts to regain them would naturally be directed against me.

"And you believe that this pujari is now following you?" I asked, horrified at the thought of what might happen to him.

"Yes, I do. Just remember that he does not know that the jewels were taken, but believes them now to be in my possession."

I tried to pooh-pooh the whole idea, but the effort at best must have been very faint-hearted. The story had gripped me, and in reality I was myself convinced that Anderson's feeling of being under espionage was not the product of his imagination, but the truth. Finally he continued:

"You know I'm not what you would call nervous, but I have a strong impression of being watched, a sort of premonition of danger. It's so real to me that I feel certain of it. Every noise seems to alarm me as if I were a child in the dark. Besides—" he added, then stopped.

"Besides what?" I demanded. "You've let me in so far, so go ahead."

"There are no less than forty Hindus on board at present—and this afternoon I missed my shoe."

"Your shoe!" I cried, thoroly mystified again, "What can that have to do with it?"

"Hillchrist, after you are in India awhile you'll see things that will explain that. Since you don't understand I'll tell you that it may have very much to do with it. Do you believe in snake-charming?"

"Snake-charming!" I echoed blankly, not understanding to what he was leading.

"Yes, snake-charming. If you don't, six months in India will convince you. Listen," he said, lowering his voice almost

to a whisper, "I've seen and know for a fact that some Hindus can train a violently poisonous snake to bite any man whose scent they have been given. Do you understand now?"

"Good Lord, you don't really believe that?" I whispered in horror.

"I thought of it as soon as I found my shoe gone."

Both of us were silent for a long time with the very horror of the idea. I had heard something of the kind before but had always been inclined to regard it as a sort of fable. Anderson finally broke the silence.

"If it was only in the open! This sneaking and spying going on behind my back is driving me crazy. I can't stand it much longer. I haven't the faintest idea who my enemy is, yet I know he's not far away, awaiting an opportunity to catch me unawares. This doing nothing but wait is unbearable."

We spoke for a long time, arriving at no definite conclusion or plan of action. All we could do was to wait, hoping for our enemy to betray himself. I tried to encourage Anderson, but the attempt was a dismal failure, for I was under the spell of the idea myself, as he very easily perceived. At last, very late, we retired to our cabin. As we went down the gloomy corridor I thought I saw a figure disappear in the darkness ahead of us. I said nothing to Anderson but I wondered whether it had been my imagination or the fact.

Long after we had crept into our berths I lay awake turning the thing over in my mind. I could tell that Anderson was likewise awake. Under the spell of the darkness trifles magnified themselves tremendously. The occasional cracking of the wood no longer seemed like a natural sound, but it became startling, ominous. The faintest noise in another part of the ship assumed a different aspect, becoming suspicious and fraught with meaning. The tension on my nerves became frightful. Minutes seemed to have lengthened themselves into hours, and I wondered whether dawn would ever come. I even caught myself holding my breath for strange sounds. Never did I pass thru such an hour.

As I lay there sleepless, a feeling slowly grew on me that there was another presence in the room besides ourselves. There

was absolutely no noise that gave rise to this suspicion, but throw it off I could not. Whether it was man or beast I could not say, but certain I was that we were not alone. An intangible something was there with us. Finally I whispered:

"Anderson!"

"Hello!"

"I can't stand this any longer. Turn on the light."

"All right. Just a second."

I heard him step from his berth and start toward the switch. The next second I heard an unearthly yell. A single bound brought me to the middle of the room and the next instant the place was flooded with light. I had a brief glance of Anderson standing palefaced near the door.

"There it is!" he shouted, "I stepped on it."

I looked in the direction in which he pointed and saw a long slender snake of a sickly mottled aspect moving in the direction of our clothes closet. I seized a chair and brought it down on the reptile with tremendous force, but it vanished thru a hole in the wall which had been neatly drilled from the next room.

A few seconds later we heard a hideous yell of mingled pain and terror from the adjoining room. It was the most horrible cry I ever heard. With one impulse we ran to the door and joined the group of men already collected in the hallway. We quickly broke into the next room and stood rooted to the spot. A scantily clad Hindu lay on the floor, already near death, with the snake clasped in one hand, the other tightly clenched. Apparently the retreating reptile, enraged by the blow it had received, had in a fury turned on its own master.

An attempt was made to save the poor wretch, but the poison from a bite in the wrist had already entered his system and our efforts were useless. He was already in the death throes. Within five minutes he had expired.

When the cold clenched hand of the corpse was opened, a scrap of paper, dirty and crumpled, fell from it. Out of curiosity we picked it up and took it to the light to decipher the writing. On it were inscribed the fatal words, "paga tirzukonuta."

Ernest R. Keiter, '15.

Christus, Lux Mundi

Thou Sun! bright-shining in yon heaven of blue,
Worshipped by men of distant lands and ages past,
Dispenser of life and light to what were else
A barren earth—
Thou art too cold to warm
And melt to tears of penitence the hard and stony heart.

Thou Moon! pale-gleaming in the night, reflecting
Rays of light from hidden sun to what were else
A darkling world, worshipped long years ago
A goddess mild—
Thou'rt colder still, a dead world, far too cold
To rouse to life the soul dead in its trespasses and sins.

Thou Star! gem-set in background of the sky,
So far away, and yet thy light doth shine
Through ether-quiverings to soothe the fearful, palpitating heart,
When night and earth are dark—
Thou art too cold, too far away
To calm the soul of him who prays to Thee, a lesser deity.

But Thou, O Christ! The Sun of Righteousness,
Fair as the moon, Reflection of the Father's face,
Thou orient Star, with healing in Thy wings,
Light of the universe; Warmth of this cold and bitter world;
Life of the soul and body, too!
Thou wilt shine on, when sun to cinder burnt and moon grown lusterless,
And starry candle-flame expired,
Worshipped by hosts innumerable
Illumined by Thy light and quickened by Thy life.

R. R. Fritsch, '00.

Flames

(Awarded second prize in short story contest.)

THE tramp slouched lazily into a park bench. A fit of racking coughing seized him, shaking his gaunt frame. He spit vindicatively at a large black bug that crawled over the pavement, and at the same time noticed a "bull" a hundred yards away coming towards him. It was the third time that morning that a policeman had prevented him from a much-needed nap. So he raised himself to a sitting posture, picked up a discarded copy of the "Journal" that lay on the bench, spread it open before him, and pretended to read. The "bull" came on, and eyed him reflectively for a few seconds.

"What's the latest news, Bill?" the bluecoat demanded with a grin at the shappy reader.

"Ain't no news, an' me name's Bob," the other returned surlily, turning a page.

"None o' that lip or I'll run you in. Vagrancy—forty days. Guess you know." And the policeman resumed his beat.

But there was news. A woman's face stared out at the reader and huge black headlines fairly screamed their information. Great American Drama At Last—New Star on Broadway—Mary Wagner in "Flames" At New Theatre—so ran the headlines. It told of the rise of the actress; how she was deserted by her husband, how after a year his death had been reported to her, leaving her penniless, how, to support herself, she played minor roles in a stock company until the leading lady's quarrel with the manager left a vacancy for her.

Then the romance of Mary Wagner and Richard Laverre, author of "Flames," was related; the rejection of his play by the New York managers, the meeting of the playwright and actress, her interest in the play which culminated in acceptance of it for a week's performance by the stock company. Its instantaneous success was told in glowing terms. A New York manager hastened down to the town where it was being played, saw the second performance, and signed a contract for the New York run at once. Five other managers arrived later in a vain

endeavor to secure it for their theatres. And now "Flames" was being rehearsed in the New Theatre, and would be presented for the first performance before a New York audience in exactly a week. Immediately after the performance there would be a wedding of the successful playwright and the actress in The Little Church Around the Corner. And columns upon columns told the story in fullest detail, a story, so the readers were assured, that was causing a sensation in dramatic circles never equalled since the production of Victor Hugo's "Hernani." All New York, the "Journal" said, was in a furore about the matter. It even awoke in the sluggish mind of the tramp a desire to be there on the first night.

It aroused him from his intended rest to pursue a leisurely course thru the winding paths of the park. He threaded his way slowly among the throngs that crowded the busy streets. Dainty, fur-clad young ladies carefully avoided contact with his dirty garments. A few policemen that he passed followed him with suspicious glances. He turned aside into a saloon for his morning meal, a free lunch washed down with a glass of cheap beer. Then he continued his walk, arriving at the box office in time to stand second in the line that was rapidly forming to buy tickets for the first night. The hours passed slowly, while the line grew and turned and doubled back and turned again and stretched out of sight, all under the direction of vigilant policemen.

Half an hour before the box office opened, a slender, well-dressed gentleman slowly walked along the line looking for a break into which he could slip. The tramp caught his eye, a whispered conversation ensued, and the two exchanged places. After loitering in the lobby until the sale of tickets began, the tramp sauntered down the street richer by a dollar and a ticket for the first row.

The next few days he spent in eager readings of theatrical news in discarded newspapers, and in endeavors to get proper clothing for the performance. He begged in the parks; he haunted second-hand clothing shops; he even offered to work. It was to be the great social event of his life, to mingle with highest New York society (the "Herald" told wonders about their gowns) for the first and the last time in his life.

And at last the night of the play came. Electric motors glided up to the brilliantly lighted entrance of the theatre, haughty touring cars purred as they rolled up to discharge their occupants, blatant taxicabs incessantly tooted their arrival, shouting cab-drivers picked their way thru the crowded traffic. All sorts of vehicles disgorged their occupants, women in gorgeous attire on the arms of no less splendid men.

The interior of the theatre was ablaze with dazzling lights. The house was packed, every seat was filled. From his chair in the first row the tramp, attired in presentable rented clothes, looked back over the audience. An innumerable array of faces presented themselves, with magnificent coiffures, distinct, splendidly contrasted, glittering with jewels. He beheld a riot of colors of all tints and shades, delicate laces, soft velvets, gleaming silks, the whole besprinkled with the white shirt fronts and the sombre black of the dress suits of men. Even the boxes were filling before the performance began. Elderly dowagers, grey-haired old gentlemen, young girls whose sparkling faces were almost lost in a multitude of soft snowy furs, took their places in the boxes. There was no overture, merely a chime of bells once repeated. The murmur that had filled the house was suddenly stilled; there was an eager craning of necks. In the stillness there came a faint tinkling melody from an orchestra playing ragtime in a near-by dance hall. And the curtain rose on the first act.

It was a story of flames. There was the pure, white flame of a woman's love that glowed not too brightly, but steadily, without flicker, like the candles of the priest on the altar of sacrament. And there was the fiery flare of a man's passion that burst on a sudden into an all-engulfing flame and shot up and around the glow of the woman's love and encompassed it and concealed its whiteness. And the light of the flame was red, blood-red. Then with the passing of time the red flare spent itself, and wavered, and sank, and ebbed to a spark, and flickered, and died, utterly. But the steady white flame burned on, shining unceasingly, and the black darkness only emphasized its light. So it shone until another flame, also white and pure, also burning steadily, appeared, the flame of a true man's love. And opposite winds seemed to bend them together. But the first flame

struggled to burn erect. It would sway, now close to the other, now back and away, now erect as of old, now bending deeply; a long time it struggled. In the end they met, the pure steady flame of a woman's love and the burning white flame of the true man.

Such was the play that held that critical first-night audience spellbound. Amid thunderous applause the curtain fell on the first act. When the curtain was lowered at the end of the second act, there was a moment of dead silence, then a wave of applause that shook the house. And the curtain rose on the final scene, the end of the struggle of the pure white flame of a woman's love to burn erect. Discarding the memory of her faithless husband, the woman was to make her supreme sacrifice, to cast aside her whole world, to go to her lover.

Slowly she moved across the stage with its rude tenement furniture and tawdry ornaments. More like an aimlessly-darting shadow she seemed, a wraith of the woman she had been, a foreshadowing of a dead body. She lingered over familiar things, an old book, a battered chair, a cheap metal paper-cutter, some gaudy ornaments on the cupboard, caressing them with waxen hands, staring at them with unseeing eyes. This night was the last. The world in which she had built her life, with all its love and hopes and fears and living men and women, was to be flung aside for an untried hope, a promise of true love. The whole past, so preciously treasured, was to become a dream, an unreal phantom of the night, that was to pass away with the dawn of love. Unseen winds were bending the flame to the uttermost.

As she lingered, an old clock caught its breath, then clanged the hour of nine. The wood in the rusty stove crackled with nervous insistence. Live coals falling thru the grate rang sharply on the iron bottom. Still she lingered, whispering snatches of her thoughts, turning sharply as tho fearing to be overheard. She passed the stove, threw open the door, and flung in a half dozen pieces of wood. She stood on a chair and wound the clock, and its rasp drowned her sobbing. She flung a cloak about her and turned to go. In the utter silence there came from the near-by dance hall the harsh tinkling of an orchestra

playing ragtime. Her hand touched the knob; for her a world was to end, a new life was to begin.

Came a racking, rasping cough, harsh, insistent, horrible in the black silence! The hand left the knob. She glided swiftly as a darting shadow across the stage. In the subdued footlights her black eyes gleamed, her bosom rose and fell in quick succession, her thin fingers twitched, as she sank to the floor and gazed. Gazed into the eyes of the tramp who had coughed. Gazed into her husband's eyes and whispered "Bob." Then shivered and shrank back, stumbled against the table. A single frightened glance she cast at her playwright lover sitting in an upper box, a single glimpse she visioned of the joys that were to have been hers with the dawn of true love. Then she looked at the tramp again, and laughed; a low, chattering laugh, a bitter, trembling sigh, like the wind moaning on the moor. Her twitching hand hovered over the metal paper-knife, closed, and plunged it to the hilt. And from the near-by dance hall came a muffled sound of clapping hands applauding the end of the dance.

Wm. L. Werner, '15.

Evening Pictures

Evenings as the shadows gather,
And the flowers hang their heads,
And with million little diamonds
The broad welkin overspreads,
Often sit I in my garden,
And my fancies from me roam
On the perfumed evening breezes
Toward an ivy-covered home.

With its lilac tree o'erloaded,
And the vine about the well,
There's a charm to my old homestead
That no other can excel;
And I see the waving grainfields
'Neath a crimson western sky,
And the little fringe of woodland
With the village church near-by.

And the mill-stream nearly hidden,
By the spreading willow trees,
Under which I sought my pleasure
To be sitting in the breeze.
But my deviating fancies
All return to me e'er day,
E'er the luscious dawn-dew kisses
O'er the waking flowers play.

Walter E. Huetsch, '17.

The Glee Club

WHETHER it be prosaic, unprogressive Cedarville, with her one hotel; with her lonely Opera House, boasting of a curtain, which periodically goes on a strike, not to mention a piano possessed of a middle C which has the same habit; with her Palace Cafe; and most important of all, her house where Garfield once dined—all of which are accessible by strictly local trains only; or whether it be Burmington, progressive and active, resplendent in all the manifestations of keen civic pride, jealous of her accustomed hospitality, and proud of her reputation of being satisfied only with the best—be it Cedarville or Burmington, the Glee Club accepts what the Fates deign to offer, and always has a royal good time.

True, there is a decided contrast between lugging suit-cases thru muddy streets, to a dingy hotel, then appearing before a motley throng, on a 35x12 stage (identified with above mentioned curtain and middle C) at Cedarville; and being greeted by the Burmington alumni entertainment committee, whisked away to dinner, singing to an appreciative house, and banqueting at the Commercial Club with the "old boys" afterward. No matter what happens, however, you may be fully assured that a crowd of twenty-five college men, always have the aforementioned royal good time.

The chief praise for a Glee Club arises from the fact that a good program, well rendered by a crowd of representative college men, scores a real point for an institution, and reaches a class of people, otherwise almost inaccessible. With the ex-

ception of the football team, no other organization does so much to bring a college before the public.

That the Muhlenberg Club has ample opportunity to boost the name of her Alma Mater over a considerable area is evident by a glance over this season's itienrary: Allentown, Bethlehem, Catasauqua, Perkasie, Scranton, Reading, Lebanon, Columbia, Lancaster, Melrose Park, Philadelphia, Easton, Stroudsburg, Elizabeth, Asbury Park, New York (Hotel Astor) and the N. Y. State trip, which last year included Brooklyn, Kingston, Albany and Utica, and will be extended this season to Rochester and Buffalo.

In pointing out the advantages of membership on the Glee Club, the Cedarville-Burmington comparison contains a self evident fact: performing before audiences one after another, many of which differ radically in temperament and calibre, gives an invaluable training in stage presence, and in power of immediate adjustment to meet the widely varying demands. Secondly, need we mention the advantage of three months' continual training under a leader like Prof. Marks? Further, tho the itinerary includes but three states, we get a most enjoyable taste of "seeing America first," not to mention the value of contrast with all sorts and conditions of men. Not the least gain is the good fellowship engendered, and some of the happiest days of college life are linked up with the Club.

With only six of the old men missing; under the direction of Prof. Marks; urged to best efforts by our enviable reputation which must be upheld; possessed of a wide range of entertaining ability, from the readers and comedians to the soloists, quartette and club—the season of 1914 promises to be successful in every sense of the word.

Henry J. Fry, '14.

The Muhlenberg

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ATHLETICS.

Muhlenberg Wins from P. C. P.

THE Muhlenberg Basket Ball Five won a hard fought game from Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, on December 12th, by the score 23 to 21. The Muhlenberg men did not seem at home on the floor in the opening minutes of play and by five quick field goals, Pharmacy had the score 10-0. After a few moments of play, Capt. Leisey called time out and rested his men. The team came back with renewed strength and the first half ended 13 to 4 favoring P. C. P.

In the second period Copley and Hubbard did some great and speedy playing, putting Muhlenberg ahead, the score being 19-18. With less than a minute to play, P. C. P. had a chance to tie the score on a foul and McMichael did so. This ended the regular game. Score 19-19. Two goals to one in the extra period gave Muhlenberg the game. Hubbard and Ritter were the stars for the Cardinal and Gray, while Over did the best work for P. C. P. The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*P. C. P.*
Afflerbach (Copley)	forward	Over
Hubbard	forward	Majowan
Ritter	center	Evans
Copley (Detling)	guard	Rapp
Leisey	guard	McMichael

Field goals—Hubbard 2, Ritter 2, Leisey 2, Copley 3; Over 5, Majowan, Evans, McMichael. Foul goals—Evans, McMichael 3. Referee—Sertzinger. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Muhlenberg Loses to Penn

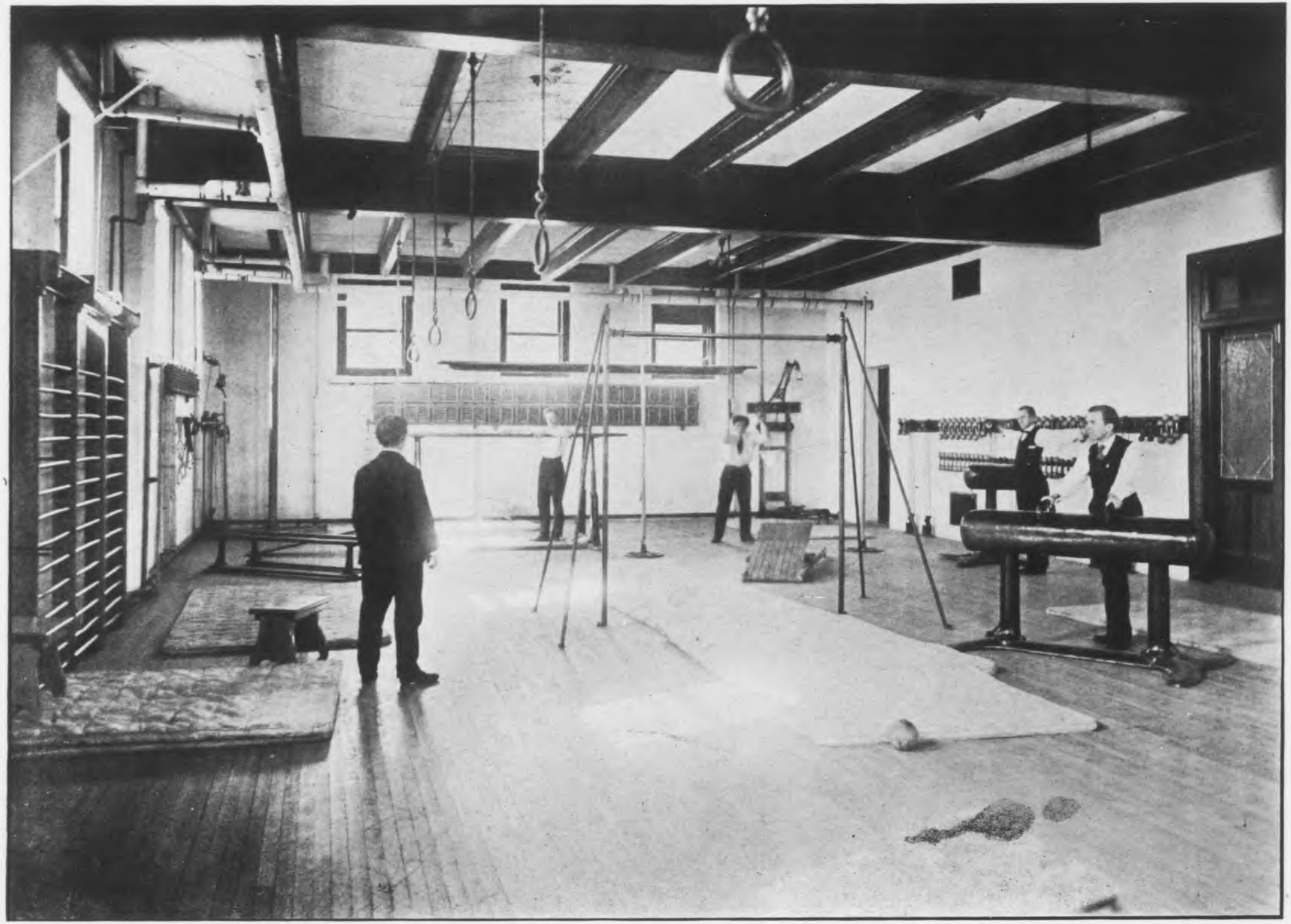
The Muhlenberg Quintet met its first defeat in basket ball at the hands of the Red and Blue team, in Weightman Hall, on December 13th. Score, 24-17. Though Penn was never headed in any part of the game, yet her passing was very poor, while Muhlenberg produced a better floor game than the Quakers. Once or twice the Cardinal and Gray Five were within one or two points of the Red and Blue, but within a few minutes to play, Coach Kiefaber made a few substitutions and Penn jumped into a commanding lead. The Penn team appeared stronger at the finish than the one that started the game. Hubbard and Hayes played an excellent game for Muhlenberg while Carter and Connolly showed up very well for Penn.

In order to boost basket ball at the University the Student Band was present to enliven the occasion and cheers were given by the student body. The line-up was as follows:

Muhlenberg	*Position*	*Penn*
Copley (Afflerbach)	forward	Williamson (Crane)
Hubbard	forward	Heindel (Williams)
Ritter	center	Webb
Hayes (Detling)	guard	Carter
Leisey	guard	Freed (Chandler)

Goals from field—Heindel 2, Carter 2, Williamson, Webb, Freed; Hubbard 2, Hayes, Leisey. Goals from fouls—Williamson 3, Crane 3, Connolly 4, Hubbard 9. Referee—Carney. Umpire—Bob Yates. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Baseball will this year supplant track to a great extent since Muhlenberg expects to have a baseball team while in track it merely intends to send a relay team to Penn, and participate in the Intercollegiate Meet to be held at Franklin and Marshall in May. No dual meets will be held this season. The outlook for baseball is good, since in all probabilities there will be no Tri-State baseball team in Allentown this season, a factor which will help to win the interest of the citizens in the club of the college, and the interest of the students seems to be more lively regarding baseball than it has been formerly concerning track. An extensive trip has been proposed by Manager Nenow which will be a strong inducement for men to try for the team. A number of home games are, of course, also planned. The hearty support of the fellows is needed as this is an innovation and its success will be largely determined by the attitude of the students.



THE "GYM"

Kampus Klippings

THE annual football banquet was held at the Antlers' Home on Monday evening, December the fifteenth in honor of the 1913 football squad. There were in attendance about one hundred and fifty students, alumni and friends to celebrate a most successful season. The guest of honor was Major Thomas L. Rhoades, U. S. A., an alumnus who served as personal aide to former President, William H. Taft.

The main dining room of the Elks' Home was decorated with large Muhlenberg banners and pennants. Music was furnished by Messrs. Hunsberger and Rapp '16. The speeches were interspersed with college cheers and songs and a good spirit pervaded the entire assemblage.

The Hon. F. M. Trexler acted as toastmaster in his usual efficient manner. District Attorney Lawrence H. Rupp was the first speaker introduced. He spoke on "Muhlenberg's Past Successes and Future Prospects," and punctuated his remarks with that wit and humor for which he is noted. Major Rhoades

the next speaker, expressed his great pleasure in revisiting his Alma Mater, and gave many interesting incidents of his student life at Muhlenberg. The next speaker was Dr. Haas, who spoke most eloquently and earnestly on "The Spirit of True Spirit." He pointed out the high ideals for which Muhlenberg as a college is striving.

The last speaker was Prof. Reese, who presented the sweaters with the M to the following men: Capt. Skean, Fetherolf, Flexer, Heuer, Reisner, Hubbard, Copley, Laudenslager, Ritter, Day, Caskey, Berry, Hayes, Hollenbaugh, Brennan, Henninger, Seidel, Roderick, Erickson. Capt. Skean and Fetherolf, Flexer and Heuer, all of whom will graduate this year, were also presented with blankets.

A number of friends presented Coach Kelly with a purse in appreciation of his excellent work during the past season.

A letter of regret was read from Samuel N. Potteiger, of Reading, a prominent alumnus, who sent on a handsome large Canadian Snow Owl, mounted on a base on which was engraved the season's record, as a gift to the team. Capt. Skean, on behalf of the team, accepted the gift and expressed the team's appreciation of it.

The election of captain of next year's football team was then held, the result of which was that Hubbard '16 was elected. The banquet came to a close with the singing of the Alma Mater.

* * * *

In the short story contest which was held by "The Muhlenberg," Ernest R. Keiter '15, won first prize, and Wm. L. Werner '15, won second prize. Honorable mention was made of Henry Bagger '15. The two prize stories appear in this issue.

* * * *

Quite a number of the fellows attended the Gadski-Damrosch Wagner concert, given in the Lyric Theatre, Allentown. It was a rare treat for the lovers of music in this city.

* * * *

On December the sixteenth we had the privilege of hearing Ex-President William H. Taft deliver an address at a recep-

tion in Zion's Reformed Church, to which all the students of the various educational institutions in Allentown were invited.

* * * *

The favorite amusement of the members of the Glee Club is—explaining to the people to whom they are "farmed" out that not all the men at Muhlenberg study for the ministry.

* * * *

Skean—"You can get a good chicken dinner in town for fifteen cents."

Copley—"Where?"

Skean—"At any flour and feed store."

* * * *

The Municipal Research Committee while making a survey of the city, visited the college. This committee comprises a number of experts who study conditions in a city and then make recommendations for improvement.

* * * *

Once again we welcome the Lima aggregation into our midst after an extended Christmas vacation. It is rumored that hereafter Dr. Haas will consult with the "beans" before making out the list of vacations.

* * * *

The landscape gardening crew was at work on the campus for a week preceding Christmas. Have you noticed the improvement?

* * * *

Professor—You know a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Noknot—That must be the reason so many fellows flunk.

* * * *

The Fry Brothers attended the Volunteer Student Convention held in Kansas City during the Xmas holidays. Seven thousand students from all over the country were present to hear the leaders of the movement tell of the progress of the work and present the big problem of evangelizing the world.

Coach Kelley has started work in the gymnasium, putting the "Sophs" and "Frosh" thru their paces.

* * * *

The first annual Junior Dance was held at the Hotel Allen on January the ninth, and proved to be a most enjoyable and successful affair. After a dance program of twenty numbers, luncheon was served in the cafe. The hall was tastefully decorated with fir trees poinsettcas, the orchestra being concealed behind a number of the evergreens. About twenty-five couple were present. The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Haas, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Bernheim, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mosser, Mr. and Mrs. Nimson Eckert and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Shankweiler. The Junior Class is to be commended upon the inauguration of this custom.

* * * *

The Muhlenerg banquet to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on February the ninth, promises to be a big success. The local committee in charge of the banquet have already disposed of one hundred and seventy-six tickets with prospects of the total number exceeding two hundred. Prominent speakers will be present, and all students should make an especial effort to attend this celebration which promises to be an event in Muhlenberg's history.

* * * *

And then at the end of this month comes that necessary evil of college life. No its not drink only "exams."

* * * *

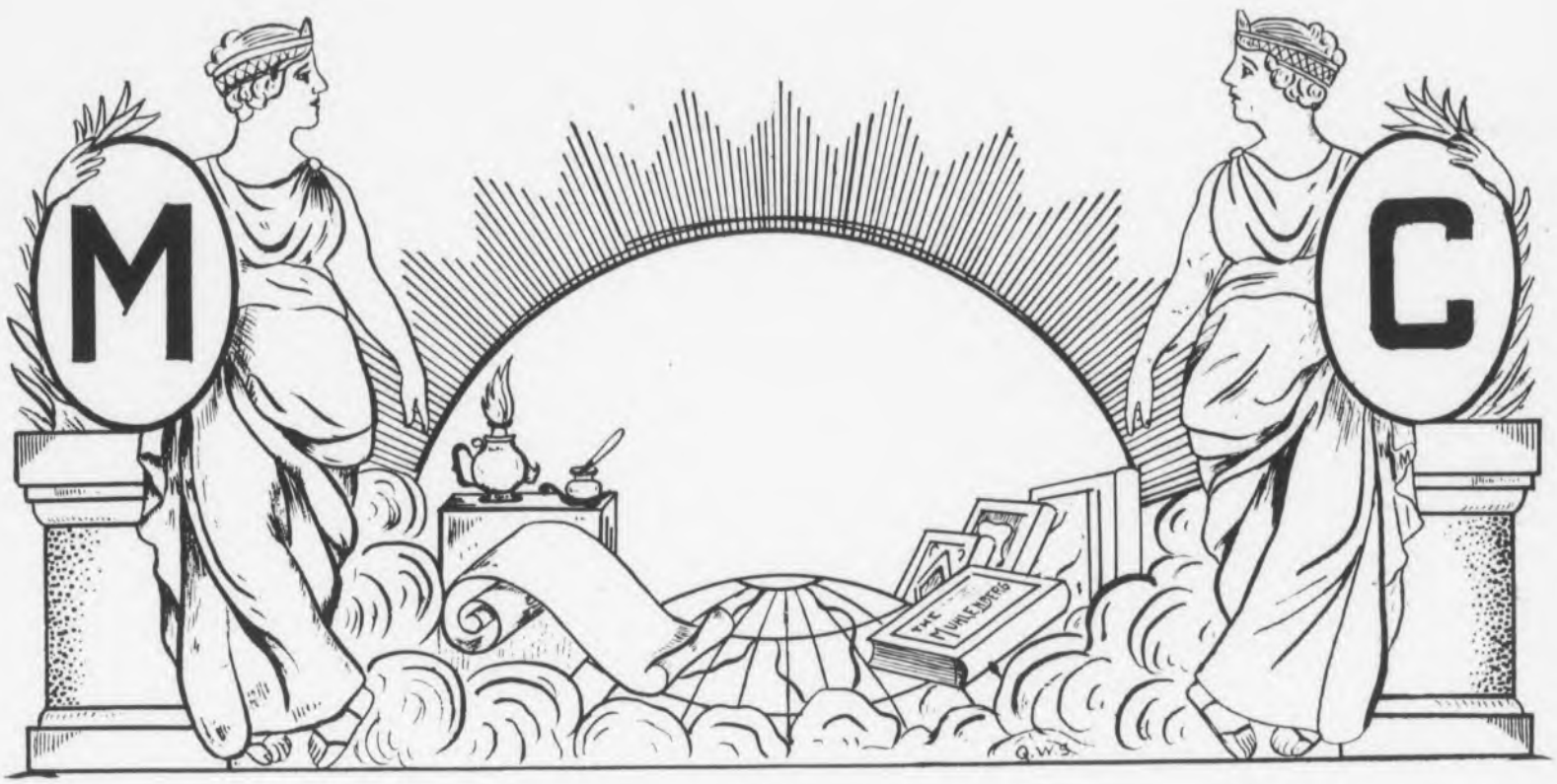
A Girls' Boarding School—An institution of yearning.—Ex.

"The flowers on Mabel's hat look nice and fresh, don't they?"

"Maybe it's because there's a little due on them."—The Orange Peel.

* * * *

Illustrated Physiology Note: The average man's arm is thirty inches long; the average woman's waist is thirty inches around. How wonderful are thy works, O nature!—Tiger.



Intercollegiates

In the football number of the "Lafayette" mention is made of the fact "that three monster smokers and one big send-off showed more than usual enthusiasm" during the past season. In comparing this with our own activities along the same lines, we note that we had two big smokers—the ones preceding the F. and M. and Lehigh games—in addition to other enthusiasm-producers. That spirit on the campus this year was stronger than ever before is attested to by the fact that we sent our student body by special trains to Lafayette and Bucknell, in addition to the Lehigh game at Bethlehem.

* * * *

The Delaware College Review, in an editorial, in its December number considers the past, present and future of football at that institution and discusses at some length the advantages of a college commons as a drawing card to men interested in that sport, who also desire a way of earning their way thru college.

Our experience along this line is limited to but two years, but we are amply convinced that a commons is an investment yielding large returns. Certainly it opens up opportunities for self help to men dependent on their own resources, for aside from

waiting on the tables there are many hands needed to manage the kitchen. The food and its proper selection is in the hands of competent authorities, and it goes without saying that buying in bulk offers evident advantages. There can hardly be a better way of fostering college spirit, as all the men meet three times a day, and it thus presents opportunity to make necessary announcements, and to have occasional informal mid-day gatherings when prominent alumni are visiting. The floor is inviting to those who wish to run dances, and a commons is tip-top for smokers. Our advice to Delaware is to go ahead.

* * * *

The College Folio of the Allentown College for Women has a timely article denouncing modern 'rags' on the dance floor, which called forth the following comment from the "Susquehanna":

The article on "Modern Dancing" in the "College Folio" is one that deserves attention from every sound-minded person. And not only should their attention be centered upon it, but they should put forth an effort to put a ban on the present style of "tripping the light fantastic."

In an institution where college and fraternity dances have a place, this matter of the present vogue in dancing naturally presents itself. Many and various have been the articles on the subject in hand which have appeared in the magazines and daily papers during the past year. The majority denounce it, tho some claim that it is only a passing fad which will disappear as quickly as it came, to be looked upon with slight concern. The cry goes up that this is an age of decadence, in which dancing has fallen in line with a vim; while on the other hand we are informed that the ruling fancy will be of but short duration and will soon give place to another development closely related to the time honored minuet.

We realize that if we offer any opinion it will be from a limited viewpoint, but inquiry from a number of devotees of this art whose experience reaches back at least three years to the time when the waltz and twostep were fashionable, has left us under the impression that any dance can be abused, and that if the present dances be danced by one who used to indulge in the older ones, with the same motive—and this is the key

to the situation—the effect will be the same. Ask yourself in a rigidly fair way, what your purpose is in dancing, and that will decide whether or not it is right or wrong, regardless of whether or not you two-step, waltz, Boston or rag. Undoubtedly the new dances have greater possibilities of abuse, and are not in a class with the older steps as truly graceful dances, with possibly an occasional exception, but we believe that to denounce them wholesale, to condemn the rag qua rag, is hardly fair.

* * * *

The Carlisle Arrow of the government Indina school, publishes an interesting editorial from the Christian Science Monthly:

"Intimations begin to find their way to centers of publicity that the progressive and well educated Indians of the United States long to have a university specially provided for the higher education of their race. Thhe schools, publicly and privately supported, which now give a good primary and secondary education to picked youth gathered from the reservations are not deemed good enough for the rising generation. If the trend within and beyond the Indian group were for segregation from the white man and continuance of an isolated and distinctively racial life, there would be a good deal to be said for such an Indian university. But such is not the trend, if we understand the situation. A distinct increase of racial consciousness and pride there undoubtedly is. It is registering itself in many ways that make it certain hereafter that both public officials in Washington and the large United States public are not to act on policies affecting the Indian without the Indian putting his case before the people for their adjudication. But the Caucausian American is not discriminating against the Indian politically or socially as he is against persons with African or Asiatic ancestors. Consequently, were the Indian to continue to knock at the doors of colleges and universities where whites predominate, he would continue, we feel sure, to receive a welcome; and he would get a discipline fitting him better for whatever share he may come to have in the composite national life than if he had an academic career in an institution of the segregated type."

* * * *

The question has been asked by one of our exchanges—Why not have a Y. M. C. A. department? Such activities must be given space in our paper, and what is much more to the

point more space in our college life, and the beginning of an awakened interest along this line will be made in the next issue when the report of the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City will be published by one of our representatives to that great meeting.

* * * *

We recommend to our readers that they look up the "Harvard Magazine" in our exchange department in the reading room. The December issue has articles of timely interest to us, and it is a publication worthy of a great university.

* * * *

Several colleges are offering credits in English for the work done on the dramatic clubs. Debaters and orators also receive credit.

Out of 395 of the American colleges, 135 have the honor system. Of the remaining number, all but 35 favor its adoption.

* * * *

At Cornell, a rule has been passed, barring Freshmen from having automobiles. It is argued that the time and attention involved is more than a Freshman can spare, and also that the spirit of democracy suffers.

* * * *

As has been stated, it has not been our purpose so much to criticise our sister periodicals as to glean from them points of interest to our readers, and to compare the various movements and tendencies expressed in the papers, with the developments in our own institution. We here wish to thank all editors who have offered us suggestions and criticisms, and assure them that the interchange of ideas has been most pleasant.

ITS GOOD QUALITIES.

Aspiring Vocalist—"Professor, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Perspiring Teacher—"Well, it might come in handy in case of a fire or shipwreck."—Ex.

MODERN MELODRAMA.

Act I—A villain, girl, dog, river. Villain throws girl in river. Dog jumps in and drinks river up. Saves girl's life.

Act II—Villain tries to escape. Dog coughs up river. Villain drowns.

Curtain. —*Ex.*

Alumni Notes

'79 Edward John Lichtenwalner, one of the best known attorneys practicing at the Lehigh County bar, died at half-past nine o'clock on December 21, 1913, at his home, No. 318 North Sixth Street. The news of his death came with startling suddenness to many friends who were not aware of the critical nature of his illness. For several weeks he had been suffering with a heavy cold which settled on his chest. He attended to duties, however, and was at his office at No. 542 Hamilton street, daily up to Saturday, Dec. 13, when his physicians advised him to go to bed as his condition was not improving. Pneumonia developed, however, and he sank gradually. His heart became affected and finally ceased to perform its functions. Mr. Lichtenwalner was a lawyer of brilliant attainments and his death coming in the height of a very successful career, makes his passing all the more regrettable.

Mr. Lichtenwalner was born at Fogelsville, Dec. 21, 1858, and was therefore 55 years of age. He was the son of John H. and Caroline L. Lichtenwalner, nee Keck. He attended the township schools and received his preparatory schooling for college at the Allentown High School and in the Lawrenceville school, Lawrenceville, N. J., spending the years 1874 to 1876 at

the latter place. He entered Muhlenberg College in the fall of 1876 and graduated in 1879. He was a member of the Sophronian Literary Society and of the Chi Phi Fraternity.

During the time that Mr. Lichtenwalner was attending college, his father was appointed warden of the Lehigh County jail and after the son's graduation, the latter assisted his father in his duties at the prison. Later he entered the law office of Hon. Edward Harvey and was admitted to the bar in 1883. The young lawyer specialized in criminal law and early in his practice gained a reputation for the wonderful success following his masterful conduct of cases. He took an active interest in Democratic politics, following the example of his father who was one of the leaders of the party in the county. In 1901 Mr. Lichtenwalner was nominated for the office of District Attorney, and on November 6, of that year, was elected over O. R. B. Leidy.

He held membership for a short time in the Easton Grays, an unattached military company and had the office of Corporal. With his company, then in the Fourth Regiment, he participated in the Philadelphia and Reading riots and went through the railroad cut at Reading in which strikers rained a shower of stones on the soldiers, injuring many. He afterwards did duty during the strike in Harrisburg. At the time of his enlistment Mr. Lichtenwalner was attending Lafayette College.—*Allentown Chronicle and News, Dec. 22,* 1913.

'05 The interest created by the Muhlenberg football team's success this season is indicated in increased friendliness toward the sport by the people of the city. As a mark of appreciation for good work done this year, Oscar G. Tallman, of this city, has offered to bear the expense of a regular football score board on Muhlenberg Field. It will not be an inexpensive one, being designed to assist the spectators in enjoyment of the games. Mr. Tallman designs the board as a memorial to his brother, the late Prof. Joseph R. Tallman, valedictorian of the first class graduated from the new college, who died a year ago, soon after he had won the important position of principal of the Pottsville schools.

'13 We learn that Mr. John Wenner is an assistant and graduate student in Biology at Yale University.

'13 The engagement of Miss Esther Schoener, of this city, to Mr. Frank H. Blatt has been announced. Miss Schoener is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women, Class of 1912.

The engagement of Miss Rhea Alice Erdman to Mr. Ralph P. Holben was recently announced. Miss Erdman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis B. Erdman, No. 741 North Seventh street. She was graduated with the Class of 1911, Allentown College for Women, and continued further study at Wheaton College, Norton, Mass. Mr. Holben is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Holben, No. 32 North Jefferson street. He is a graduate of the Allentown High School, Class of 1909. He then attended Muhlenberg College for two years and in his junior year entered Franklin and Marshall College, from which institution he was graduated two years later as salutatorian of his class. At present he is pursuing a post-graduate course in history and sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, where he won a university scholarship. He will receive his M. A. degree in June.

We note the marriage of Miss Olive May Wilson and Mr. Harvey L. Reno. Mr. Reno is Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Birmingham, Ala. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Reno, of No. 45 South Madison street. For a time he attended Muhlenberg College and upon leaving entered the services of Secretary H. W. Elvidge, of the local Y. M. C. A., becoming Secretary of the Boys' Department, and then developing into a Y. M. C. A. worker of unusual ability.

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Vol. XXXII February, 1914 No. 5

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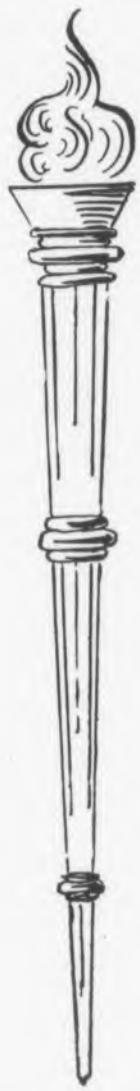
BASKET BALL TEAM

The Editor's Foreword



It is rather unfortunate that, when a team, be it in athletics or in any other line has worked together just long enough to be in the height of its efficiency, it is obliged to give way to a "green" and inexperienced set of individuals. It is therefore with no little reluctance that the new staff assumes the responsibility of handling the various departments of our college paper which our predecessors had learned to run so admirably. Whether or not, it would be better to have one staff serve for the whole year is a question. There is no doubt in our mind that such a staff would develop a better balanced monthly, but wouldn't it be asking too much of their ever-too-precious time for more than half a year when there are others who are equally able. At best college journalism seems to be a kind of relay. One Editor pushes it as hard as the burden and his resources allow him and another takes his place without losing any momentum. We hope at this point no momentum is

lost and that every one will try and help make our roads as smooth as possible; firstly by paying his subscription that we shall have the resources to proceed. Secondly, by handing in from time to time articles on various subjects of interest, stories and poems that we need not go begging for material. Finally by critising but not critising harshly our efforts. Let your criticisms be constructive and not destrucive.

This is probably the last staff to be selected by the literary societies. "The Muhlenberg" is hereafter to be in the hands of the Student Organization. No longer will its officers be responsible to the time worn societies but the student body, and each and every student will be responsible for its welfare. Let it truly be a "Greater Muhlenberg."

Basket Ball

We are glad to say that Muhlenberg is again represented in the "cage" sport. It is true the team's showing so far is nothing to be over-enthusiastic about. But we must consider that this is only our second year that we have made it a college sport and therefore cannot expect too much. We have been unfortunate inasmuch as we have lost several of our best players. Again most of our games so far have been away from home on strange floors to our disadvantage. We should not be too harsh in our criticising the team for most certainly every member is doing the best that's in him. Let every one talk it up and show the team that we are back of them, be it in victory or defeat. Help to "clean up" the rest of the schedule.

Which?

There appeared in an issue of this paper some time ago an "ad" which began something like the following: "Wanted—A poet," etc. We are glad to say that among our new students we found one who has aided us considerably by contributing poems of various nature from time to time. Our columns very often would have looked sadly deficient in this line but for his ability and willingness. We have published poetical productions of a witty nature taking local situations or events as a setting, and we have published such as were prompted in a quieter and more pensive mood. Is not, then, our dream realized?

Now the question that confronts us is, shall we encourage him to make his contributions to be of the more serious kind by which he can some day probably achieve fame, or do we want those of local flavor? There is no doubt that the former kind would be the more interesting to people outside of Muhlenberg and therefore would do more to advertise the college. Then, again, the men in and about the college naturally would prefer the latter which is nearest to them. Shall we give him free rein to dwell on the local or shall we look for something more substantial? Which?

Know Your Place

Mention has been made time and again concerning the conduct of the members of the lower classes. While we do not expect that men of the higher classes can be looked upon as having halos around them branding them as gods or at least ideals, we maintain that a certain amount of dignity is due them from the under-classmen. Our college has always insisted on the subordination of lower-classmen. The first few years at college is the time for a person to think much and say little. It is a matter of discipline. It is entirely out of order for an under-classman—who has the college all at heart—to "bob up" in an open student body meeting and accuse a senior with charges which an upper-classman fears to bring and which he cannot prove, because he bears grudge against him. We regret that occasionally a freshman carries his feeling of all-importance even into his sophomore year by which time he should have learned thoroly the lesson of obedience and subordination.

Remember that an under-classman is an under-classman and must be treated as such. He must know his place. It matters not, be he from the rural schools or a graduate from another institution, or, be he from country hamlet or metropolis, he is an under-classman.

Wasted Pearls

A maiden there lived whose lover was lost
In the depths of the dark blue sea
And every day as the sun's last ray
Of ruby, laved therein,
She sat down to weep while a watch she would keep
Over the fathomless sea,
Over the fathomless dark blue sea.

And the days slowly passed and the years swiftly sped
But still by the tranquil sea
She sat down to weep but he from the deep
From the fathomless dark blue sea
Came not tho her eyes from the sea saw arise
A vision of him on the deep
On the fathomless dark blue sea.

Tho tongueless is Time, a tale he doth tell
How a maiden that mourned by the sea
Was lured by the wave to her watery grave
Where she knew her lover to be;
And now on the shore she sitteth no more
To dream at the fathomless sea
The fathomless dark blue sea.

Walter E. Huetsch, '17.

Only Heeled or Also Healed

(Honorable Mention, Short Story Prize Contest.)

McGANIGAL'S Cafe, at the southwest corner of Stanton Street and the Bowery, was brilliantly ablaze with all the cheap illumination that came within the means of Dennis McGanigal, owner, proprietor, head bartender and sole manipulator, for he trusted only himself, of the keys of the shining National Cash Register that stood on the counter behind the bar, flanked by stacks of pressed glass goblets and bottles of imported wines. Around the edges of the windows ran red and green tubes of light, writhing like the snakes of the Bronx Zoo before the eyes of passers-by who might be slightly "under the weather" and inviting them in to partake of the "Beer of Quality"—Pabst Blue Ribbon, or of the El-Bart Dry Gin that were extolled in showy, kaleidoscopic, colored-glass signs.

Dugan the Dip, with the uncertain, swaying movements of a strap-hanger on a Canarsie trolley car, approached McGanigal's from the other side of the street, halted for a moment to admire the beautiful colors of the snakes in the windows before him, and then pushed down the spring-latch and entered, blinking with his bleary eyes like a one-second light-house before the strong glare of the Tungsten lamps. As he stood there with his baggy-kneed trousers and wrinkled frock coat, extracted from the rubbish heap of some uptown swell; with his cast-off Truly Warner which, like Scott's aged minstrel, "seemed to have known a better day," tilted at a sharp angle on his unkempt shock of frowzy hair, Dugan presented a striking figure.

Dugan had spent his entire life in down-town New York, living, by day, wherever "business," which, in his case, might truly be described as always "picking up," happened to be best, and, by night, wherever he could find a remote, sequestered spot where he might sleep in peace, unmolested by the "cops." Once he had been on a fair way to growing up into an honest, public-spirited citizen, but drink and his associates had convinced him that he was not "cut out" for that kind of life and so he had be-

come a "dip" with a reputation for being a "pretty slick article." He was not without education, however, for, tho he could not tell you who Darwin or Savanarola was, or how many inmates there were in the State Insane Asylum, yet he could tell you that an eight-inch piece of gas pipe with a plug of lead in the end was a mighty handy thing to have around and he could select a victim in a crowd and deprive him of his watch, purse or scarf-pin with astonishing ability. His education was of an intensely practical nature and even the religious element, which had been added thru spasmodic attendance at the Jerry McAuley Mission, had been put into his life as a working principle, for, in accordance with the divine injunction to the physician—"heal thyself," Dugan could and did "heel himself" whenever occasion demanded. The Dip was undoubtedly a man of parts and his exceptional skill had given him a certain fame in the underworld that was by no means undesirable to him, for, like all men, the Dip loved a following. But more important than this was the fact that his ability gave him credit at McGanigal's Cafe which he frequented with great regularity, usually dropping in about the same hour as on this particular evening.

In a moment, Dugan became accustomed to the strong light, and, casting a cursory glance at the familiar marble-topped bar, wet with drippings, the well-worn brass rail and the fly-specked mirrors covered with mosquito netting, he advanced with the same unsteady step to a small table in one corner of the room.

"Same ole Tom and Jerry, Mac!" he coughed out as he slouched down into his accustomed chair and stretched out his legs under the table. Dugan never felt ready for his night's sleep in the open air unless he had first had something in the line of a "night cap" to warm him up, and a "Tom and Jerry" suited him to perfection. McGanigal brought the bubbling drink and the Dip swallowed it at a gulp. It seemed to have hit the right spot for he began to tell of his day's work in a loud tone bringing the other loafers together around him.

"Set 'em up all 'round, Mac!—Made a peach of a haul off of a swell down't the Bridge—got a roll o' kale big's my fist!" and as if to prove the truth of his statement he flaunted some crisp bills before them. They drank his health once, then a second time, and would have kept on, but Dugan pulled himself together

with an effort, got up unsteadily, made his way to the door, uttered a groggy "Good night, boys!" and set off. It was cold, for it was late in December. The Dip shivered once or twice and pushed his hands deep into his pockets. With lurching step, he passed along the Bowery, stopping now and then to admire some other brightly colored snakes in the all-too-numerous cafes, or to look with a dull, uncomprehending gaze at the elevated structure above his head where the Third Avenue "L" went past with a deafening roar. On he went thru Union Square with its glaring arc lamps and then up Broadway to Madison Square Park where he sought out the bench to which he had established an exclusive right by his habitual appropriation of it night after night. There he lay down, stretched out his toes with a feeling of infinite satisfaction and dozed off into sleep.

In the early morning he was awakened by the repeated contact of a "cop's" club with the soles of his feet and sat up suddenly only half aware of his surroundings. He looked about him in a dazed manner for it seemed to him that one of the park trees was moving. He turned to the occupant of the next bench, pulled his sleeve, and asked in an uncertain tone, as he pointed with his finger, "Is that tree movin', bo?"

The tramp grinned, eyed him up a moment and answered, "Youse wanta wake up a bit—dey've been at dat job for de last hour."

"What's the idea?"

"Some o' dese sky-pilots, fire-escapes or what you may call 'em, are getting up a sort of a free Christmas tree celebration—comin' off tomorrer night—Christmas, yo' know!"

Dugan said no more—he had already reached a very satisfying conclusion. A celebration of that kind meant "big pickin's" and he determined to be on hand for his share. Knowing what a windfall was coming to him, he decided to loaf that day, and so he stayed where he was, watching them set up the tall, symmetrical fir tree and then string it with innumerable red, white, blue and green lights. The day wore on and evening came. Dugan was feeling good. The more he saw of the extensive preparations that were being made, the more he realized that he could make a mighty big night of it.

That evening he went again to McGanigal's at the usual time and took his accustomed seat. He called as usual for his bubbling "Tom and Jerry" and Mac brought it. But the spirit of Christmas filled him and he called for more. His "goodwill to men" increased—he persisted in standing treat, and soon was the center of a coterie as distinctive and exclusive as that of the Four Hundred itself. Healths innumerable were drunk and all the while the Dip was promising them a real night of it when he came back next evening with his haul. When he left McGanigal's Cafe that night, his "Good night, boys!" was even groggier than usual and he lurched from side to side like a barrel that is rolled over a rough, flag-stone pavement. It was with greater difficulty than usual that he found his bench that night but his satisfaction was no less as he went to sleep, for his mind was full of the thoughts of his haul and subsequent celebration with his friends.

Wakened again by the same efficient means on Christmas morning as on other mornings, he decided that he had best stay where he was in order that he might look over the ground and loaf off the effects of his heavy drinking of the previous night. Evening came and with it came the crowd of people of all classes. The Dip was feeling fine, his mind was clear and he felt alive in every nerve. He began work early and business proved fruitful. It was easy—a "dead cinch" as he thought to himself. The "cops" had their hands full keeping the crowd behind the lines and he was left to work in peace, and work he did. Like McGanigal, he trusted only himself, and so had no "pal." Loaded with "pickin's," he made his way to a much patronized three-ball shop where he was accustomed to dispose of his goods. He did well this evening and so set off for the Cafe at once. He was in high spirits and only one thing entered into his thoughts to disturb his peace of mind. Why did that crowd sing as they did? Why were they not like other crowds, silent or surly? Not that their singing prevented him from working but it disturbed him and made him feel that he was working among people who were different from those who crowded the Bridge during the rush hours.

He had now reached McGanigal's and it was not long before this thought that disturbed him was lost in the ecxitement

and spirit that the delightful liquor brought upon him. He had said that they would make a night of it and they did. Word spread that Dugan had come to McGanigal's with the proceeds of his haul and was setting them up all around without any let-up. McGanigal had a full house as a result and on this night even his second assistant bartender, the one with his hair pasted down flat, was kept rushing to fill the repeated orders that Dugan shouted out from time to time. McGanigal, at the cash register, was as busy as a typewriter pounding down the keys of the National, while the tinkling of the bell as the till flew in and out made it sound like a sleighing party. Dugan was "no slouch" when it came to treating and so the merry party continued till late in the night. Only once did the disturbing thought of the singing of the crowd recur to the Dip, and then, as if to spite them all, he burst out singing the most popular of the grog-shop tunes in a loud, boisterous way. Gradually, however, he became more and more quiet, looking about him with dull, glazed eyes seeing nothing. To-night he uttered his groggy "Good night, boys!" without getting up from his slouching position and dozed off into sleep where he was, leaving the bench in the park empty.

McGanigal, who could not be other than well-disposed to one who helped his business as much as Dugan did, left him there and it was not until the next noon that the Dip woke up from his stupor-like sleep. He felt somewhat out of sorts and did nothing that day altho he was short of funds, having spent much of his money the night before. But he was glad of it. For the first time in his life, he had felt that his business might not be as much the right thing as he had always thought it. It was not that he had not known all his life that his work was dishonest but the way in which the world at large acted, seemed to justify it in his eyes. Now, however, when he saw this Christmas crowd singing hymns, he had changed his mind somewhat and had a guilty sort of feeling. In almost a week New Year's Eve would come and with it another big celebration and another crowd to sing out the Old Year. Dugan spent the week in much the usual way. He made a few hauls down at the Bridge where the crowd was such that he did not mind fleecing them. The evenings he spent at McGanigal's with

his old friends Tom and Jerry, and the nights were passed on his bench in the park.

Dugan had decided that he would not go to the Park on New Year's Eve but would get his "pickin's" at the Bridge when the people were passing on their way uptown, but the attraction was too great and he was drawn uptown with them and soon found himself in Madison Square where the crowds were greater than ever. He wandered among the people aimlessly for a while, restraining himself with considerable difficulty every now and then when some particularly tempting opportunities for work offered themselves. Soon the bands played and the singing began. The hour of twelve was drawing close. The powerful, stirring chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" rang out thru the cold, winter night followed by the swelling chords of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Dugan became indignant. Why did they keep on singing? What right had they to force upon him all those disturbing thoughts? Why, because they sang hymns when the Old Year was drawing to a close, were they any better than the people who daily pushed and struggled at the Bridge? Was that any reason why he should not get his haul, the "pickin's" upon which he depended for his living? A pompous wealthy looking man walked past with a look of disdain for others upon his face. The Dip looked at him, followed him carefully, cautiously worming his way after him in the crowd. He caught up with him and saw the glitter of his gold watch chain as his open coat was brushed aside as he pushed his way thru the crowd. For a moment his mind was full of conflicting thoughts—should he take it or should he not? He looked again at the man's face, saw the disdainful expression, reached out his hand toward the chain, drew it back quickly and convulsively, and was gone, sneaking stealthily away thru the crowd.

He "heeled" himself to McGanigal's. But had he also "healed" himself or had he taken the chain? Go down the Bowery to Stanton Street, push down the spring latch, look in the corner where Dugan the Dip sits with his old friends Tom and Jerry and ask him!

Henry H. Bagger, '15.

College Students and the World Vision

By Henry J. Fry, '14, Muhlenberg College, Allentown.

TOWARD that vigorous young metropolis in the center of our country, Kansas City, sped scores of special trains, just after the recent Xmas holidays, carrying thousands of college men and girls to the great Student Volunteer Convention.

In every train the happy groups passed the hours away with fun and jovialty, in keen anticipation of the vacation outing. Clever repartee flshed back and forth. Snatches of college songs bubbled spontaneously. There were informal entertainments. The care-free crowds of buoyant young people were having a glorious time!

Certainly, there were serious moments, especially among the older ones, but the majority, even when they thought of the coming days, were merely curious to see just what a volunteer convention was? They were interested, of course, in discussing the forces at work in heathen lands, and were hugely enjoying the opportunity of making so many unusual acquaintances, not to mention the pleasure of the trip itself.

The next day they were sitting in the great auditorium, five thousand North American students, representing 755 institutions! Canada had sent her quota; New Mexico was represented; the East shook hands with the West. Here was gathered together an army, strong and enthusiastic, of the pick of our colleges and universities. The future leaders of the leaders. Simply to behold that throng was itself an inspiration, and the very atmosphere was alive, tense, vibrant. An almost tangible efflux of dormant power and latent possibility continually emanated from the youthful multitude, so full of noblest promise for the future.

Every face was turned toward the platform, and what a sight met their eyes! Five hundred men and women who had come from the ends of the earth, who had been out on the thin red firing-line, who had battled and struggled at the frontier, who knew the meaning of the word sacrifice. Men of all races, representing the most remote portions of the globe. There were those of strange tongues, who could scarcly speak English.

On the other hand, there were those whose words flowed forth like burning fire, who spoke with super-human power, not as "gilded orators," in smooth polished periods merely, but as strong men of unalterable conviction, in genuine, unpretentious sincerity, as prophets of God.

On that platform was proof—undeniable proof—of the reality of the love of God, of the power of intercessory prayer, of the crisis of the world today. Fact, and fact, was met at every turn. There was no escape. Those men came before us, one after another, giving of their rich experience, not in mere emotional appeal, not on a rhetorical high tide of transient feeling, but compelling us to see with their eyes the sights they had seen, to hear the clarion call ringing in their ears, to accept the tremendous reality of their message.

We heard China calling, China in the midst of her present throes of shaking off the shackles of many centuries, pleading for the prayers of Christendom. We witnessed the tragedy in India, with her mass movements toward Christianity, among the sturdy Sudra class, asking for teachers, and receiving but a handful. We saw the Moslems of Northern Africa, compelled by modern progress to forsake age-worn customs, humiliated by recent disastrous wars, reaching out for a guiding hand under new conditions. We watched Japan, open-minded and receptive, leading the far East, but leading her whither? The blind leading the blind. We studied Turkey, that nation in a ferment of unrest, for the first time open to outside influences. We listened to South America's call, a continent with only two per cent. of all her students affiliated with any church of any kind, her governments pleading for spiritual help. We gazed upon Russia, with her groping despairing people, with her young men plunging themselves in their helplessness to suicidal graves, to a larger extent than in all other nations put together. From over seas and continents sounded the one pleading cry, "Come over and help us."

We studied the massive working of the world plan. We saw nations facing conditions, due to modern progress and invention, which bring Hong Kong nearer to New York today, than were Boston and New York two hundred years ago. We saw that mankind is meeting problems today that have no precedent

on which we can turn for solution. No longer can nations work out their own salvation as they choose. A new civilization is dawning. "Citizens of the world" are being born in our era. National differences are being swallowed up, as the new consciousness of a great world-unity is dawning upon us. The religions of the world are struggling in this crucial moment for mastery, and what will the outcome be? The war for supremacy is on. One must be proven superior. Either Christianity will conquer or be conquered. We were on a mountain top looking back on the dim past, peering forth into the future. We stood on a peak, bathed in a radiant light.

Would that pen could describe the sublimity, the power, the majesty of it all! The panoramic unfolding, to five thousand impressionable minds, of the stupendous fundamental forces at work in the world today. And how glorious was the response! With what eagerness was this new vision received! We seemed to be talking with Christ and heard Him say: "Ye are My friends, co-laborers with Me. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice."

* * * * *

From that same vigorous metropolis in the center of our country, Kansas City, sped those same scores of special trains, carrying us back to our homes, back to our institutions. The same youthful spirit and buoyancy was manifest on the return journey, but a profound change had been wrought. Looking into each other's faces there was the realization that we had just seen visions and hear voices, indescribable. Life had taken on a richer meaning. There was present a deep, powerful undercurrent of strong resolve for the future; evidences that new ideals had been glimpsed; that life destinies had been remoulded. With what enthusiasm did we review the past few days! How thin and emaciated did appear our attitude of only the week previous! It was not an ephemeral outburst of surface emotion, kindled for but a few days, but the profound, awe-struck realization of new ideals, before undreamed of, of new possibilities in our lives, before unthought of, or a new, nobler relation to our fellowmen, that left us radiant with the joy of the discovery.

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Athletics

Basket Ball

Susquehanna vs. Muhlenberg.

Susquehanna University basket ball team beat our team on the local Y. M. C. A. floor to the tune of 33 to 21. We were greatly weakened by the absence of "Ben" Hubbard, our star forward, who left college to teach school at Tarrytown, N. Y., and also by the absence of "Big Bill" Ritter, who was doing splendid work at center.

The Selins Grove collegians took the lead from the start and were never in danger of being overtaken by our Cardinal and Gray players. Although we rallied in the last half, we were unable to overcome the lead.

Follmer and Middlesworth starred for the visitors, while Afflerbach shone in shooting baskets from the field for Muhlenberg. Copley scored more than half the points, caging eleven from the foul line and one from the field.

The line-up:

Susquehanna	*Positions*	*Muhlenberg*
Follmer	forward	Afflerbach
Middlesworth	forward	Copley (Berry)
Lenhart	center	Witmer (Copley)
Swope	guard	Leisey
Harkins	guard	Hayes (Dettling)

Field goals—Follmer 5; Middlesworth 4; Lenhart 3; Swope 1; Afflerbach 3; Copley 1; Berry 1. Foul goals—Copley 11; Middlesworth 7. Referee—Mitchell.

Lehigh vs. Muhlenberg.

On Wednesday evening, January 21, 1914, Lehigh's basket ball five defeated our team at the Coloseum, South Bethlehem, by piling up 72 points to our 21.

Lehigh took the jump from the very beginning and their score was never in danger at any time during the game. Lehigh has practically the same team that she had last year and this greatly helped her to round out a first class ocmbination.

Harry Crichton, captain of Lehigh's 1914 football eleven, starred for the home team. White and Green both played a sensational game. Crichton shot ten field goals, White caged seven, while four are credited to Green. Copley did the best work for us. His shooting from the foul line brought him much applause. In seventeen tries he caged the ball eleven times. Hayes, at forward, also did creditable work. The line-up:

Lehigh	*Positions*	*Muhlenberg*
H. Crichton	forward	Afflerbach
White (Geyer)	forward	Hayes
Johnson (K. Crichton)	(Kirkpatrick) center	Copley
Geen (Fisher)	guard	eisey
Price (Loucks)	guard	Dettling

Goals from field—H. Crichton 10; K. Crichton 2; Kilpatrick 1; White 7; Johnson 5; Green 4; Price 3; Afflerbach 2; Hayes 2; Copley 1; Leisey 1. Goals from fouls—Price, 6 out of 13; Geyer, 2 out of 3; Copley, 11 out of 17. Referee—Mitchell.

Lafayette vs. Muhlenberg.

Before a large and enthusiastic crowd Lafayette defeated our quintet 44 to 13 on Friday evening, January 23, 1914, at Easton. This was Lafayette's first intercollegiate game of the season and the first basket ball game that these collegians have participated in for eleven years.

The team work of the newly formed Lafayette aggregation was a revelation to the skeptics. Team work is what our Cardinal and Gray team is sorely in need of.

Particular credit for the victory must be accrdeited to Snyder, who acted as temporary captain and to "Danny" Blackburn, a former star at Muhlenberg. Afflerbach, for our team, played a fast game. Dettling did excellent floor work. The line-up:

Lafayette	*Positions.*	*Muhlenberg*
Stone	forward	Afflerbach
Troxell	forward	Hayes
Blackburn	center	Witmer (Berry)
Scheeren	guard	Dettling
Synder	guard	Leisey

Goals from field—Stone 4; Troxell 6; Blackburn 4; Snyder 6; Afflerbach 2; Dettling 1. Goals from fouls—Hayes, 5 in 9 trials; Witmer, 2 in 7 trials; Stone, 4 in 11 trials; Blackburn, 0 in 5 trials. Referee—Beibelheimer.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Manager Geiss, '15, announces the following football schedule:

Oct. 3—State College at State.

Oct. 10—Susquehanna, at home.

Oct. 17—Rutgers, at New Brunswick, N. J.

Oct. 24—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.

Oct. 31—Bucknell, at home.

Nov. 7—Lafayette, at Easton.

Nov. 14—Lebanon Valley, at home.

Nov. 26—Albright, at home.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Kampus Klippings

M. C. A. Notes.

THE Muhlenberg Christian Association has begun a new year, and is striving to attain its proper position, at the head of all college organizations. It certainly deserves this place and all the students ought to help the movement in order that it may attain such a position. For it is well understood that the M. C. A. has the student's common interest as its object and purpose. It stands for the truly vital social relations which ought to exist among the fellows and furthermore it endeavors to foster and encourage a spirit of Christian fellowship. This certainly ought to appeal to every fellow at college, and here is an opportunity for him to benefit both his institution and himself by taking a helping hand in this good work.

Other institutions have a Christian Association which not only holds meetings for their own benefit; but they even raise

funds which are sent to assist the movement and spread of Christianity in foreign lands. As a result, President Henry Fry made a plea with the fellows, that they each subscribe a reasonable amount, which could then be sent as a contribution from Muhlenberg College for the furtherance of Christianity among the uneducated.

Chapel Talks.

The second semester has given the students a change, in that they have to attend chapel more regularly. It is plainly evident that they will do so more willingly since nearly every morning, we are able to hear a short discourse on some subject of interest to a college student. Instead of having prominent clergymen of Allentown and its vicinity, who also have the interests of Muhlenberg at heart, we have the members of the faculty each delivering a message to us.

Throughout the past month we have received very interesting talks from our President on "The Ideals of a College Man." Our beloved chaplain, Dr. Wackernagle, gave a very instructive address on "What a Young Man Ought to be, and What a Young Man Ought Not to be." Dr. Bauman spoke on "The Greater One," and Dr. Ettinger upon the subject, "Religion in Education." The following is the list of speakers:

February 12—Prof. Reese.
February 19—Prof. Horn.
February 26—Prof. Bailey.
March 6—Prof. Fritsch.
aMrch 12—Prof. Simpson.
March 20—Prof. Bossard.
March 24—Prof. Brown.
April 2—Prof. Fasig.

* * * *

The Board of Trustees of the College met in the Administration Building on Tuesday, January 20th. A great amount of business was transacted, which will no doubt influence the future of our institution. At the noon hour a luncheon was served in the "Commons," which was greatly enjoyed.

A very interesting illustrated lecture was given in the Chapel by Mr. T. Bellas, a native Greek, who last year was a student at Lafayette; and was called home to serve in the army during the Balkan War. It was a pleasure to hear him give personal reminiscences and detailed accounts of the campaigns throughout the war.

* * * *

Dr. F. P. Graves, of the University of Pennsylvania, while giving a series of lectures in the Court House at the annual Teachers' Institute, favored the student body at Muhlenberg with a lecture on "The Montessori System" of education, which was very instructive.

* * * *

Dr. Haas addressed the Parent-Teachers' Association of Allentown on Tuesday evening, January 20th. On the same occasion the Glee Club rendered two pleasing selections.

* * * *

The Glee Club concerts at Perkasie, Scranton and Catasauqua were all marked successes. The concerts throughout February are:

February 6—Asbury Park, N. J.
February 7—Elizabteh, N. J.
February 9—New York (Waldorf-Astoria).
February 12—Reading.
February 13—Lebanon.
February 14—Hershey.
February 17—Bethlehem.
February 19—Columbia.
February 20—Lancaster.
February 21—Melrose Park.
February 23—Philadelphia.

* * * *

Stolzenbach, while recently lunching with Keiter in Phil's Cafe, asked "Mose" how he would like to see "The Little Cafe," when in New York attending the college banquet. Keiter replies, "Yes, 'Hick!' I would like to see such a tough joint in a big city, anyhow."

The Muhlenberg "Theatre Goers" were kept busy during the week of January 12th, when "Within the Law" and "The Yellow Ticket" were staged in the Lyric.

* * * *

We cheerfully welcome Mr. Joseph J. Fogarty, the star forward on the De Neri team of the Eastern League, as coach for our basket ball team.

* * * *

"A wise son maketh the glad father" but a peanut-headed boy with a cigarette between his yellow lips causeth the sire to swear.

* * * *

Mystery—Who stole the pies? "Hap" blamed again.

* * * *

"The rich and poor meet together" but the poor geneally have to give up all the road. Selah.

* * * *

Before subscribing for another magazine consult Frankenfield concerning the "Mayland Breeze."

* * * *

Prof. Simpson (reading from "Tristram Shandy"): "With an ass I can commune forever." We hope that it isn't for this reason that he keeps his classes over time.

* * * *

We extend the hand of welcome to Messrs. Louis Mountney and Bain Weirbach as students of the college.

* * * *

Keep your face with sunshine lit,
Laugh a little bit
Gloomy shadows oft will flit
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.—*J. E. V. Cook.*

* * * *

A TIP DEFINED.

A tip is a small sum of money you give to somebody because you're afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.—Ex.

Lecture by Dr. Arthur S. Cooley

On the evening of Thursday, March 19, under the auspices of the Classical Department of Muhlenberg College, Dr. Arthur S. Cooley, Ph. D., will lecture on Rome. This lecture will be well illustrated with stereopticon slides. All of the pictures were taken by Dr. Cooley himself. He knows Greece and Italy particularly well, as he has traveled extensively and often in both countries. He makes a business of conducting parties abroad, to European countries generally, but particularly to the lands of classical interest. He has an excellent equipment for this work, as he has had a thorough training in Classical Philology and especially Greek and Roman iHstory, and has received the degree of Ph. D. from Harvard. He is thoroughly acquainted with his subject and has a wealth of interesting and instructive information to impart.

The subject of Rome should be of the greatest interest; we have an intense interest in the Palaces of the Caesars, the Mamertine Prison, the places made famous in history and literature, the scenes of which we have so often read, but so seldom been able to place before our imaginations. Besides there is mediaeval Rome, and modern Rome, a great and attractive, beautiful and charimng city. Those who have been there can refresh their memories; those who hope to go can gain some idea of what they will see; perhaps they will gain an appreciation of what the Eternal City has to offer; while those who will never be able to see Rome can at least gain some conception of the "City of the Seven Hills" and learn what they must miss.

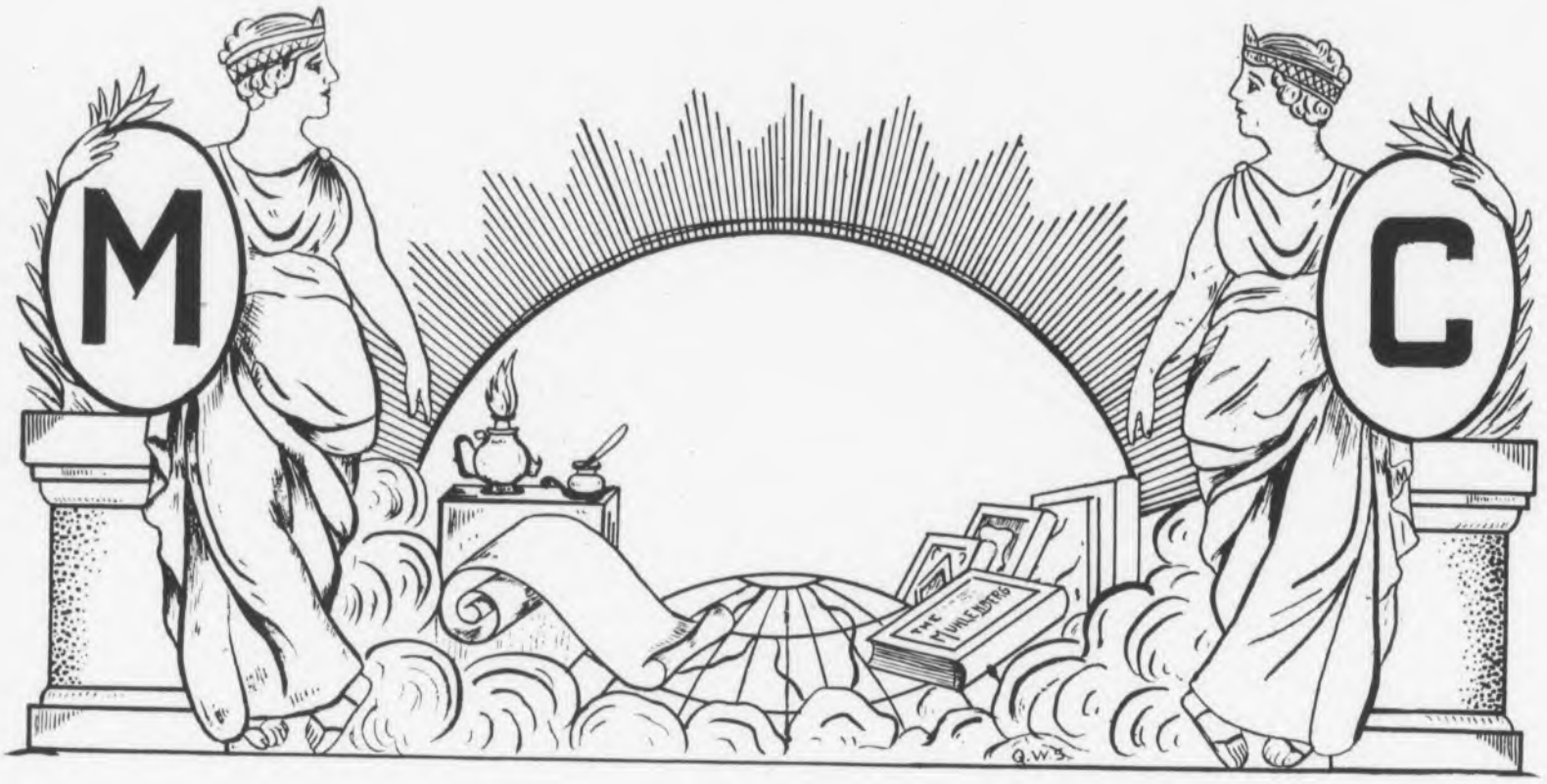
The cost of the tickets for this lecture will not be great; whatever is realized beyond expenses will be devoted to the purchase of necessary illustrative material, such as books, for the Department of the Classics.

Prof. R. C. Horn.

* * * *

LITTLE WANTED.

Man wants but little here below
But when it comes to dress
A walk abroad will quickly show
That woman wants still less.—Ex.



Intercollegiates

My Dear "Alma Mater,"

In my travels among your "Sisters," I have found many new and interesting things. Very forcibly has this truth presented itself to me, "Seeing others and seeing others *do*, arouses more of real human sympathy within the soul of the observer, than the combined study of literature and statistics can arouse, and more, yes ten-fold more, than the silver tongued orators of the world have ever been able to create in the souls of the world's conscience-stricken philanthropists." Of the things that I have observed in the workings of others I shall write to you. Therefore I shall write sympathetically.

Among all our American colleges today, basket ball holds a primary position, as a college *sport*, but it never arouses, in any of them, as much of what in the college world is known as *sport*, as does the old semi-barbarian game of football. And very peculiarly those institutions of learning where the educational standards are highest are the very institutions in which this old remnant of barbarism creates most spirit.

I find, moreover, that in most things, and persons, the highest type of civilization and the crudest form of barbarity are often united. One probably reacts upon the other to keep a

perfect balance. Many of our American colleges are confronted with such problems as *"Drink"* and *"Hazing."* In not a few of them these problems have become vital issues—Because I have seen this, my sympathy is aroused, toward them. And my heart beats just a bit faster when I reflect that my Muhlenberg has met these issues and has solved the problems.

Another observation that has aroused within me a feeling, almost of pity, is the fact that so many of your sister colleges crave notoriety so much that they strive to obtain it, even at the expense of truth and honor. How proud I am when I look up to you and *know* that you never did such a thing; that you neved made a promise you could not and would not fulfill.

Feeling, along this line, flushes high in my sanguinary system, when comparative football statistics are placed before the public. In nearly every case the "winnings" are stronger than the "losings." Why is this necessary for a good showing? Why are schedules so arranged? I will answer—The team needs a few easy games, etc., and it looks good for the college. But is this showing, after all is said and done, worth while?

At the University of Pennsylvania, there is considerable striving for literary notoriety. The University stands for true fame in literature, and I was proud of her when I saw her put the damper on Grover C. Bergdoll's aspirations. "Yellow Journalism" is a real menace to true literature. I pray that it may never gain entrance to Muhlenberg's halls.

The Vice-Provost of the U. of P., Dr. Penniman, has won the admiration of Dr. Henry S. Drinker, the President of Lehigh University, because of the stand which he has taken in his lecture "The English Bible as Literature." He represents the true spirit of the U. of P.'s literary aspirations—the highest. I wish my brethren might hear him on the subject.

At Harvard University, there are problems yet to be solved —there is criticism from all sides. But there is a young man there who loves his "Alma Mater" and defends her. His name is Wallace O. Fenn. He takes all criticism good naturedly but will brook no criticism that is false.

The students of Harvard college at present are in quite a muddle. The Board of Directors has given them a new "group system of electives." The system has run away with them.

The Red Tape and the petitions from the students are keeping the officers in a most franctic condition. Mother, I know you were contemplating such a move; let us watch Harvard for a while.

Washington and Jefferson student body seems to be in need of some spiritual help. The trouble that the students have with the human body, gives them very little time to attend to the needs, or to study the deamnds, of the human soul. Occasionally one of them wakes up to the fact that he has a soul. Immediately he must tell his companions. Such an awakened medical student we find in Paul McCurdy Warner. He asks the question, Quo Vadis? Then he attempts to answer his question. His answer is given in a *"scientific way"* and receives the first space in the monthly publication of W. & J. Should you see this answer, Alma Mater, you would say it is neither scientifically correct nor theologically hopeful; but I hope that it may sooth the heart of some one of his brethren.

At Temple University I heard the old cry, that four years ago, rang thru Muhlenberg's halls—"Get the spirit." However, there is a Freshman at the university who seems to have *imbibed of the Spirit.* He expresses it as follows:

Here's health to the girl that can dance like a dream,
And the girl that can pound a piano;
Health to the girl that writes verse by ream,
Or toys with high "C" in soprano;
To the girl that can talk and the one that does not,
To the Saint and the Sweet Little Sinner—
But here's health to the cleverest girl of the lot,
The girl that can cook a good dinner!

Mother dear! What he needs is a taste of the food at your "Commons," I believe he would change his mind.

At Northwestern College, Watertown, Wis., there is quite a group of students who can and do write real essays in the German language. They speak the German language more perfectly than some of my brethren speak the English language. But this is not because of application to the German—German is their mother tongue. Their work in English shows great industry—especially along the line of verse. Here is a sample:

He is gone! Old Father Time
Has called him back with the first bell's chime
To the hundreds and hundreds gone before,
Never to reign again, to return no more.

He is gone! But his scars remained,
All hearts that are broken and bruised are retained
For his successors to heal, for his followers to bind,
O sorrows of heart! O troubles of mind.

He is gone! His successor steps in
To ease the sorrow, to allay the chagrin
With expectant demeanor, with hopeful mein
Looms before us the future, unheard, unseen.

He is gone! We bid him a last farewell,
Where to? There is no one here can tell
And with joyous song and triumphant cheer
We welcome in, "Our Glad New Year."

Here is another—

Resolved! In this year 1914 to do
Every day, something good and true.
Sane to be in body and mind;
Of endeavor earnest, of disposition kind.
Loving to others, thought it seems hard to be
Under the circumstances, set for you and me.
To turn a new leaf, no good deed condemn;
In cloud and sunshine to be semper idem
On all occasions to do my part,
Never to leave unsolaced, a broken heart,
So help me God.

Now no one dare say these things are not good attempts at verse making; but to think that they have the audacity to call them poems. Now what is your opinion?

Because they are not poetical genii does not imply that they do not have good thoughts. A man who signs himself "W. B.," gives excellent reasons why New Year's Resolutions are not kept. But another who sign "B. Lee" when he designates his "ego," thinks himself a "B. Franklin" or a Tolstoy.

Really the college world is just as funny as the audience at a comic opera performance. Here are some of the things at which the college world has laughed:

* * * *

Temple University is "co-ed."—They were tickled with this one:

"Do you believe that dark-haired men marry first?"

"No, it's the light-headed ones."

* * * *

Lillian—"Huh! the full-back has a snap on the football team."

Frosh—"How's that?"

Lillian—"Why, he does nothing but play between the halves."

* * * *

Its strange how hungry some fellows get. Down in our lunch room they even eat off the tops of the tables.

* * * *

"How old is mischief."

"I don't know for sure, but didn't Eve raise Cain?"

* * * *

"Where is the best place to hold the world's fair."

"On your knees, of course."

* * * *

Ma Greenun (travelling in New York)—"Ezrie, what's that awful noise?"

Mr. Greenun—"I ain't sure, Mirandy, but maybe it's that there Long Island Sound."—Cornell Widow.

* * * *

"Little drops of water,
Frozen on the walk,
Makes the naughty adjectives,
In the peoples' talk."

Many best wishes, to your happiness,

(Your Wandering Pharasaical Son).

Alumni Notes

'79. Hon. Frank M. Trexler has been appointed Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, to succeed the late James A. Beaver, who died recently.

The term of the appointment is until the first Monday of next January. In the meantime the voters of Pennsylvania will fill the vacancy at the general election next November.

It is probable that Judge Trexler will be a candidate for the nomination at the priamries on May 19.

Judge Texler was born in Allentown and is the son of the late Edwin W. Trexler and Mrs. Matilda Trexler, nee Sourbeck. He was born January 9, 1861. He received his preparatory training in the public schools of this city and was graduated from the Allentown High School in the class of 1876. In the fall of the same year he entered Muhlenberg College and graduated from that institution in 1879 with second honor. After leaving college he entered the law office of Thomas M. Metzger and was admitted to practice law at the Lehigh County bar by the latet Judge Edwin Albright on April 10, 1882. He was elected City Solicitor in 1885 and in 1887 he was re-elected. He served the city as its Solicitor for a period of ten years. He also acted as associate solicitor in the bringing in of the water from Schantz Spring.

Judge Trexler has been president of the Y. M. C. A. since 1890 and has been a director of the institution since 1884 with the exception of a single year. He was one of the foremost promoters and was largely instrumental in the erection of the fine building on Centre Square. Judge Trexler is a member of the First Presbyterian Church, served as an officer of the congregation and was interested in the erection of its handsome edifice. He is prominent in the Masonic fraternity .

Since December, 1902, and up to January 1 last, he occupied the bench as Judge of Lehigh County. He was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Albright and the following fall was the unanimous candidate of the Republican party for the office. He won by a handsome majority and the confidence imposed in him by the voters was repaid with a splendid record on the bench. In his high office eh evinced a thorough knowledge of the law and showed impartiality, fairness and common sense. While a just judge he was not without liberality of mercy and the benefits of doubt went to the unfortunate. During his long term a spirit of safeness and conservatism surrounded the office and the people's rights were honestly safeguarded.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

The Muhlenberg offers Judge Trexler its hearty congratulations. We are glad to see this recognition of his worth in the appointment to this well deserved honor.

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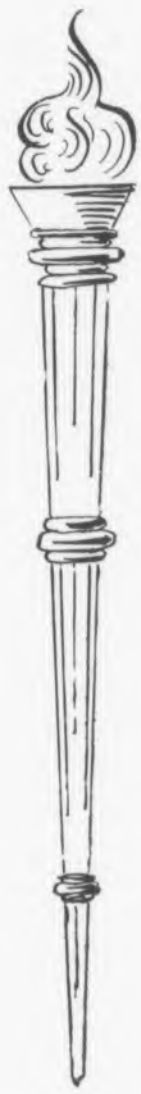
Editorial Comment

In the midst of this season of Lent there is one idea which impresses itself upon us most strongly. It underlies all our attempts at self-examination and repentance. It is that which makes us feel that we do not live unto ourselves but there is something higher. It is the idea of *loyalty*.

Thru the growth of the spirit of independence, loyalty has become a virtue almost forgotten. True loyalty involves *sacrifice*. This is the real test of loyalty. As it is easy to smile when the sun shines so it is easy to be loyal when conditions are favorable and when no sacrifice has to be made. Let it be understood however, that we are not aching for such loyalty as the slave is obliged to offer to his master but rather would we conceive of it as arising from *devotion*. In order to be of use we must realize that our lives must ever be devoted to some cause or purpose. It is only thru their loyalty, sacrifice and devotion that we can call some men *great*.



Someone will say "Why preach a sermon?" This is not our intention but we are inclined to think that it would at least be of some value if everyone of us would sit down and take account of himself and see how he really measures up to the spirit of loyalty. Have we been loyal to our purpose and to our college at all times? Hardly one of us can answer in a bold affirmative "Yes," but, fellows let us not look for the little faults and shortcomings in each other and in the college and we shall have better spirit around the place.

Our Clubs

We have here at college almost a dozen preparatory, high school and sectional clubs. We are sorry to admit that most of these exist only nominally or with the express purpose of having their pictures appear in the "Ciarla." Such an existence is of little value to anybody.

The aim of these organizations should be to increase social relationship among the students who come from the same section or the same preparatory school, and also to make an effort to get those high school and preparatory students within their reach to come to Muhlenberg. The latter object is by far the most important but the former helps to accomplish it.

At this season of the year when our spring recess is close at hand and many high school and preparatory students have not yet decided what college to go to there is an excellent opportunity for work. Many a young man may make Muhlenberg his choice if he is properly approached. It is up to our clubs to get started and begin to talk it up. We wish to commend such organizations as the Allentown High School Club upon their efforts. We hope others will follow their example and keep our college constantly before the eyes of the schools they represent. There is one club in particular we might mention which has wonderful possibilities but has not done a solitary thing. We refer to the Allentown Preparatory School Club. Let this suffice for all who are in this state of inertia. Get awake and get busy. Now is the time.

* * * *

She—Why do you work so hard?
He—I am too nervous to steal.—Ex.

If We Understood

RUDYARD KIPLING.

If we knew the cares and trials,
  Knew the efforts of all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
  Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim eternal roughness
  Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
  Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
  Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
  Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil,
  All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
  If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
  See the good and bad within,,
Often we would love the sinner
  All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
  To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
  With more patient charity.

* * * *

"Max, I hear your uncle died."
"Sure."
"Vat was der complaint?"
"None; ve vas all satisfied."—*Widow.*

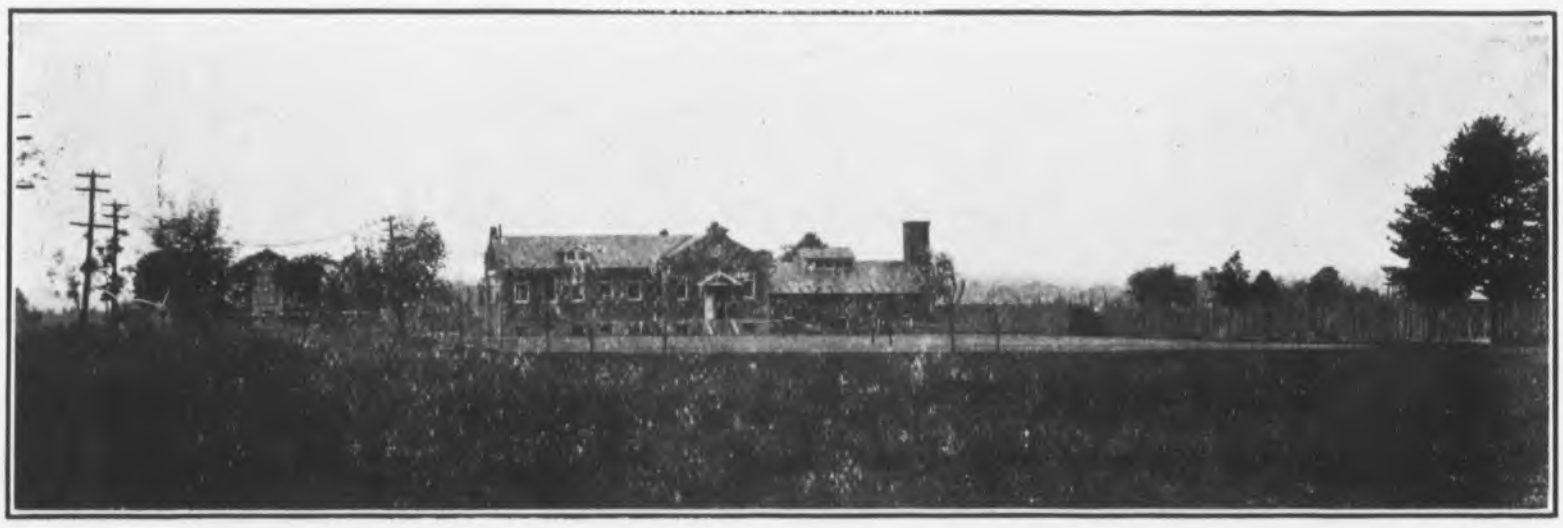
* * * *

She—"Do you think eugenics will help the race?"
He—"What does he run?"—*Widow.*

A Sonnet to Russia

Beyond Atlantic's softly singing sea
  My country's South in dreamy beauty lies
Where ash-trees tall, and solemn poplars rise
  And heaths of pink and gold luxuriously
Behold their splendid colored imagery
  In Wolga's stream, and lovely lullabies
From balalaikas start, when Phoebus dies.
  Where Horror howls in mighty mutiny
There throbs her North! the keen wind raves—
  The wolf-packs dash—the Baltic's pulses beat
Againts her ice-gird coast, while in cold caves
  Of dazzling snow the polar-bears retreat.
In nights when Fury fades in Boreal Glow,
  Her North, then, sleeps a silent sea of snow.

Walter E. Huetsch.



The Man With the One Talent

THE leading church in Rockridge—the home of famous old Rockridge College—was holding a social at the house of Mrs. Roth, their leading member. Japanese lanterns were strung around the trees outside, where old folks and young were for a time forgetting life in thoughtless merriment. Inside, in Mrs. Roth's parlor, her best lamp was standing on her brightly polished, square piano, shedding its soft yellow light upon the innocent face of little Rupert Nelson. He was sitting on the high and hard stool in front of the piano. At the prompting of his mother, who stood behind him, he began to play. Some of the ladies who were talking in the room now gathered about the piano.

"Why, Mrs. Nelson," whispered Mrs. Roth into her left ear, "I didn't know Rupert could play like that."

Mrs. Nelson merely smiled. Then they all listened in silence until the child had finished.

"How old are you?" asked Miss Egmont, the young Latin teacher in the High School.

"Ten."

"Well, did you ever!" ejaculated Mrs. Roth. "He certainly played finely. What piece was it?"

"Wasn't it the 'Moonlight Sonata,' Rupert?" asked Mrs. Reeves, the minister's wife who had been standing on Mrs. Nelson's right. "Tell me, dear, how did you ever learn to curve your fingers so nicely? Didn't it take lots of work?"

But Rupert's eyes had just been caught by the wide-open blue eyes of little Betty Reeves, peeping from behind her mother's skirts. So Miss Egmont took up the thread by saying, "No doubt he is tired. That's a lot for such a little boy to do. Isn't he going on the stage, Mrs. Nelson?"

That night Mrs. Nelson's eyes were wet with tears as she bent over Rupert's pillow and kissed him good-night. "You are mother's little comfort," she whispered tenderly as she left him.

Under the influence of such a woman Rupert grew, until at sixteen he was ready for college. He was sent to old Rockridge

College, where he quickly became assimilated with the institution. He had less time to practice now, and after a year dropped it altogether. He, with some of his friends, became a steady theatre-goer, filling his head, week after week, with the songs he heard there. He began to learn easier and more shallow compositions than he had been accustomed to play. He was fond of rendering them sentimentally—either so majestically that the piano shook, or so tenderly that it seemed to whisper.

One evening he had come out to a college reception. Betty Reeves, the minister's daughter, was there in her attractive blue dress. Rupert was sitting dreamily in a rocker, trying to make up his mind to go speak to her, when pink-enveloped Mary Evers, who knew him, said to her untalkative partner, "Dick, there's Rupert Nelson. Let's make him play for us."

Dick came over to Rupert and roused him. "Come on, Rupe," he said, "give us a tune."

"Oh, do!" chimed in pretty Mary, coming up arm in arm with Betty. Even quiet Betty smiled at him.

Rupert went over to the piano in the corner of the room. Mary followed him. Dick followed her. Betty followed them all. "Now, what do you want me to play?" asked the pianist, looking at them and the others that by this time had joined the group. Getting no answer, he played a dainty little minuet. When he had finished it, he dropped his hands idly in his lap.

"Isn't that just fine?" came to him in Mary's twinkling tones.

"Rupert," said Betty, looking with those blue eyes straight at him, "play 'Traumerei,' won't you, please?"

After that was finished, Dick spoke a little impatiently: "Play something lively, Rupe."

Mary reenforced him. "Haven't you an 'Evening Serenade' piece? Play that, or 'Bonnie Sweet Bessie.'"

So Rupert set himself to play some of his inferior music. Mary hummed the melodies with him, and Dick kept time with his foot. When he finished each selection, the bystanders around the piano clapped for him. It was easy to see that most people wanted the sentimental kind. Gradually then he dropped the old, time-tested classics, devoting his waning interest to light, emoional music.

He graduated from Rockridge College in due time, and stepp-

ed into the vacant position of teacher of history in Rockridge High School. Miss Egmont had advanced to be its principal. Mary Evers of the tinkling voice was musical director of the town public schools. Blue-eyed Betty Reeves was now Rupert's wife. He needed the new Mrs. Nelson to try to fill the place his mother had left vacant at her death. Altho his square piano was not so new as it once was, he still played on it, even taking several piano pupils.

A few years after this Miss Egmont came to him. "Mr. Nelson," she said, "Miss Evers and I have been planning a school festival for the High School and especially the grammar grades on the floor below. We want you to play the marches. Can you try over some this afternoon with Miss Evers and me?"

Who can withstand an unmarried schoolmistress forty-five years old? "Yes," he responded, not very cheeruflly, "I'll be free at four o'clock."

At that hour Miss Egmont and he came to the school piano —a hopeless instrument. As Rupert blew some of the dust off its woodwork, Miss Mary Evers approached, leading a long-armed, short-sleeved little girl by the hand. "I brought May with me to test some of the marches. Now play one for us, Mr. Nelson."

Rupert started one of rather artistic nature. "Can you march to that, May?" asked Mary Evers sharply.

"Yes'm," the frightened child answered; "but not very well."

"Then try another march, Mr. Nelson," commanded the musical director. "Here, how does this go?" She handed him a nondescript march book, with several leaves torn off, which she had found somewhere in the rumpled piano cover. She had opened it to a march labeled at the top "Hannibal March." May was enthusiastic about this one, for the bass sounded like a hammer continually striking a nail, while the quick notes of the right hand prevented too much monotony. "That goes fine," was her judgment of it.

"Now, Mr. Nelson, I should like you to try over this solo with me. I shall sing this at the festival."

The song was "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Rupert played it for her then and also at the festival. He was called upon after that for many similar accompaniments. The marches

were so successful that they were continued in the school as physical exercise. Rupert must always play. Feeling that his fingers were not so agile now as formerly, he was content to hammer away at the "Hannibal March." He even learned to like it—the steady beat, the tramp of marching feet, the sameness of it all. And the years ran on.

Then rag-time music came in vogue in Rockridge. The theatres used it more and more. The students of Rockridge College sang their base-ball songs to its melodies. Rupert's scholars in music demanded it. "Teach me rag-time," they would say. Miss Evers, still musical director, was lifted off her feet by it. In a short time she had decided to present a musical entertainment of "rag" songs sung by High School pupils.

Of course she wanted Rupert to play. He was accordingly with them at the first trial meeting. May was there. Her arms were longer and her sleeves shorter than of old. Quite a number of other girls were there too.

"Mr. Nelson," said Mary Evers with voice unpleasantly shrill, "try over some of those pieces." Rupert picked up one of the songs. It was called "The Garden of Love Flavored Visions." He played it through.

"How does that sound, May?" demanded Miss Evers.

"He doesn't get the swing of it quite. It goes this way, Mr. Nelson:" she sang several bars in jerky, true "rag" style.

"Like this?" he asked, playing it again with a little more of the indispensable "catch." No one cared or perhaps even knew whether or not he was getting the right notes and chords. It was all in the "swing."

"That's something nearer it," said Mary Evers. "Now try this one—'Alexander's Baboon Band.' Eva, you come here and sing it. Caroline, turn the pages. By the way, Mr. Nelson, how did you like the recital last night?"

"Not very much," admitted the pianist. "The program was full of classics, and they were rather tiresome. I was wishing for something like this."

"Ready?" asked Eva. He nodded yes, and they went through it.

More and more in ways like this did Rupert Nelson pick up rag-time. He learned to love it. It did not require great finger

skill, for in this music any notes seemed to fit in. He liked the rhythm, and the noise it produced. Sometimes he could put a little expression into it, so that people said, "Nobody can play rag-time like Rupert Nelson."

As time went on, his fingers grew too stiff for music-teaching, which made it necessary for him to give up his pupils. A little later the passing away of his wife, blue-eyed Betty, left him alone on earth. This drove him to more frequent playing on the piano. But his power was gone. All he could play now was ordinary songs. The coming in of upright pianos made him feel more and more his desolation with his old worn-out square one. Still he would sit there grinding out from his instrument his old favorite songs.

Once he was interrupted in this by a knock at his front door. Two ladies had come to call on him. One was Mrs. Ruller, the present minister's wife. In the angularity of the other he recognized May. She had become Mrs. Williams, and carried in her arms a tiny, staring baby.

"Mr. Nelson," began Mrs. Ruller, "I can never tell you what a blessing your wife was to us in our work here." Rupert bowed his head. "She used to help in our missionary society work. We are out of a pianist. Mrs. Williams here has made us a present of her splendid piano, so we thought it would be very nice if you, dear Mr. Nelson, would play it for us."

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Williams, who considered it a wonderful thing to give an old, out-of-date, utterly worthless dish-pan piano to the church, "we need you so much.—Hush, Margaretta," for the infant was beginning to cry. "It's for Mrs. Nelson's sake, you know, Mr. Nelson."

In this way Rupert became the pianist of the Women's Missionary Society. The rage for "swing" had struck this body also, and many of their songs were revivalistic. "Let us sing 'No, not one,'" Mrs. Williams, as chairman, would announce. Rupert was accustomed to get the "catch" in songs, and suited the ladies exactly. Once a month he assembled with them, each time making more noise and less music. And about this time the Williamses moved in next door to him.

Year after year rolled by. Many of the strings of Rupert's piano were broken. Several of the keys stuck. His fingers be-

came too rigid even for missionary society songs, so he gave that up. He lost interest in his history teaching. Once he had felt that he was giving his scholars the inspiring remains of memorable ages in the past; now it became mere routine work—nothing more than habit.

As Margaretta Williams grew older, she took piano lessons, becoming the image of what Rupert himself had been as a boy. He noticed this, as he listened day by day to her playing next door. To him it seemed that as she increased, he decrased. By the time he reached middle age, he was reduced to just one song he could play—"Give me that good old time religion." This appealed to him; he banged at it repeatedly.

One afternoon a recent rain had partially hidden the daylight, but there was a low wood-fire burning in Rupert's parlor grate that strove to remedy the deficiency. Rupert, in black clothes that were shiny at the elbows and knees, sat on a shaky sool before his rickety old piano. Its once white keys were brown with age, dust and dirt. His fingers were trying to play "Give me that good old time religion." But they would scarcely bend. Many keys were struck out of place, many did not respond at all. But he kept on his painful task, hammering away as best he could.

The process was arrested by the unceremonious entrance of Margaretta, now almost in her teens. Her cheeks were flushed with brief exertion, and seemed to the man strangely unsuited to his parlor

"Mr. Nelson," said the child, "mamma has a headache, and wants to know if you won't stop that banging. Do you hit just any note you care to?"

"Don't you know what I was playing, Margaretta?"

"Why, nothing at all," chirped the youngster.

"It was 'Give me that good old time religion.' Couldn't you tell it?" he asked earnestly.

"That wasn't it. I know that song, but you were drumming just any notes you felt like."

As she stood there in conscious superiority, a few meek flames in the fire-place sprang up into a broad blaze. The sun, coming out from behind the clouds, sent into the damp parlor some of its warm, quickening rays. Margaretta's lips assumed a

queenly smile, her face heightened its color, her body seemed to rise up. But Rupert Nelson lowered his head. He closed his eyes and dropped his hands to his lap. He was thinking. Was he the child that everybody once said had talent enough to go on the stage—the boy who could once play and enjoy the music of the masters? He remembered his mother's worry and tears, his own hours of tedious practice, the many years he had been playing the piano. What had it all come to? To this, that he could no longer play even a song that it could be recognized. He was no musician now; he could play no more; his piano was uesless.

Roused just then by a sharp noise, Rupert Nelson looked up. Something had happened—something that seemed to be the end. As his mind cleared up, he observed what it was. Margaretta had let the lid of the piano slam shut.

T. K. Finck, '15.

Bill Barnum's New Cravat

Bill Barnum was a proper gent as ever struck the range
A trifle dudish in his dress,
But then in truth I must confess,
Good clothes on Bill did not look strange
Except a glaring, silk cravat a-knotted at his throat.

Bill Barnum wore one foppish thing, I'll tell you now of that
It had a fearful red, red glare
It made the whole blame outfit swear
His one big flaring silk cravat,
An awful, glaring red cravat a-knotted at his throat.

He'd sit outside his shack o' nights and strum an old guitar,
And then we'd gather in a ring
To listen to Bill Barnum sing,
For he was sure some troubador
We almost missed that fierce cravat a-knotted at his throat.

Bill Barnum did one foolish thing, I'll tell you now of that.
He up one night and stole a horse,
The gift we gave him then of course
Was one big knotted hemp cravat,
A dirty, greasy, hemp cravat a-knotted at his throat.

L'ENVOI.

Bill Barnum's got a new cravat,
A choking, swinging, hemp cravat,
A dirty, greasy hemp cravat a-knotted at his throat.

Bane Wirebach.

Getting Acquainted With the Birds

WHEN I was about nine years of age, an older brother of mine one day told me to prepare for a tramp through the woods. He said that this time I was to accompany him on one of his walks. I was delighted for I had always regarded those walks as mysterious. Many a time I had seen him strap his vasculum, camera and field glasses to his shoulder, and clad in old clothes, quietly leave the rest of us, and probably not return for two or three days. On this particular occasion I was to be his companion on one of those wonderful walks, certainly, it was only to last for half a day, but even for so short a trip I was only too anxious to go.

It was a beautiful spring morning and as we strolled along the open fields towards the wooded hillside, my brother would frequently raise the field glasses to his eyes and gaze steadily sometimes as long as five minutes, until I became quite impatient. Finally I asked him why he looked so often into the open fields when I was quite sure there was nothing of importance there at all. Then he told me the noise I had heard only a few minutes before called the song of the cricket, was not given by a cricket, but by a tiny bird called the Grass-hopper Sparrow. Greatly interested, I begged him for the glasses but I failed to find the bird, and what I saw seemed to bear no relation whatever to what I had seen with my naked eyes. I tried again and again with no better success, until probably two hours later, when, while we were in a small grove, a tiny bird suddenly perched in a small birch about ten feet in front of us. Carefully I focused the glasses, this time finding the object of my search, and gazed with delight on a lonely little Gold Finch. I had never before seen, as I thought, so beautiful a bird. How different it was from the sparrows I was accustomed to ob-

serve! But it soon became conscious of my steady gaze and flew away. A little later I became acquainted with the Che-Wink, there being a number of them within a radius of ten yards. There were very many other birds that I could get a glimpse of that day, but within a few months I had learned to know over twenty varieties. On our way home when quite near the city I was suddenly startled by the swish of the grasses in front of me, and the rising of a medium sized bird. Upon investigation I learned it was a Meadow Lark. A few weeks later I was thoroughly acquainted with this dweller of the fields. We were not yet home when I had fully made up my mind to visit the woods at every opportunity. Since that time I have taken numerous trips each spring, and fall, always in search of those new bird friends, whom so few appreciate. One wet day during the month of May while tramping through the dripping woods I was suddenly surprised by a tiny bird that seemed to come from beneath my feet. Instead of flying up and away it hobbled along the ground for a distance of twenty feet uttering a most plaintive note, and then suddenly flew to the top of a near tree. I began hunting for its hiding place, and after a half hour's search I found a dainty nest very neatly built, and very securely hidden. It was the nest of the oven bird, the only one I have ever found. At another time I was surprised by finding a Little Blue Heron in one of my favorite haunts and I believe it was just as much surprised at seeing me, for it never returned.

While camping along the Delaware a few summers ago I was fortunate in making friends with many of Nature's objects. Early one cool morning in the latter part of July I shook myself free from camp duties and glasses in hand silently slid away from my sleeping companions. The birds were happy and all nature was tingling in the refreshing rays of the sun. Even the river as it rippled over the stones in shallow places, seemed to be laughing and dancing with delight. In a tree close by a Yellow Breasted Chat was giving his shrill calling song. Not far away a Brown Thrasher high in a fir tree, was startling the morning with his laughing, mellow notes. About noon I came to a long line of cliffs that were probably 350 feet high. While munching a few crackers I had brought with me I no-

ticed a Duck Hawk soaring high over my head. Suddenly it circled in to the cliff and settled on a ledge about half way to the top. Immediately its mate, which evidently had been brooding, took its turn at food gathering and exercise. I had been watching this for some time, when I noticed a dark object appear at the top of the cliff, and slowly descend. By means of my glasses I found that a man was being lowered by a rope toward the nest of the Hawks. As he neared their roost the Hawks became frantic and their cries rent the air continuously. The trespasser secured the eggs and was lowered to the ground where I made his acquaintance. Not very long ago another gentleman made the same attempt, but the rope, worn by the sharp edges of the rocks at the top, tore, and he was dashed to the ground below.

* * * * *

In the study of Ornithology we do not merely attempt to become acquainted with the birds themselves, but with their habits and haunts as well. One-half of the population of our towns does not know of the many merry songsters we have with us during the spring and summer. Some are brightly colored, some are dull, some build their nests in the tallest trees, some on the ground, and still others fasten their homes to slender reeds that stand out in the streams and ponds. There are some birds that frequent woody stretches, others that care more for the open fields, and some that always prefer to have water as a part of their surroundings. The birds are true friends of ours, killing harmful insects by the millions, but they are friends that are seldom acknowledged or thanked.

Paul Mader, '17.

* * * *

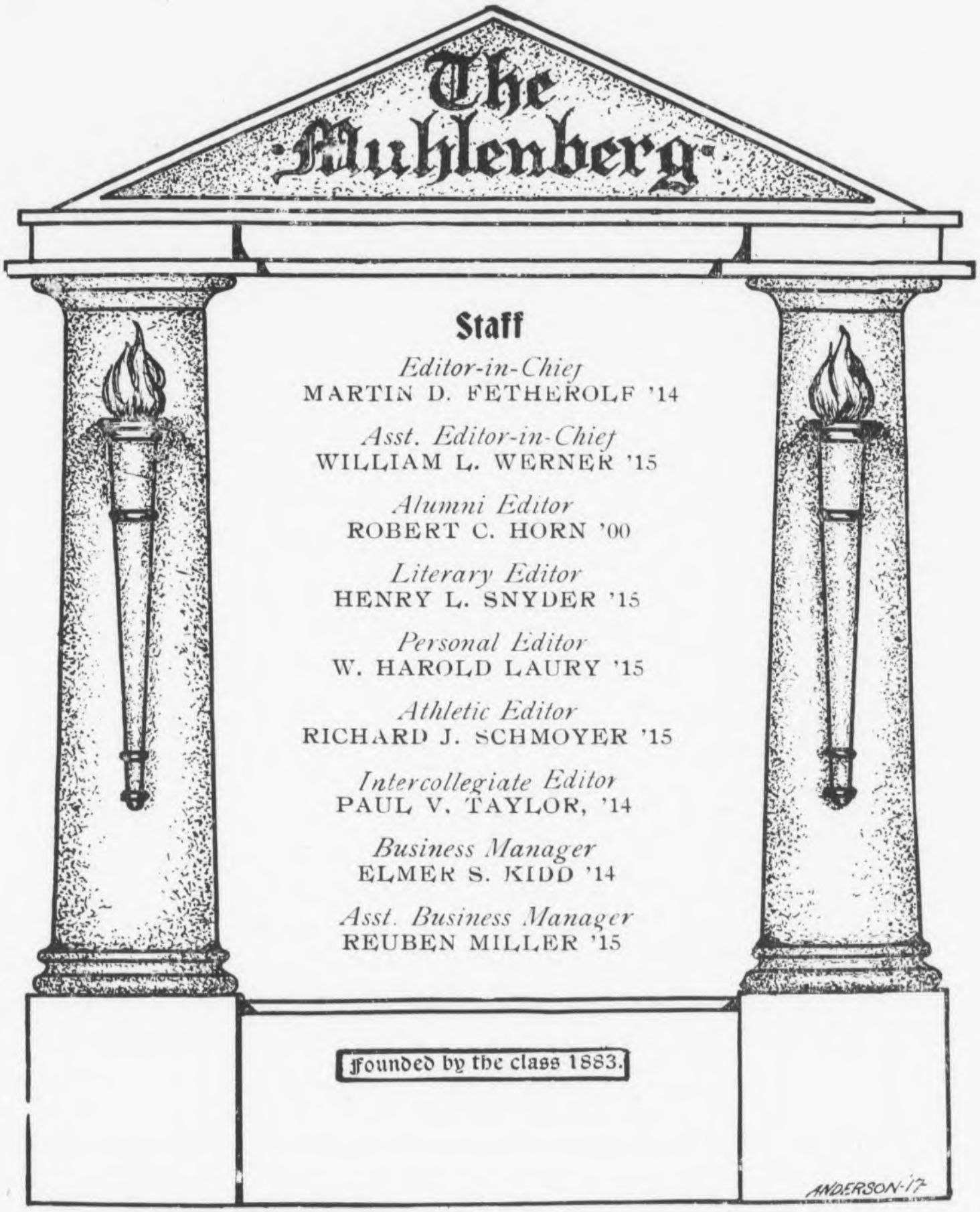
"What does your father do for a living?" asked one little girl.

"Why," replied the other, "he takes up the collections in church."—Ex.

* * * *

Father—"You'll have to economize more this year, my dear."

Daughter—"Why father, I don't see how you can complain. I've cut out petticoats entirely."—Ex.



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Athletics

THE Basket Ball season is rapidly drawing to a close and Muhlenberg with the able assistance of Fogarty, the captain of DeNeri, is making rapid strides to victory. Fogarty has taught the team the necessary inside points of the team game and finally the team was able to swamp Lafayette and decidedly defeated Lebanon Valley and gave the Y. M. C. A. team of Allentown a scare. In this issue it gives us pleasure to report that the team has some points in the victory column and the team intends to close with a flash and the season will have been a success.

On Friday evening, February 6, 1914, the Muhlenberg B. B. team traveled to Seaton Hall College, South Orange, New Jersey, and there met defeat at the hands of the college taem. It was a well balanaed game and Muhlenberg showed improvements in all the departments of the game. Shore 23-17.

Seton Hall	*Positions*	*Muhlenberg*
jones	forward	Copley
Simmers	forward	Afflerbach

Flarity	center	Ritter
McQuade	guard	Leisey
Nugent	guard	Hayes

Goals—Jones 3, Summers 3, Flarity 2, McQuade 1, Copley 2, Afflerbach 2, Leisey 1. Foul goals—Flarity 4, Copley 6. Referee—Sullivan.

In Brooklyn on Saturday evening, Feb. 7, 1914, Pratt Institute defeated our team to the tune of 27 to 18. It was a game that was very interesting and the last few minutes decided the victors. Capt. Johnson of Pratt Institute played an exceptional game while Copley had the foul shooting programme well arranged.

Pratt Institute	*Position*	*Muhlenberg*
Johnson (Capt.)	forward	Afflerbach
Church	forward	Copley
Church	centre	Ritter
Harmon	guard	Hayes
Woodward	guard	Leisey (Capt.)

Field goals—Johnson 3, Wells 4, Church 1, Harmon 2, Afflerbach 1, Copley 1, Ritter 1. Fouls—Johnson 6, Copley 12. Referee—O'Shea.

RUTGERS VS. MUHLENBERG.

On Feb. 13 1914, Rutgers at New Brunswick defeated Muhlenberg. It was a snappy and well played game. Muhlenberg showed improvement and repeatedly kept Rutgers on the jump. The score 24-14 does not show the real value of the game. "Bill" Ritter showed some of his old time ability.

Rutgers	*Positions*	*Muhlenberg*
Austin	forward	Afflerbach
Seiler	forward	Copley
Searle	centre	Ritter
Coleman	guard	Hayes
Rockefeller	guard	Leisey (Capt.)

Field goals—Austin 5, Seiler 2, Searle 2, Coleman 2, Copley 1, Ritter 2, Leisey 1. Foul goals—Seiler 2, Copley 6. Referee—Benson.

LAFAYETTE VS. MUHLENBERG.

Muhlenberg's B. B. team got back into a winning streak Saturday night, Feb. 21, 1914, by winning from the Lafayette

five 26-20, thanks to the assistance given Coach Kelly the last few weeks by Joe Fogarty, the captain of the DeNeri Eastern League Team.

Any time that we can beat either Lehigh or Lafayette in Athletics it is just cause for us and the townpeople to rejoice. With "Bill" Ritter and "Jimmy" Detling back in the line-up the Cardinal and Gray five played with a dash that kept the Eastonians always on the defensive. The first half ended 13-10 in favor of Muhlenberg, and each team scored the same number of points in the last half. Ritter threw four field goals, while Copley got 2 from the floor and 8 from the foul line. "Danny" Blackburn was unable to get into the scoring.

Lafayette	*Positions*	*Muhlenberg*
Stone	forward	Afflerbach
Troxell	forward	Copley
Blackburn	center	Ritter
Snyder	guard	Detling
Hammer	guard	Hayes

Goals: Afflerbach 2, Copley 2, Ritter 4, Dettling 1, Stone 2, Troxell 3, Hammer 1; Foul Goals: Copley 8, Troxell 8. Referee, Mitchell.

LEBANON VALLEY VS. MUHLENBERG.

From the outset of the game with Lebanon Valley on Thursday evening, Feb. 26, 1914, in the Y. M. C. A. floor our team work, splendid passing, and aggressiveness, stood out so prominently that a victory was a foregone conclusion. The final score was 39 to 22. Lebanon Valley showed flashes of brillianay—not on the offensive but on the defensive and Wheelock was the center of attraction for the visitors. Afflerbach and Copley were the greatest point makers in the Cardinal and Gray five, the former making 6 field goals and the latter 4 field goals and 9 foul goals. Ritter played a fine floor game. Hayes and Leisey kept the opposing forwards busy. Afflerbach was injured in this game and will be indisposed for the rest of the season.

Lebanon Valley	*Positions*	*Muhlenberg*
Strickler	forward	Copley
Swartz	forward	Afflerbach
Hollinger	center	Ritter

Wheelock	guard	Hayes
Schmidt	guard	Leisey

Goals—Strickler 2, Swartz 3, Wheelock 1, Copley 4, Afflerbach 6, Ritter 3, Hayes 2. Foul goals—Wheelock 9, Strickler 1, Copley 9. Referee—Mitchell.

Y. M. C. A. VS. MUHLENBERG

On Saturday evening, Feb. 21, 1914, the Allentown Y. M. C. A. team and Muhlenberg met in their annual B. B. game. The game was sensational and both teams played a splendid game. Big "Bill" Ritter was easily the star of the game and his shots from almost any angle brought repeated applause from the large crowd. The absence of Afflerbach was a severe blow to the Muhlenberg team. Newhard and Clauss starred for the Y. M. C. A. Line-up:

Y. M. C. A.	*Positions*	*Muhlenberg*
F. Clauss	forward	Copley
Newhard	forward	Hayes
Gaston	center	Ritter
Woerner	guard	Detling
W. Clauss (Herman)	guard	Leisey

Field goals—F. Clauss 2, Newhard 2, Gaston 1, Goerner 1, Herman 1, Copley 1, Ritter 3, Leisey 1. Foul goals—Gaston 13, Copley 11. Referee—Mitchell.

SOPHS. VS. FRESH.

In the first game of under classmen B. B. the Freshies gave the Sophs a severe drubbing. Boyer of the Freshies, was easily the stellar light of the game. Score 31 to 16. Line-up:

Sophs	*Positions*	*Freshies*
Everitt (Laudenslager)	forward	Boyer
Brubaker	forward	Bausch
Fry	center	Gebert
Weber	guard	Blair
Henninger	guard	Keck

Field goals—Everitt 2, Brubaker 1, Weber 1, Henninger 1, Boyer 5, Gebert 5, Blair 2. Foul goals—Everitt 6, Boyer 7. Referee—Leisey.

SOPHS. VS. FRESH.

In the second game the Sophs turned the table and decidedly trounced the Frosh to the melody of 35 to 18. Brubaker starred.

Line-up:

Sops	*Positions*	*Freshies*
Brubaker	forward	Boyer
Everitt	forward	Bausch (Frederick)
Hollenbaugh	center	Gebert
Weber	guard	Blair
Laudenslager	guard	Keck

Field goals—Brubaker 6, Everitt 3, Hollenbaugh 4, Laudenslager 1, Boyer 1, Gebert 1, Blair 2. Foul goals—Everitt 7, Boyer 10. Referee—Leisey.

SOPHS VS. FRESHIES

In the third game the Frosh won the game and the championship. It was a rough game and the Freshies showed that they were in the game. Boyer for the Freshies starred, while Brubaker held his own. The score was 25-24.

Sophs	*Positions*	*Freshies*
Brubaker	forward	Bausch
Everitt	forward	Blair
Hollenbaugh	center	Gebert
Weber	guard	Boyer
Laudenslager	guard	Keck

Field goals—Brubaker 3, Everitt 2, Hallenbaugh 1, Laudenslager 3, Bausch 2, Blair 3, Gebert 2, Boyer 3. Foul goals—Brubaker 1, Everitt 6, Boyer 6. Referee—Leisey.

Base Ball

For the first time in many years Muhlenberg College will this season place a base-ball team on the road. It has long been our ambition to get into baseball but not until this year did the Athletic Association see fit to do so. The schedule includes 21 games, and there will be a southern trip.

A tentative line-up includes the following: Pitchers—Henninger, Caskey and Witmer; Catchers—Heuer and Day; First Base—Detling and Ritter; Second Base—Copley and Leisey; Short Stop—Berry; Third Base—Phillips; Fielders—Reissner, Weber and Hallenbaugh.

The team is eagerly welcomed by the Allentown Tri-State management, as both will get their early practice by meeting together, and the first game which Mgr. John F. Castle of the

Tri-State has scheduled for his players is with Muhlenberg on April 20.

The schedule:—

April 4—St. John's, at home.
April 8—Lafayette, at Easton.
April 11—St. John's, at Annapolis.
April 15—Open.
April 18—Susquehanna, at Allentown.
April 22—Lehigh, at South Bethlehem.
April 29—Albright, at Myerstown.
May 1—Gettysburg, at home.
May 2—Juniata, at Juniata.
May 6—Susquehanna, at Selinsgrove.
May 9—Lebanon Valley, at home.
May 14—West Virginia Wesleyan, at home.
May 16—Open.
May 20—Open.
May 23.—Juniata, at home.
May 27—Rutgers, at New Brunswick.
May 30—Open.
June 6—Lebanon Valley, at Annville.
June 9—Gettysburg, at Gettysburg.
June 13—Albright, at home.
June 17—Alumni game, at home.

OUR GLEE CLUB

Allentown Concert, April 28, 1914, Lyric Theatre

Kampus Klippings

Muhlenberg College was honored on March the fourth by having Dr. Ernst Von Dobschutz, professor of New Testament Theology at the University of Halle and also "Exchange Lecturer" to Harvard University, as one of its noted speakers. He has ended his course of lectures at Harvard and is now touring the United States, visiting the various colleges and universities of interest. He was especially glad to get to Muhlenberg College, because he stated that this college was founded in honor of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, who graduated from Halle and came to this country with the principles of education received there, to introduce them in the United States. He stated, in short, that the German schools had nothing to compare with the American schools, but to compare the students, we find the German far more mature and better reasoners than the Americans; because from the very beginning of life they are taught not to waste any time and to have their educational foundation very well laid.

Muhlenberg College, which owes much to the University of Halle, should strive with great effort to further the ideals and

customs of our Halle ancestors, with all strength and energy; and to do this the best method to pursue is to be conservative and progressive in a practical way with true and deep religious devotion.

* * * *

Life is one long series of "getting ups" in the morning.

The students at College are very canonically observing Lent "at the commons."

* * * *

Muhlenberg College Dramatic Association met on Thursday, March 5th, and elected the following officers: President, Henry G. Fry; Vice President, Paul Lindenstruth; Secretary, Edward Schlechter; Business Managers, Elwood Unangst, David Bucks and Walter Reisner. Rehearsals for the play, which is staged during Commencement week, will start in the near future, under the direction of Mr. John A. McCollom.

* * * *

Chemistry was put in the world to keep students from going to heaven.

* * * *

Sussman—What cames after "Gym"?
Sieger—"Nasium," of course.

* * * *

Peaches come and peaches go,
But prunes stay with us ever.

* * * *

We were all glad to see "Mike" McDermott back to visit college again. Fond recollections of good old times were brought to mind.

* * * *

Marks and Noble, while stopping at Lancaster on the Glee Club trip, successfully introduced a new wind instrument. The original name given to these musical appliances is "Umlaut." Much applause was received when "Home, Sweet Home," was played with the variations.

* * * *

At our mid-day meal on March 2nd, we received our annual piece of pie, at the "Commons." The shock was so great, that the next day we had no breakfast.

The College Glee Club has completed its February itinerary of concerts; having received the most hearty and welcomed receptions at every place during their absence from college. The New York State trip will probably take place during the Easter vacation.

* * * *

Henry Fry is no longer an admirer of the "hairy lip." While in Columbia, Penna., "Effy" was fortunate enough to have a mustache cup placed before him at dinner, ,from which to sip his beverage. This was too much for Henry. On the 24th day of the second month in the year 1914, at 10 P. M., his "snivy" disappeared.

* * * *

Professors Reese, Horn, Bailey and Fritsch gave very interesting and instructive chapel talks throughout the past month on the following subjects, respectively, "Abraham Lincoln"; "Personal Honor"; "The College Parasie"; "Centrifugal versus Centripetal Life."

The Sophomore "Feed"

At nine o'clock on the evening of February twenty-seventh, the "Sophs" with Professor Stephen G. Simpson as their honored guest, filed into the neatly decorated banquet hall of the City Hotel, to partake of their annual banquet, which was put up in the form of a good old-fashioned country dinner. After the feast, which made "the Commons sink into oblivion," the speechmakers were called upon to "fill in" the missing link. Ernst A. Weber very capably acted as toastmaster, and called for the following toasts: "Our Banquet," C. Luther Fry; "Salubrites," Harry G. Billow; "Our Planets," Harry W. Hepner; "Muhlenberg Co-eds," Melville J. Boyer; "Our Wards," George G. Brubaker; "Esse quam videri," David G. Jaxheimer; "Rough House," Luther C. Schmehl; "Our Victories," Henry Moehling, Jr.

The list of toasts ended when Prof. Simpson responded to the subject, "Satellites," which was received with much applause and gratification by everyone. After this came the "Cracker Barrel" and then the journey back to college.

The Big Banquet

The friends, alumni and students of Muhlenberg College held their first annual banquet on February the ninth, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City. About 250 supporters wandered into the metropolis, throughout the day; at the same time the glee club, which took an active part in the program by enlivening the affair with chorus selections, was on a tour and was already in the great city.

The banquet room was beautifully decorated with flowers, potted-plants, Muhlenberg banners and pennants and a huge American flag.

The speakers of prominence were: Herman Ridder and Dr. John H. Finley, State Commissioners of Education, and Dr. J. A. W. Haas, our honored President. Dr. Edgar D. Shimer was the toastmaster. Among the other guests were Dr. G. T. Ettinger, The aide to Dr. Falke, the Imperial German Consul in America; T. W. Churchill, President of the New York Board of Education; Laurence H. Rupp, District Attorney of Lehigh County; R. J. Butz, President of the Board of Trustees; Dr. William H. Polman, Director of the Museum of Safety.

Of the many speeches which were excellent, the following extracts can give us the idea and gist of the toasts: "The growth of Muhlenberg College has been great and therefore its needs are greater and higher ideals of education are required." "The importance of the smaller college, and the essential part which it plays in the development of a country; cannot be realized without one taking part in its activites." "The smaller College, educates men far better than a university, simply due to regularity of work; the professors meet the students in person, and the great individualistic attitude brings thoroughness to the student as his goal."

Do It Now

We urge the students in the German sections of all classes to inquire of Professor Fritsch regarding membership in the Deutsche Verein which has lately been started by a number of our fellows interested in German as a conversational medium and who, at the same time, desire to broaden their knowledge of Germany, its literature and its customs. A definite plan of work

has been outlined for the year and is intended to supplement the work of the class room. German only will be spoken in the meetings of this organization.

Those of our students interested in German would do well to seek membership in the Verein, for by so doing they will secure a command of German that cannot be obtained in any other way.

Overheard at the Junior Dance

(Young lady speaking to the young man with whom she had just finished the dance)—"Do you know, I could waltz to Heaven with you."

He—"And do you reverse?"

* * * *

The Senior-Junior Literary Society is having very interesting meetings and are doing commendable work.

* * * *

We all admire Dundore's love for the birds; we therefore hope he will protect the quail which live in the Tower of the "Dorms" and while so doing keep the crows away from the food placed about the campus for these poor quail. We'll excuse and forgive you this time!

* * * *

The Basket Ball five of the Catholic High School of Philadelphia were entertained by the Philadelphia Quartette at Muhlenberg, after their victory over Allentown High School on Saturday, the 28th of February.

* * * *

Why do girls not make love in sleighs?

Because horses carry tails (tales).

* * * *

Hollenbach and Seidel got seasick crossing the ferry to the Gotham side.

* * * *

Dr. Haas himself is responsible for this:

Why is J. P. Morgan like Pharoah's daughter?

Because he found a little profit (prophet) in the rushes on a bank.

Intercollegiates

We are continually confronted with conundrums. Some of them we can solve; others will ever remain puzzles to us. Among the latter we class the following, which is taken from among the productions of one of our Penn. college papers. The meter is as follows—

x x—x x—x x—x x

and the verse, which we are supposed to adapt to it, and enjoy as college English, is this:—

Our "Master's" fame is known wide:
Her toiling sons in man's land.
She loves them with a mother's side,
And holds them with parental hand.
There's many a school both large and great
That *do* not touch the vital part.
The fame of earth they can relate
But void in piety of heart.
Not so with "OUR ALMA MATER";
The ever brightening star of whom,
In livid flames that ever scatter,
In Sainted Day in yonder tomb.

Professors,—They are men of such,
Who show in beauty, learning's bower,
But add to it a greater touch:
The personal fragrance of the flower.
By them we've sat in summer's sun:
While winter snowed, by them we've toiled.
Our stammering lessons oft have spun
A genial patience till it spoiled.
But long may live such noble hearts;
That toil so long past setting sun.
They've been *the* guide as youth departs:
'Tis God who knows the *lives* they've won.
Our memory takes us distant back
To times we've tried in struggle brave,
To win, on diamond, field and track;
OUR ALMA' MATER'S honor save.
So neath the heart of every son,
There *lies a tender place,*
That *rises up* when tasks are done,
And forms his ALMA MATER'S face.

Undeniably, this person is trying to say something that is appealing; but why murder the king's English, in such a manner, and violate so many rules of composition, for the sake of a bit of sentiment.

However, it is not so difficult to appreciate, when delivered after a good Alumni banquet. At such times we take most things good-naturedly. But it really does not *tatse good* to us, when served in "black and white."

Assuming that all such conundrums are solved by taste, we are still in a quandry to know just how much pressure was brought to bear upon the editor,, that he permitted this to be printed in an otherwise excellent paper.

Now then, puzzle number two:—Over which we have lost much sleep and have wasted much valuable time. Why will the eternal feminine persist in assuming male attire, in the form of personality?

The best piece of narrative-description we have ever read, is "A Resident of McDougle Alley," in *The Mirror*, Moravian

Sm., for Feb. But there is one thing which leaves a bitter taste; we are left in the dark as to the sex of the narrator.

If we assume that the narrator is feminine, then the moral tone of the narrative is spoiled. What reason could a lady have for visiting the apartment of a male artist, whom she designates merely by the term "a friend"?

If, on the other hand we save the tone of the narrative, we spoil the description. The author assumes a knowledge of male psychology—as is probably feminine nature, to do—men never can tell. Who ever heard of a normal man rhapsodizing on the luxury of a room, and entirely forgetting it's human occupants? What man could be so influenced by a seat on a comfortable divan, as to neglect the real, and let his thoughts wander, till he fancies himself in the land of dreams, while all this time his friend is preparing for him *a cup of tea.*

To what man is a cup of tea " a mixture of pressed flowers, Celon and the essence of lilies, and tastes like the drink of the gods?"

O, ,could we mortals but be more natural!

The Amulet, West Chester State Normal School, has a similar defect. Don't you think that the hero of such an escapade, as told in "How He Found Her," must necessarily be a prig, and an altogether unloveable man?

Having turned goat and having devoured, digested and assimilated the literary productions of some fifty institutions of learning, we naturally fell into a profound and peaceful sleep. On awaking, we were overcome with the sense that the most wholesome production that had this time fallen to our lot, was the *Washington-Jeffersonian*—It's good taste lingers still.

* * * *

Yep; I asked 'Dot' if I could see her home.

What did she say?

Why-er-she said Why certainly, I'll send you a picture of it. Ex.

* * * *

"Her features are perfect, they look as if they were carved out of marble."

"Yeh—she sure does look hard."—Burr.

Alumni Notes

'73. The congregatoin which Dr. John A. Bauman has been serving at Fountain Hill, recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate. Dr. Bauman has given his earnest efforts for twenty-five years to the work among these people; it has been a labor of love; the little remuneration was far from being in any sense a reward for his services. His people appreciate his self-sacrificing work and his sincere interest; and showed this appreciation in a fitting way at their recent celebration.

'84. Rev. William J. Finck, of New Market, Va., has written a most interesting book entitled "Lutheran Landmarks and Pioneers in America."

'96. Geo. T. Spang, Esq., has been elected one of the new city commissioners of Lebanon.

'00. Rev. Elmer D. S. Boyer is celebrating the tenth anniversary of his pastorate at the Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity at Lafayette, Ind.

Rev. Elmer D. S. Boyer was born in Dillingersville, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, June 17, 1874. After attending the public schools in his neighborhood, he attended Perkiomen Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa., graduating in 1890. In 1893 he

graduated from the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, Pa. He taught school four years, in the meanwhile preparing himself for college. He entered the sophomore class at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., from which institution he graduated in 1900. In the fall of the same year he entered the Philadelphia Evangelical Lutheran Seminary, and later attended Chicago Evangelical Lutheran Seminary to do post graduate work. He was immediately sent out to supply vacant congregations and the first place to which he was sent was Lafayette, Ind., on the first Sunday in October, 1903. He preached to eight souls in the little Seventh Day Adventist Chapel on North Ninth street, composed of members of the O. J. Mennen family and the Sherry family. Arrangements were made for him to supply every two weeks. He finally received a unanimous call from the Mission Board of the Chicago Synod and the Mission. He was reluctant to give up his school work but finally accepted the call. He was ordained to the Gospel Ministry January 19, 1904, by Rev. H. Peters, D. D., President of the Chicago Synod, in old Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Chicago, Ill. He was installed Sunday, February 5, 1904, in the auditorium of the Washington school by Rev. Elmer F. Krauss, D. D., and Rev. W. J. Seiberling, M. A., both from Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, and old friends of the new pastor.

'08. We report the recent marriage of Mr. Ralph H. Schatz and Miss Elizabeth Reiff, of Allentown. Mr. Schatz is an attorney of this city.

'09. Among recent weddings was that of Mr. Paul M. Reed, of Reading, and Miss Edith Weber, of Lebanon. Mr. Reed is an instructor in the Reading High School.

'10. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Haines, of Slatington, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Helen, to Rev. John Hassler, pastor of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Elmira, N. Y.

'12. Adam F. Miller is pursuing studies in Dickinson College preparatory to entering the legal profession.

Muhlenberg College was very well represented in the Junior Class lately matriculated at our theological seminary. In a class of twenty-three men, eleven members of the class of 1913, Messrs. Deibert, Frederick, Katz, Keim, Knerr, Krauss, Meck,

Scheehl, Toebke, Wacker and Cressman, were enrolled; also O. Janke, who, after spending several years at Muhlenberg, completed his collegiate work at Gettysburg College.

The awakened interest in Muhlenberg College among the representatives of other colleges has been remarkable. Her success on the athletic field, her advances along scholastic lines and all her activities are closely watched and discussed, not only by her Alumni, but by Alumni of all institutions represented here. Whenever any representative men or organizations of Muhlenberg appear in the city, they draw a large audience of seminary men. When Muhlenberg met Penn in basketball we were remarkably well supported by our fellow students. Forty-five tickets for admission to the Glee Club concert were disposed of among the students; and when we stop to consider that there are but twenty Muhlenberg men enrolled, it shows an interest and friendly feeling that predicts a bright future for the presentation of the advantages of Muhlenberg to the church and the world at large in a few years.

Rev. Prof. Jeremiah F. Ohl, Mus. Doc., '71, who is in charge of the Lutheran Inner Mission Work is delivering a series of lectures on "Inner Missions" to the members of the Senior and Middle classes at our seminary. This course is given biennually and Dr. Ohl was chosen as lecturer in this series. He also delivered an after dinner talk in the "Commons" to the student body at the theological seminary, on "The Different Phases of Inner Mission Work."

Hon. Frank M. Riter, a prominent Lutheran layman of Philadelphia, member of Jubilee Committee and president of the Phila. Civil Service Commission gave an interesting after dinner talk on the "Civil Service of Phila." to the seminary student body on Thursday of the following week. Communicated by

H. CRESSMAN, '13.

* * * *

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EASTER-SPRING NUMBER

Vol. XXXII April, 1914 No. 7

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Editorial Comment

"Because I live ye shall live also." These words of the Master form the keynote of the Easter message. Easter brings the tidings of victory. It is the victory of life over death. When we read a book, we are always anxious to see how the story ends. If the ending is happy we are satisfied and if not, a bad taste lingers in us. Our Saviour's stay here on earth ends most happily after passing thru the most unhappy experiences. His resurrection was the conquest of all His foes. He set His people free.

In nature a similar thing takes place during the vernal season. That which was dead or seemed dead comes to life again. All around us this transformation is going on. We could continue and speak about the return of the birds and the opening of the flowers but we prefer to leave this to the poet. We would only express that now more than ever are we impressed that *life* and not death is the eternal plan.

Athletics

As the campus is rapidly donning its uniform of green after a long period of blankness and desolation it is becoming an attraction for all. Not only do we see from our window the returning robin feasting contentedly on some unfortunate venturesome worm but we once again spy the maiden with the camera under her arm seeking a suitable background for her pictures. On another part of the campus the snow-man is transformed into a living being, very active indeed. Instead of seeing the air filled with treacherous snowballs we see the horse hide sphere being tossed back and forth in an enthusiastic manner. The athlete or such a person as is not afflicted by hookworm or spring fever now makes it the scene of his activity. The "cage" and "gym" no longer hold any attractions for him. Why should they when open air sport is so much more wholesome!

At present all the interest seems to center around the "diamond." We are very glad this year that the Athletic Association has seen fit to enter into the field of baseball. It has long been the desire of the student body to be represented in the national game. With plenty of promising material at hand we feel that we can leave it to them and the coach to make a creditable showing.

On the other hand, we are sorry that track work should suffer thru the advent of baseball. That there is a lack of interest in this department of athletics is very evident. Why should it be such? Track is one of the most typical college sports and should find a place in the affairs of any school or college no matter how small. It requires more careful training than any other sport but it is not limited to a few. Not every man can play football or baseball but the average young fellow can develop himself in some line of track or field work because it offers a greater variety. We hope that more enthusiasm will be worked up that by next year Muhlenberg can boast of a successful track team as well as baseball team.

The New Coach

We were very fortunate upon the departure of Mr. Kelley, our former coach, to procure the services of another very able man, who at once took charge of athletics. Mr. McCaa's past record is very creditable. He has a number of very complimentary recommendations from some of the leading coaches of the

country. Not only is he a wonderful all around athlete himself but he also proves to be a good leader, a very necessary qualification for a coach. With him at the helm the prospects for a winning baseball team as well as an invincible football eleven next fall are exceedingly bright. He deserves the support of every student, alumnus and friend of Muhlenberg. Give him the best of encouragement.

Commencement Number

Owing to the briefness of the time between now and commencement it becomes impossible to publish a May issue of the "Muhlenberg." Special efforts from all departments will be made to make the final or commencement number an elaborate one. Look for the *big* issue.

A Tale of a Winter's Night

AFTER deciding to remain at home, Lesely seated himself before the fire, and started to read and smoke. The book was dull, and the cigar, instead of soothing his nerves, made him restless. He threw the half smoked cigar into the fire, then gazed moodily around the room as if looking for something he might blame for his present state of boredom.

Some one has said you can tell a great deal about a man by studying the furnishings of his abode. Glancing at the titles of the books that filled the bookcases, noticing the athletic trophies placed above the mantelpiece, and the vast number of knick-knacks from all parts of the world that lay scattered about the room, and judging from the pictures on the walls, you might have come to the conclusion that Lesley was a man of ten thousand moods. Indeed, he was a man of strong impulses and had the courage to carry them out, as the resolute expression on his face would seem to indicate.

Women had called him handsome, but his face at this moment would hardly have commanded admiration. He jumped up from his easy chair, stretched himself and delivered a fantastic soliloquy on life.

"This is a weary world! But I'm not ready to make the acquaintance of the next. They say man exists only by virtue of his desires. I need something to take me out of myself. Might fall in love, I suppose, but I've been cured too many times. What's left? Only one thing, adventure."

He laughed at his own foolish actions; quickly put on his overcoat and pulling a soft hat down over the forehead, he made his way to the street without any notion as to how to get the desired excitement. Chance had done him many a good turn before, and it was extremely cold, so that the pavements were covered with a crisp layer of snow. The stars gave out a cheerless light, and the moon seemed to be frozen in the sky.

Lesley buttoned his overcoat at the neck, thrust his hands into his pockets and commenced to whistle. Being spared the hardship of working for a living, Lesley worked to amuse himself. His lodgings were not far from Broad Street, so it was only a few minutes' walk before he found himself at City Hall. He looked at his watch and called himself a fool for having left the fireside in his room.

On this night there were only a few pedestrians to be seen and these moved along briskly to their destinations. Illuminations in front of theatres and cafes shone brilliantly. As if lured by the lights, Lesley crossed the street. Suddenly the City clock started to chime eleven. Before it had struck the eleventh time, the doors of the Lyric Theatre were flung open, and the people began to stream out. Lesley stopped to study the strange types of people that made up the audience.

As he was about to pass on he became aware that a man nearby was eyeing him intently. Being stared at was not an unusual occurrence for him; he took the fellow merely as one of those curious onlookers we so often see.

Without hinting that he knew someone was watching him, Lesley edged closer to the stranger. The latter was a tall, slender chap, who gave one a decidedly unpleasant impression. When he approached, the unknown turned his back, and, much relieved, Lesley was about to move on, when he saw a man standing near him who, at first glance, was no other than Jack Glenn, a friend of his college days. He hadn't seen the fellow for eight years, and was about to thump him on the back when possessed of a bad notion. His old acquaintance had not as yet seen him. It would be only a moment's work to reach his overcoat pocket. Why not pick it, then confront him with whatever might come to light? The surprise would be amusing.

Lesley at once put his plan into execution.

Without noticing whether he was being watched or not, he thrust his hand into Glenn's pocket, and brought forth a leather pocket-book. Proud at the ease with which he had done this, he was about to attract the victim's attention when the latter turned and gazed blankly at him without any sign of recognition.

Swift as lightning Lesley concealed the case in his pocket. Then, he stood as if rooted to the spot. He had made an awful mistake! He had picked the pocket of a man whom he saw for the first time. It was a distressing predicament. Though quite without criminal intent, this act, if discovered, would be sufficient to land him behind the bars. What was to be done? This question he must solve at once. He could not very well give the pocketbook back to its owner with only this poor explanation. It stood a good chance of not being believed, and he wouldn't spend the night in jail unless forced to do so.

Suddenly he received an inspiration. Taking for granted that the man carried his cards in his pocket-book, he would have his address. The best way to rid himself of the difficulty would be to take the case home with him and mail it to its rightful owner. Coming to this decision, Lesley was about to decamp, when he felt someone take hold of his arm. Turning, he was astonished to find it was the queer looking individual who had already favored him with his attention.

Lesley pulled himself loose.

"What the devil do you want?" he exclaimed.

"You can't get away," the fellow began, "for there's a couple of officers in the lobby of the theatre who'd show up at my call. Now do what I say, or I'll turn you over on the charge of stealing. You know I can prove it."

"Who are you? asked" Lesley.

"You'll find out later; now you must come with me!"

"And suppose I refuse?"

"I think you have better judgment."

The man held all the trump cards, and Lesley realized it would be best to give in.

"All right," he said. "I'm yours to command."

"Give me your word you'll not try any funny business or give me the slip."

"I promise not to part company without giving you notice."

"Humph!"

Together they started off at a rapid pace toward Chestnut Street. In silence they walked along. Lesley was fully aware that his latest foolhardy act might have extremely unpleasant consequences. So far as he could determine he would have to bribe his captor before the latter would let the matter drop. Of course, the hope of a liberal reward was the only reason the man had not turned him over to the police. Lesley remembered he had some month's income with him. Why go further before coming to terms? What time is better than the present?

"I have a proposition to make," he began, and they came to a halt near a lamp post.

"It'll keep. You're a new one, sure, to stand talking in the light. You can't tell who might come along. It isn't safe here."

"That's not the point," exclaimed Lesley. "I've come so far as I intend to. You won't get a cent more by letting me have time to think things over. I'll give you all the money I have with me if you will be silent about this little affair. If I pony up, will you let me go?"

"Who wants any of your money? You come with me!"

Lesley was overwhelmed. What was he up against, any way? Having no choice he had to take things as they came.

They finally stopped at a large brown-stone front. They went up the steps, and thru a gloomy doorway, they entered a large, handsomely furnished hall. Lesley did not know what to think. His host took him upstairs to the second floor. Here they entered a large room where a dozen or so men sat on comfortable chairs, drinking whiskey and soda, and smoking cigars. As they entered, the men rose to their feet.

"Men, here's another candidate," said the host.

Lesley was dazed and bewildered. He tried not to betray his astonishment. Curious glances were cast his way, which made him feel a trifle uneasy.

The unknown was the head of a group of professional crooks, who had united into a club.

"I don't doubt," he said, addressing Lesley, "that you'd like to ask a few questions, but to be short I'll answer them before you ask them. This club is a mutual benefit society. We assign places to be worked and then all share in the proceeds. When I

saw you do that neat piece of work I admired it, and I want you to join our club. We like cool men like you. So pardon my methods and consent to join us."

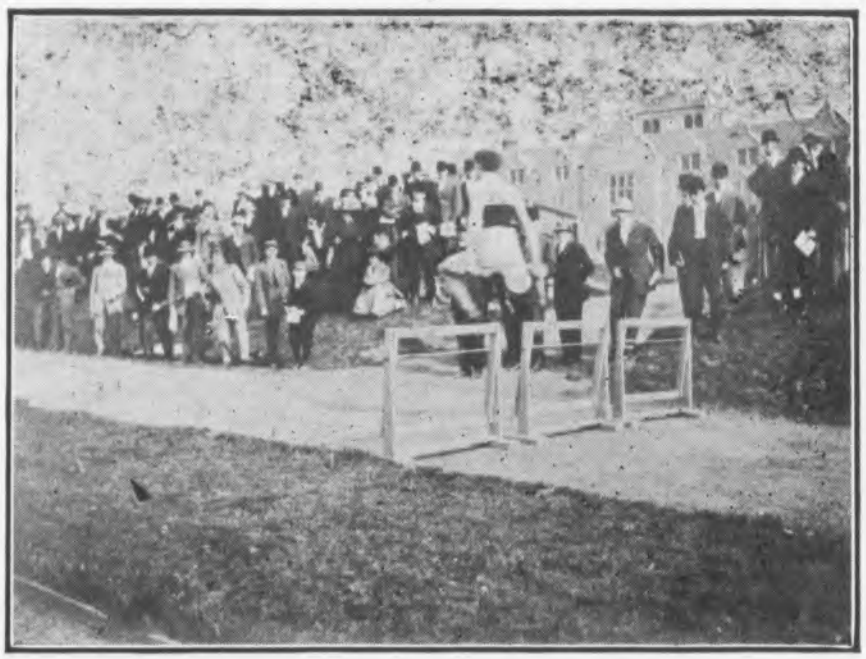
Lesley blamed himself for a fool and saw it was obvious to explain it was all a mistake. He protested vigorously, and would not fall in with their plans. The scoundrels at last became impatient and there followed a great scuffle, chairs were overturned, and above all a hoarse voice was heard shouting,

"Then we'll take your————————!!!"

Next morning, waking with a splitting headache, Lesley wondered if he hadn't taken too many drinks the night before. The proceedings of his leave-taking and homeward journey were now merely vague impressions on his mind.

But, as he crawled out of bed—no, it was from under a chair —he realized it had been a dream, a most horrible nightmare.

Elmer E. Fredericks, '15.



To My Bilikin

You're as pretty a little idol, Bill,
  That ever an' 'eathen 'as made!
Who was yer yaller sculptor, Bill?
  An' how much 'dye think he was paid
Fer makin' yo' o' the 'Oodoos, Bill?
  Per'aps I'll ply that trade.

An' if ever I was a sculptor, Bill,
  I'd make me an image o' you,
Not out o' puddy, but marble, Bill,
  An' a little bit bigger an' new.
I'd model yo' god o' Olympus, Bill,
  With Jove as yer worshipper, too.

You're as pretty a little idol, Bill,
  As ever an' 'eathen 'as made!
Who was yer dusky painter, Bill,
  An 'ow much 'dye think he was paid
Fer paintin' yo' god o' the 'Oodoos, Bill,
  Per'aps I'll ply that trade.

An' if ever I was a painter, Bill,
  I would paint yo' jes yer size,
With pink in yer yaller dimples, Bill,
  An' fairies within yer eyes,
An' a robe o' regal purple, Bill,
  About yer pagan thighs.

But why should I sit an' flatter you
  When 'ere on my desk yo' grin
An' mock the foolish words I say
  With yar paper soul an' skin
An' a piece o' painted puddy with
  The name o' Bilikin.

Walter E. Huetsch.

Specialization

IT is characteristic of all men to undervalue the definiteness of purpose and to choose the line of least resistance even tho it does exclude the powers that tend to good and better things. The master or the man who concentrates all on some particular subject, gives to our posterity an infinitely larger knowledge of nature, of the properties of matter and of the phenomena which occur daily. In addition to this he makes us more and more able to understand and apply things that add to the value and beauty of our habitat.

Specialization is justified not only from the material good we derive from it, for that should be counted as a secondary object, but also by the advancement of society and the opening of an infinite number of opportunities, which will be made possible by the progress in knowledge and education. The vastness of the ground to be covered alone prohibits an individual from attending to several things. In business a man can master the details of several financial operations, but in the field of scientific research he would be hopelessly lost if he tried the same thing.

It is contended that men begin to specialize before they are capable or fitted to take up the work which leads into the by-paths of science, but what man or woman is there in whom there are no dominant interests? This is often forgotten for while we are simply learning what is put before us we are only students, faithful or otherwise, but scholars we are not until we give ourselves heart and soul to a subject, giving all it demands and more because it embodies our innermost desires.

Specializing is as necessary to good scholarship as it is to business. It is necessary to obtain our maximum efficiency and is required for the progress of mankind as a whole. Many however are doubtful whether it leads to knowledge or ignorance, wideness in education or pitiful narrowness. It is true that specialists have a good knowledge of only a certain definite portion, which necessarily limits his usefulness to a certain line of work. Although he might blunder if he was to take charge of a steamship line, what would be the result if the manager of this line

were put into a chemical laboratory and yet neither is narrow and both are fulfilling their social obligations.

Clear knowledge becomes possible thru precise observation while it becomes still more definite when we limit our attention to certain phases of work. Concentrated efforts mean the eliminating of many enjoyable and agreeable things, but they do not lead to ignorance neither do they result in narrowness, altho the specialist may become so absorbed in his work that outside attractions no longer influence him. This may be avoided, for a man who does not neglect the knowledge which he may require outside of his vocation is never one-sided or bigoted but has a broad foundation worth building up. The system in use at present at most colleges gives an extensive rather than intensive course for the first two years and then gradually allows the specialist whether he intends to enter a profession or not, to discipline his powers and coordinate them with the single problem he intends to study.

Work is the chief means to character, happiness and influence, but unorganized work is similar to a flower "that wastes its fragrance on the desert air." We see men fade while in their prime, while the majority do not even consider that there is anything worth striving for unless chance causes them to stumble over it. Is it worth while then to walk over new fields which have not been undertrodden by the multitudes?

Teachers seek to find methods that will enable them to impart and impress knowledge more thoroly and in less time than the system in use. The farmer strives to conserve the food in the soil, raise the standard of crops and farm products, and thus meets the demands of the world. In industry, specialization tends to reduce the work of the individual to one certain unit or process and by limiting the variety of tasks increases the skill of the worker and thereby increases his output. The naturalist puts stuffed birds and beasts in glass cases, arranges insects in cabinets and plants in drawers. This work which may seem drudgery is simply the preface to their study in order to understand their habits, their relation to each other and their wonderful adaptation to nature.

The achievements of these men who day after day devote themselves to the service of mankind for the furtherance of

knowledge are most remarkable. Science showing you worlds hitherto undreamed of, organisms unseen yet more valuable than gold, laboring constantly to extend human happiness, so as to economize human effort and to alleviate human pain, has prolonged the age of the old and lengthened the youth of the young. Art has been equally useful in changing tiresome work into a pleasure, storing thoughts in books, expressing feelings in music, and modeling the perfectness of the soul into statues and paintings. Specialization leads not only to greater material gain and efficiency but from confusion and ignorance creates order and knowledge.

Harry S. Ziemer, '14.

The Patient

"THAT'S just my luck!" exclaimed Carlton, as he slammed the telephone receiver back on the hook. Won't be back for a month, and there's no other doctor in town! A person could die in that time! Well, that's what I get for coming way out into this Western jungle—a big salary to be sure, but precious little civlization. Bloomstown! Bah! Why doesn't the Bloomstown Realty & Improvement Company hire a doctor?"

Carlton rolled a massive morris chair to a position opposite the fireplace. Should he smoke? Yes, there was his pipe, as were also matches and tobacco. He lit the pipe and seated himself. The smoke arose, sometimes in puffs, oftener in rings, to the beamed ceiling. Judging from appearances it must have been between six and eight o'clock in the evening. Darkness reigned outside—the sun had set, and the moon had not yet risen. Nothing but an occasional gust from the winter's wind broke the silence. Only the faint glimmer of the fireplace served to light the room. It was an ideal time for reflection. The doctor seemed to be in the midst of a deep reverie. For a long time he sat in silence. Presently he jumped up and went to the telephone.

"76-D, please, central! * * * Hello! Is this Mr. Stebbins? This is Carlton speaking. Can you hitch up and drive me to Westfield? I want to see a doctor. * * What's that? Why

don't I try Doctor Ellen Miller? Why I never heard of such a person in this town. * * Moved here two weeks ago? Where is her office? * * * In the brown house I built next to Kenney's? All right. Thank you! Good bye!"

"Thank heaven we have telephones in Bloomstown, any way; that's a little civilization!" sighed Carlton as he slipped on his overcoat. Then, stepping into the hall, he called out, "Jane!"

"Yes," came the answer.

"I'm going out. If anyone should come to see me, tell him I'll be back in about half an hour."

"All right, good bye!"

Carlton walked about two blocks down Pinewood Avenue, turned up Prospect Street, and then walked down Fairview Avenue until he reached the brown cottage. He stepped up to the door and rang the bell.

"Good evening," he addressed the girl that opened the door. "Is Doctor Miller at home?"

"Step right in," she said, "I'll get her in a minute. She's over at Kenney's."

Carlton seated himself, and started to read the "That Reminds Me" column in the "Ladies' Home Journal." Soon the doctor stepped in. She was a young woman of about twenty-five years. Tresses of her beautiful, brown hair, disheveled by the winter's wind, hung from beneath her hat. Her cheeks were rosy from the pinches which Jack Frost had given them.

"Well, what do you wish?" she inquired bluntly.

"Doctor," he complained, "what can you do for me? I'm not really sick, but I'm not feeling well either."

A glimpse convinced Doctor Miller that nothing serious was ailing her patient. After asking several stock questions, such as everyone who has sought a physician's service is familiar with, she stepped to her desk, took out some tablets, placed them in a box, labelled them 'one after each meal,' and gave them to Carlton.

Four times Carlton had called at the doctor's, four times he had had a vague, indefinite pain somewhere, and four times Doctor Miller had been unable to do anything for him.

It was several weeks later. Carlton sat in the same room, smoking the same pipe, at the same time of day, and under the

same conditions. But an even more thoughtful expression was upon his face. For a full hour he had sat there, staring at the vacant chair opposite him, and blowing vacant rings of smoke into the vacant atmosphere. Suddenly the door was opened, and Carlton's housekeeper stepped into the room.

"Don't turn on the light yet," said Carlton, as she reached for the electric switch. "I don't want light now."

"What's the matter with you of late, anyhow?" ventured Mrs. Owens. "You don't act natural."

"Nothing at all," returned he, surprised at the sudden question.

"Now there is too," she insisted. "There's something wrong You're looking like forty-seven days of rain. Are you sick? I thought you told me you had recovered."

"I have," was the answer. "I am feeling first rate now."

"Isn't business good?" she further inquired.

"Business is fine," he assured her. "I am working on that plan now. It is a new design—a special order."

"Doesn't my cooking suit you? Aren't you getting enough to eat?" she continued.

"You know, Jane, that I am pleased and satisfied with your cooking. I shouldn't want it any better," Carlton assured her.

"Well, I can't see why you are acting so queer then. Here you say business is good, you're satisfied with my cooking, and you are not sick. I can't understand you."

So Mrs. Jane Owens returned to her household duties. Poor Jane! She had not found the real cause of it all. And why should she? She was an old woman, and he was a young man. When she had left, Carlton's attention was turned to a banner hanging on the wall above the fireplace. The casual visitor would scarcely have noticed it; he would not have seen more than an oblong expanse of something darker than the wall. Carlton saw more. For eleven years that cardinal field with grey letters had stood in his heart for his Alma Mater. All the crowded days of four short years of happiness were re-lived in a few minutes. He was again playing quarterback on the football team, he was again calling on his girl friend and taking her to a dance or to the theatre. Hereupon Carlton lapsed into another deep reverie.

"I will ask— But suppose some one else has already——? Well, there will be no danger in trying, at any rate."

At this point the little electric buzzer interrupted his soliloquoy. There was some one at the door.

"Rather late. I wonder who can be looking for me now?"

He stepped to the door, and opened it. Great was his surprise at seeing the very person he had least expected—Doctor Ellen Miller! He couldn't possibly imagine what she could wish from him.

"Come in," said Carlton.

"Good evening. Is this where Mr. Edward Carlton, the architect lives?" she inquired.

"Yes indeed," was Carlton's answer.

"I hardly knew whether I ought to come at such a late hour as this; I have been so very busy during the last few hours that I could not come earlier. I want to see you about a plan. Mr. Walton said I had best see you about it myself—you know that special plan," she began, stepping into the room.

"I guess I know the one you mean," answered the architect, at the same time excusing himself, and going into the next room to get the plan.

Miss Miller, having looked over the plans and found them satisfactory, was about to leave, when she remarked, "Mr. Carlton, I have seen you before, but I do not seem to be able to place you."

"I called at your office several times," he suggested.

"To be sure. I remember now. Any better?" she asked.

"Not much difference," returned Carlton, looking around to make sure that his housekeeper was not around to hear it.

She smiled, and left.

A few days later Carlton found himself calling at the doctor's again.

"Carlton," she said, "there's nothing the matter with you at all. You know that yourself. You're as healthy a man as I ever saw."

For a moment, but no longer, he looked embarrassed, and then exclaimed, "I suppose I will have to wait and try Doctor Barnes when he returns, if you can't help me."

"Doctor Barnes cannot help you in your case," was the quick response.

"Why not?" demanded he.

"Why he's only a man!" she dared to give as an answer.

Carlton realized that she had grasped his hint, and saw his chance to proceed. The biplane of his hope was ready for a flight, at the brink of precipice. The aviator had examined the machine and found it to be in good working order. He had now decided to attempt the flight.

"Ellen, I see you know as well as I that I am love sick. I love you. I have loved you since the first time I saw you," said Carlton, looking into her brown eyes, and asked her a question.

The motor had been started. Would the biplane rise, would it rise, far up into the sunny, silvery clouds of happiness, or would it fall and necessitate getting a new machine and starting all over again? A thousand fancied possibilities of the future flashed thru Carlton's mind in that brief moment. Ellen smiled. The biplane rose. It soared and soared, higher and higher, for Ellen had given as her answer one word:

"Yes."

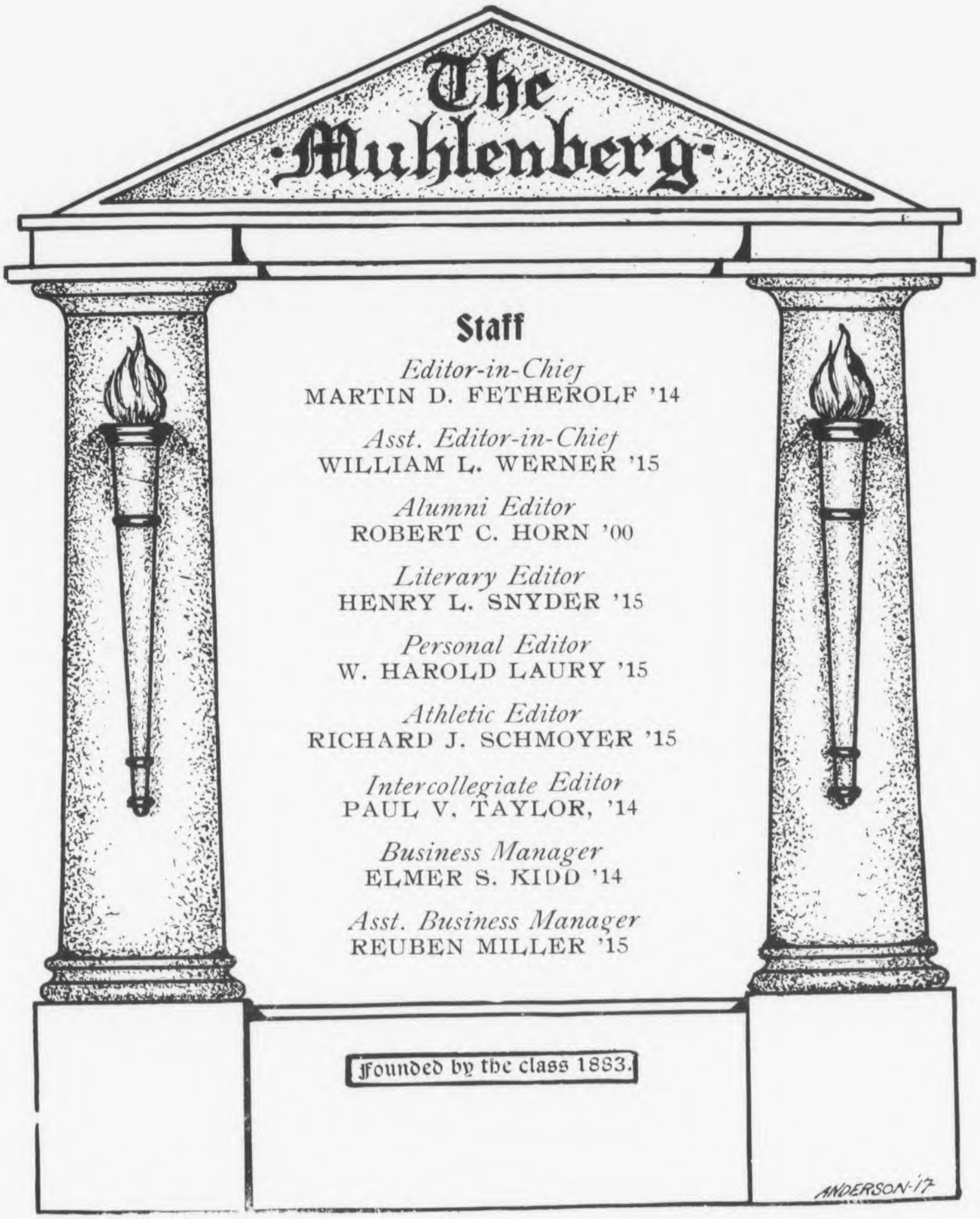
Richard Duerschner, '16.

* * * *

A City Girl's Dream

A city girl writes: "It is a fond dream of mine to become a farmer's wife and meander with him down life's pathway."

It is, Pauline? Ah, yes, that is a nice thing! But we would remind you that when your trifling husband meanders off down to the store and leaves you without any stove wood and you have to meander up and down the land pulling splinters off the fences to cook dinner, and when you meander along in the wet grass in search of the cows till your little shoes are the color of raw hide and your pretty stockings are soaked like a dish-rag and when you meander out across twenty acres of plowed ground with a club to drive the hogs out of the corn field and tear your slit skirt clear open on the barbed wire fence, and when you meander back to the house and find the billy goat has butted the everlasting stuffing out of your baby and find the old hen with forty chickens in the parlor, and that the pet pig has rooted over your jelly jar and run its dirty nose up to its eyes in the precious jelly, you will put your hands on your hips, Pauline, and realize that meandering is not what it is cracked up to be.



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Remittances are to be made to The Muhlenberg

Athletics

Basket Ball

P. C. P. VS. MUHLENBERG

ON Saturday March 7th on the local Y. M. C. A. floor our team completely overwhelmed the P. C. P. team. We decisively defeated them to the tune of 44 to 11. Copley played one of his old-time games.

Line-up:

P. C. P.		Muhlenberg
Over	forward	Copley
McGovern	forward	Hayes
Rowland	center	Ritter
Kostenbader (Hughes)	guard	Detling (Witmer)
(Rapp) Merz	guard	Leisey

Field goals—McGovern 1; Rowland 1; Kostenbader 1; Hughes 1; Copley 6; Hayes 7; Ritter 4; Detling 2.

Foul goals—Hughts 7; Copley 5. Referee, Mitchell.

LEBANON VALLEY VS. MUHLENBERG

By the narrow margin of one point L. V. defeated us on their own floor. It was a spectacular game and showed that our team was in a pink of condition. The final score was 28-27.

Line-up:

Lebanon Valley		Muhlenberg
Strickler	forward	Copley
Loomis	forward	Hayes
Hollugh	centre	Ritter
Wheelock	guard	Detling
Moul	guard	Leisey

Field goals—Strickler 5; Loomis 3; Hollugh 1; Wheelock 2; Moul 1; Copley 4; Hayes 3; Ritter 2; Detling 1; Leisey 3.

Foul goals—Wheelock 4; Copley 1.

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY VS. MUHLENBERG

In the final game of the season we were given a severe setback by the strong team of Susquehanna University. The game was played at the University and the score was 40 to 21. Our team was slow finding the basket. Line-up:

Susquehanna University		Muhlenberg
Young	forward	Copley
Kelchner	forward	Hayes
Swoope	centre	Ritter
Middlesworth (Lenhart)	guard	Detling
Harkins	guard	Leisey

Field goals—Kelchner 4; Swoope 2; Middlesworth 3; Lenhart 3; Copley 2; Ritter 1; Detling 1; Leisey 2.

Foul goals—Kelchner 1; Middlesworth 15; Copley 9. Referee, Dunn.

* * * *

On Friday afternoon, March 6th, the Pagans and Ministers of the Junior Class met in their annual basketball clash. The Pagans won but they had to fight hard for what they got. The score 20 to 13 does not show the real stiffness of the game. Line-up:

Ministers		Pagans
Yiengst (Laury)	forward	Young
Geiss	forward	Kistler
Schmoyer (Keiter)	centre (Wichman) (Hemsath)	Snyder (Smeltzer)
Werner	guard	Reisner
Bagger	guard	Miller

Field goals—Yiengst 1; Geiss 2; Schmoyer 2; Young 2; Kistler 1; Reisner 2; Miller 2.

Foul goals—Yiengst 1; Schmoyer 4; Young 3; Miller 3. Referee, Phillips. Timekeeper, Heilman.

* * * *

Having been misinformed as to the length of the underclass B. B. series we gave the championship to the Fresh in our last issue. The Sophomores showed their superior ability and won out in the two final games. Thus the championship goes to the Sophs.

In the fourth game of the series the Sophs beat the Fresh to the tune of 21 to 18. Line-up:

Sops.		Fresh.
Everett	forward	Bausch
Weber	forward	Blair (Hummel)
Hollenbaugh	centre	Gebert
Laundenslager	guard	Keck
Henninger	guard	Boyer

Field goals—Everett 2; Weber 1; Hollenbaugh 1; Henninger 3; Bausch 1; Gebert 2; Boyer 3.

Foul goals—Everett 7; Boyer 6. Referee, Leisey.

In the final game the Sophs again defeated Fresh and therefore undisputedly claim the underclass championship. Score 13 to 11. Line-up:

Sops.		Fresh.
Weber	forward	Bausch
Everett	forward	Blair
Hollenbaugh	centre	Gebert
Henninger	guard	Boyer
Laudenslager	guard	Keck

Field goals—Weber 1; Everett 1; Hollenbaugh 1; Henninger 2; Blair 1; Gebert 1; Boyer 2.

Foul goals—Everett 3; Boyer 3. Referee, Phillips.

* * * *

The Basket Ball schedule with the scores of the past season which just closed:

Muhlenberg		
23	Philadelphia College of Pharmacy	21
17	University of Pennsylvania	24
21	Susquehanna University	33
21	Lehigh University	72
13	Lafayette College	44
17	Seton Hall College	23
18	Pratt Institute	27
14	Rutgers College	24
26	Lafayette College	20

39	Lebanon Valley College	22
21	Allentown Y. M. C. A.	25
44	Philadelphia College of Pharmacy	15
27	Lebanon Valley College	28
21	Susquehanna University	39
322		417

The records of the men who played on the team is as follows:

	Field gls.	Foul gls.	No. of games played	Pts.
M—Copley	28	91	13	147
M—Ritter	22		11	44
M—Afflerbach	18		9	36
M—Hayes	15	5	12½	35
M—Leisey (Capt)	11		12½	32
Hubbard	4	14	2	22
M—Detling	5		6½	10
M—Witmer	1	2	3	4
Berry	1		½	2

Copley made a very good record at field goals and in foul shooting. He was successful in making 91 points out of 197 trials for fouls. Afflerbach made a good record for himself at forward and played a great floor game while "Bill" Ritter was always in the game to win and played with "pep." Hayes played a good floor game at guard and made a good showing at forward in place of Afflerbach who was unable to finish the season on account of an injured knee.

Track

The track season is again upon us and the propspects for this year look exceptionally bright. We can depend upon the Freshies to show up well. Landis, Euchler, Berry, Scheetz and Schwenk to do well in their line of activity.

Of last year's track team we still have Skean and Reisner for the weights, Miller and Parker for the hurdles, Weber for the dashes, Heuer for the quarter mile and Capt. Bucks and Crouthamel for long distance.

Muhlenberg will be represented at the Penn relays on Saturday April 25th, and a few home meets have been arranged.

Base Ball

The first real game of baseball this spring at Muhlenberg was played on Friday afternoon, March 27th, when the Pagans and Ministers of the Junior Class locked horns. There certainly is some excellent *Varsity* material with the Junior Class. The final score was 14 to 15 in favor of the *Infidels*. Line-up:

Ministers	R	H	O	A	E	Pagans	R.	H	O	E	A
Schmoyer, p	1	2	0	1	2	Schmeltzer, 3b, p	3	2	0	1	4
Geiss, c	1	0	10	0	0	Miller, c	4	2	10	1	4
Walters, 2b, 1b	2	2	1	2	1	Reisner, 1b, p	3	2	1	3	1
Laury, lf	2	0	1	2	1	Young, ss, 1b	1	2	6	0	1
Dubbs, 3b	0	0	0	0	0	Kistler, 2b	1	0	1	1	0
Seidel, 1b	1	1	4	1	1	Wichmann, p, 3b	2	2	0	0	1
Loch, 3b	0	0	0	0	1	Kaufman, rf	1	0	0	0	1
Werner. rf	3	1	0	0	1	Stolzenbach, cf	0	0	0	0	1
Freed, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Merkle, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Keiter, cf	2	2	0	0	1	Hemsath, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Yiengst, ss	2	2	2	1	2	Ettinger, lf	0	0	0	0	1
	14	10	18	7	11		15	10	18	6	14

Base on balls—Schmoyer 8; Reisner 8.

2 base hits—Walters, Reisner, Wichman.

3 base hit—Wichman.

Stolen bases—Pagans 13; Ministers 10. Umpire, Prof. Simpson.

New Coach

The new coach, George C. McCaa, made his appearance at Muhlenberg. He has a fine record and we wish him all the success possible.

He graduated from Lafayette College in 1910 where he had an extraordinary athletic career. In track he ran the 100 yds. in 10 seconds: the hurdles he did in less than 16 seconds; he has a broad jump record of 24 ft., 7 in.; in football he also won laurels. He played an excellent game at full back and in 1910 he had the distinction of being one of those selected for the all American team. In his senior year he won the Brown University game by kicking a drop kick from the 53 line.

For the last two years he was head coach at Lafayette and turned out a winning team.

We hope that the student body will give its support to whatever he does and we shall have a most successful season in all athletics. So here's for success.

THE NEW DORMS

Kampus Klippings

On Wednesday evening, March 11th, the annual Inter-Society Oratorical Contest was held in the College Chapel. The winner of this contest being chosen to represent Muhlenberg College at the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, to be held at Franklin and Marshall on March 20th. The orators of the occasion and their subjects were as follows: Theodore K. Finck, "Our Sister Slaves;" Henry J. Fry, "The Greater Mission;" Harrison G. Dubbs, "Glory of Failure;" Arthur P. Grammes, "The Peerless Key;" and Henry H. Bagger, "Our American Literature." The judges, who were Prof. O. S. Kriebel, Rev. W. E. Brooks and Prof. E. C. Brinker, decided that Mr. Fry was the winner and Mr. Baggar was to be the alternate. The program was interspersed with musical selections by Messrs. Noble and Schoenly.

* * * *

The College Glee Club was the honored guest of the Allentown Y. M. C. A., at their annual banquet held in the gymnasium of that building, on the evening of March 12th. The Glee Club rendered several selections, einjoyed by all who were present.

The illustrated lecture on "The City of Rome," delivered by Dr. Arthur C. Cooley, Ph.D., on the 19th of March, was appreciated by a large audience.

* * * *

The Twenty-Second annual Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest was held in the chapel of Franklin and Marshall College, on March 21st, 1914. The orators, their subjects, and the institutions which they represented were as follows:

"The Sovereign Nation," Edwin A. Tomlinson, Swathmore; "The New Day," Alfred N. Sayers, Franklin and Marshall; "The Democracy of Tomorrow," Walter Dewitt Barker, Lafayette; "The New Crusade," Lary B. Small, Ursinus; "The Cost of War," Joseph McGill, Gettysburg; "The Call of the World," Henry J. Fry, Muhlenberg.

The judges, who were E. T. Jeffers, L.L.D., of York Collegiate Institute, Wilbur Jones Kay, A.M., Washington and Jefferson College, and George Edward Reed, D.D., L.L.D., Pastor Grace M. E. Church, Wilmington Del., awarded first prize to Lafayette, second prize to Franklin and Marshall, and honorable mention to Gettysburg. The Muhlenberg supporters who were present were Arthur Grammes, Henry Bagger, Henry Snyder, Walter Reisner, and Harold Laury.

* * * *

Fehl, '15, did not visit Reading the week of March 2nd: I wonder why?

* * * *

The Easter Festival of the Mission Sunday School was held in the College Chapel, Sunday evening, March 29th.

* * * *

We, as the student body of this institution, heartily welcome Mr. George McCaa, as the Coach of our Athletics.

* * * *

Miller, speaking to "Guss" Merkle at the Junior Ausflug, remarked, "Gee" the people in Quakertown won't have any more eggs—the chickens are all killed."

* * * *

Wanted—A fellow who can prove himself my equal as a "Burglar," when only a young lady is in the case, apply to Caskey.

* * * *

E. G. Loser, '13, Professor at Moorestown High School, visited College throughout a portion of last month.

Christian Association Notes

Mr. Henry S. Leiper one of the travelling secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement spent a day at Muhlenberg during March, and his visit brought to a climax the effects of the winter's work along missionary activities. That five men—Henry J. Fry, Christian P. Jensen, David Bucks, Henry Moehling Jr., and C. Luther Fry—have decided to become Student Volunteers is a fact that will have more widespread significance than is now realized, for only when an institution shows a live interest and is willing to give of itself can it reap the fruits of Christian service.

The work this year has met with a response that is decidedly encouraging and the interest shown in the Mission Study Class; the hundred dollars sent to our alumnus, Rev. Horn, who is in Japan; and the sincere attempt to repress thoughtless swearing thruout the student body, have proved that next year's work will be able to advance on influential lines, which were not possible this year.

* * * *

Profs. Brown, Bossard, and Fasig have given instructive Chapel talks on the following subjects: "Perseverence is Crowned with Success," "The Classes of College Men," and "The Relation existing between College Men."

* * * *

The Juniors held their annual "Ausflug" at the Bush House, in Quakertown on March 27th. The remarkable event will be most vividly described and portrayed in the 1915 Ciarla. Buy a Ciarla.

* * * *

The names of the successful candidates for the Dramatic Association are: Messrs. Noble, Frederick, Hartzell, Roderick, Schout, Schwenk, Blair, Hepner, Day and Mock.

* * * *

Shocking—Reisner and Ziemer saw "The Ziegfield Follies" on Saturday evening, April 4th, in the Lyric Theatre. Ye Goldfish? What is this world coming to? ? ?

* * * *

"Pud" Day is greatly surprised to learn that Oyster Soup makes a Student sick? ? We sympathize with you "old Top."

Dr. Haas announces the following Spring course of lectures: April 21st, Dr. George Butz, "The Age of Leo;" April 28th, Prof. Giddings, "The Great Social Revolution;" May 5th, Prof. Dubbold, "Life in Rome;" May 12th, Prof. Witmer, "The Valuation of Child Life."

* * * *

Miss Margaret Finck, a student at Vassar, spent a portion of her Spring vacation in Allentown as the guest of her brother, Theodore K. Finck.

* * * *

Question in religion—"Name five miracles of Christ."
Hollenbaugh, '16—"Jonah and the whale, is one."

* * * *

The Juniors very kindly shared their dandelion wine with the Sophomores.

* * * *

Prof. S.—"Wooden legs are good for one thing. You can keep your stockings up with thumb tacks."

* * * *

"Pray let me kiss your hand said he
With looks of burning love.
"I can remove my veil," said she
"Much better than my glove."—Widow.

Press me closer, closer still
With what fervor you can master;
All my nerves responsive thrill,
Press me closer—*mustard plaster*.—Ex.

* * * *

We met a man on our way to Florida recently and asked him what the people built houses of down his way. He replied, "logs." "Have you any neighbors?" "Frogs." "What is the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs" "What do you raise?" "Hogs" "How do you catch them?" "Dogs."

* * * *

Bill—"I never sleep at Sunday Chapel any more."
Jack—"Broken yourself of the habit?"
Bill—"No! quit goin!"—Tiger.

* * * *

"Don't make your friend a dumping ground for your troubles."

Intercollegiates

This seems to be the time of the year when everybody looks on everything and everybody else in a new light. The Earth puts forth green things; so do colleges. The Freshman is held up for us all to see. Probably the Freshmen have been particularly fresh this year....and probably they are a green-house variety. Anyway they have been difficult to cultivate and acclimate.

A few years ago a reaction set in against the very proper old method of making a freshman feel at home and incidentally feel his place. Now the Freshman that the colleges are holding up to the public gaze, is a combination of Skunk-cabbage and Cactus. Either variety is a hard plant, but they belong to different climates. Both are beautiful and both are offensive. Likewise they are weeds.

Now, why this combination? The colleges say, because public sentiment, which is ever a meddler, has abolished Hazing.

Penn. State College is almost overrun with this weed, but she says nothing.

Gettysburg College expresses herself in no uncertain terms.

"The abolition of hazing in all forms has been an action of no mean importance on the part of the authorities and a deed which has greatly affected the entire student body. Acting upon an *unanimous* vote of the students the faculty issued an order

several months ago forbidding hazing in any form with the penalty of suspension for each offense.

"The shore period of several months has elapsed and day after day the absence of hazing is being more acutely felt. The condition has been reached when something must be done and the question that confronts us is what shall be the best plan to follow. Seniors now have no more privileges than first year men and Juniors are put on a level with the men who have entered the gates of our college campus for the first time. The name of upper-classman carries with it no prestige for as far as class privileges are concerned there are none recognized at the present time. The upperclassmen lay down rules but these are mere empty phrases without some means of having them enforced. The time-worn traditions which have come to us, treasured since the founding of the college, and held in almost sacred esteem by all her loyal sons, are now being laid aside for no other reason than that there is no way of making felt the necessity of conforming with the customs of our college life. The freshman coming in to us loses the disciplinary instruction which a moderate and just means of hazing would impress upon him. He loses the idea of respect for rules and for our cherished customs. And if such a system continues much longer our hallowed traditions and the privileges usually accorded to advanced men will be utterly annihilated and will be no more. It is better to have no rules than to have rules which are not enforced."

"The principle field of our college organizations in Grove City College is that of Religion. Is there any reason why that field should be any less attractive than any other?

"The largest field of Local Activity in the Religious life, but such a statement does not preclude other fields of activity. Here is the place where you can put your surplus energy and ability to account. Some of the strongest and best leaders in "rooting for the home team" and in playing on the home team, have been in times past and can be in time to come, rooters and leaders in the Christian associations."

At Cornell, a rule has been issued, prohibiting Freshmen from hiring automobiles. It is argued that the time and attention involved is more than a Freshman can afford.

We think Cornell is cruel, heartless, barbarous, why can't

she quit hazing and persecuting the poor Freshman? Isn't the time his own? Isn't the money his own? Why interfere with a man's personal liberty? Should'nt the Freshman *own the College?* Shure! Your old-fashioned idea that the faculty and the upper classmen should have some rights reserved is contrary to the times. The younger men are ruling the world. It is time for upper classmen to take a back seat—they're fossils.

Wooster University, by an act of State Legislature, will soon be known as Wooster College.

"What's in a name"? ?

O, That Referee

"Supporting your team does not mean insulting the referee. Such an attitude does not help the team. They surely do not feel as proud of the colors, that they are supporting. Visitors are surprised, and the reputation of intercollegiate fairness deteriorates. A great deal of this attitude can not be blamed on the students, but the fact remains that it must be then men at *Lehigh* who support her reputation. Each man should consider it his duty to suppress such actions. The old idea of "Put yourself in the same position" is a good one to keep in mind."

Let us help each other solve our problems!

The letter of a correspondent of the West Virginia Wesleyan Pharos on the dullness of the chapel exercises reminds us of one of our own problems, and a paragraph in "The Muhlenberg" suggests a remedy that has been mentioned before among our students—that the professors give the whole school the benefit of the little talks which they give their respective classes. We do not believe the students to blame for the attitude they hold toward chapel exercises which makes them stand outside the door until the last minute to see whether their faculty representative is there to take the roll or whether they can stay away without getting cuts; for a college man is primarily out for action and there is not much action in the unvarying exercises we have now, while there is activity in the halls and on the front steps of the college."

We respectfully acknowledge the receipt and our appreciation of the following:

Colleges—"Old Penn," U. of P., Phila., Pa.; "Gettysburgian," Penna. College; "Comenian," Moravian College; "The Mir-

or," Moravian Sem.; "Thielensian;" "Susquehanna;" "College Student," F. & M.; "Albright Bulletin;" "Delaware College Review;" "Buff and Blue," Gallaudet; "Ursinus Weekly;" "Carlisle Arrow;" "College News," Lebanon Valley; "The Lafayette;" "Collegian," Grove City; "College Folio," A. C. W.; "The Owl," Temple; "Washington-Jeffersonian;" "The Burr," Lehigh;" "Harvard Illustrated Magazine."

Prep. Schools—"Res Academicae," Harry Hillman; "Hall Boy," Nazareth Hall; "The Narrator," Schuylkill Seminary; "Breeze," Blair Academy, N. J.; Purple and White," A. P. S.; "Red and Black," Beth. P. S.

High Schools—"Echo," Hazleton, Pa.; "Red & Black," Reading, Pa.; "H. S. News," Lancaster, Pa.; "Junto," Easton, Pa.; "Review," Shamokin, Pa.; "Tatler," Bethlehem, Pa.; "Canary and Blue," Allentown, Pa.; "Mirror," Central, Phila.; "Blue and White," Pottstown; "Impressions," Scranton, Pa.; "Blue and White," Tamaqua, Pa.; "Brown and White," Catasauqua, Pa.

Normal Schools—"Amulet," West Chester, Pa.; "Vidette," Kutztown, Pa.; "Millersvillian," Millersville, Pa.

* * * *

Changes

One hundred years ago to-day,
With wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun the man
Went out and got the deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed,
And on another plan;
With powder on her cheeks the dear
Goes out and gets the man.

* * * *

Prof.—"How many days in the year?"
Max—"Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth."
Prof.—"How can there be a fourth?"
Max—"Why that's the Fourth of July."—Ex.

* * * * *

First Laborer—"How do you like them college boys' cheers?"
Second Ditto—"I got docked for an hour yesterday taking it for the quit whistle."—Ex.

Alumni Notes

'79. Judge Frank M. Trexler, of Lehigh, who was recently appointed to the Superior Court bench to fill the vacancy caused by the death of General James A. Beaver, announced his candidacy for the nomination for the full term.

Judge Trexler did not issue a formal statement, but said:—

> "I am a candidate for nomination for the Superior Court at the May primary. While I have always been a Republican, the election of Judges has been placed on a non-partisan basis by the act of the last Legislature and my campaign will be made along strictly non-partisan lines."

At the meeting of the Lehigh County Bar Association, which was largely attended, Judge Trexler was endorsed for the Superior bench and so was Judge Gustav Endlich, President Judge of the Berks County courts. Former Senator M. C. Henninger, President of the Lehigh County Bar Association, was the chairman of the meeting and Francis G. Lewis the secretary. This endorsement of Judge Trexler, who is a Republican, and Judge Endlich, who is a Democrat, by the leaders of both parties in this county will no doubt have a tendency to cement the two counties more than ever to work in unison in the support of these State candidates.

Judge Groman moved the following resolution which was seconded by Captain James L. Schaadt and former Senator A. G. Dewalt:

Resolved, That the Bar of Lehigh County do hereby name, for the vacancy on the bench of the Pennsylvania Superior Court, to be filled at the ensuing election, the Honorable Frank M. Trexler, who is now a member of said court by appointment to serve until January, 1915.

Resolved, That in presenting the name of Judge Trexler we offer to the voters of the State of Pennsylvania one who has had eleven years of experience as President Judge of the Courts of Lehigh County; who has made a marked impression for ability, integrity and industry, and who is held in high regard and respect by lawyers and laymen alike in our community, in which he was spent his entire life. His learning in the law, soundness of judgment, judicial temperament, honesty and impariality, pre-eminently fit Judge Trexler for service on the Superior Court bench.

'80. Prominent educators, business men, and men and women in all walks of life met on March 14, in Drexel Institute for the purpose of organizing a society, whose purpose it will be to support our system of education, the study of the language, the literature and the life of ancient Greece and Rome, to foster love and appreciation for the humanities and to establish closer personal relations among influential men and women, not only in the city, but throughout the State.

During the past ten years there has been a movement on foot to unite the classical forces of the city and State into an association that would strengthen their cause in every way possible. It remained for a little body of Philadelphia men and women educators to crystalize the idea and lay plans for the formation of this association.

Prof. George T. Ettinger, '89, and Prof. Robert C. Horn, '00, represented Muhlenberg College at the formation of this new society for the Promotion of Liberal Studies.

The morning's program consisted of an address of welcome by a representative of Drexel Institute, to which a response was made by Prof. Francis B. Brandt, of the School of Pedagogy. The organization of the society followed and the election of offi-

cers. Prof. Walter Dennison of Swarthmore College, was elected President. Miss Katharine E. Puncheon, recently elected Principal of Philadelphia High School for Girls, read an excellent address on "The Liberal Studies in the High School Curriculum." Between the sessions an excellent luncheon was served. An opportunity was afforded to examine an interesting and highly instructive series of charts illustrating the practical value of Latin in every-day life, not only in the departments of Language and Literature, but even in modern cartoons, newspaper advertising, and magazine illustrating. These charts were prepared under the direction of Miss Jessie E. Allen, of the Philadelphia High School for Girls.

Among the addresses of the afternoon session were, one by President Sharpless of Haverford College, and an illustrated lecture on "Phiny and Lake Como" by Prof. McDaniel of the Classical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. The society was fortunate to hear an able address on "The Value of the Classics in Modern Life," from a great captain of industry, Mr. Alba Johnson, President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

'89. Rev. Dr. J. W. Horine, of Philadelphia, was appointed editor and manager of the Lutheran Church Visitor by the Board of Publication for the Lutheran Church. He succeeds Dr. W. H. Greever, recently elected editor-in-chief of The American Lutheran Survey . The Lutheran Church Visitor is published at Columbus, S. C. Rev. Dr. Horine is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1889.

'03. Members of Trinity Lutheran congregation of Catasauqua have decided to extend a call to Rev. C. D. Trexler, pastor of the Good Shepherd Lutheran Church, Brooklyn.

'10. The birth of twins, in each case a boy and a girl, in the homes of Rev. Nathan B. Yerger, of Rohrerstown, Lancaster, and Rev. Elbert E. Landis, of Lancaster, has called attention to a series of life parallels, extraordinary in the extreme.

Both ministers are Lutherans, and graduates of Muhlenberg College, and although they were born in different parts of the State they have been friends from boyhood. They entered Muhlenberg College at the same time and were room-mates for four years. They were graduated in the same class and were stationed in the same county. They were married on the same day, and

although the ceremonies took place in different towns the wedding trips were taken together.

Their wives were girlhood friends, although one is a native of Berks county and the other of Bucks. They entered the Kutztown Normal School together, and were the closest of friends thruout their residence at that institution. Like their husbands, both were graduated in the same class and both took up the profession of teaching which they abandoned at the same time to become brides of ministers.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'13. William L. Katz, gave a very interesting lecture Friday, March 13, at the Lutheran Settlement House on Frankford Avenue, Kensington. His subject was illustrated by stereoptican slides made from photographs taken by Professor Bailey of Muhlenberg and Mr. Katz.

* * * *

A Muhlenberg Alumni Association was recently formed at Mt. Airy Seminary. The members look forward to the ultimate closer union of all the alumni in Philadelphia and the furtherance of all the interests of the college in Philadelphia and vicinity.

* * * *

We wish to recommend the following letter to all graduates of Muhlenberg College and all friends of the institution. "The Muhlenberg" could have no greater pleasure than to see Judge Endlich honored by being elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the Comonwealth. Muhlenberg College honored itself as well as Judge Endlich by conferring upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1898. We regard him among our alumni and look with deep appreciation upon his efforts in behalf of the institution, as friend, member of the Board of Trustees, and President of the same.

The undersigned Committee of the Muhlenberg Alumni of Reading, Pa., desire to bring to your attention the candidacy of Honorable Gustav A. Endlich for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In 1898 Muhlenberg College conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. From 1906 to 1911 he was President of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College. He has in every way proved himself a friend of our Institution. He is now President Judge of the Court of Common

Pleas of Berks County, having served on that bench for more than twenty-four years.

At the request from many persons from all parts of the State, he consented to become a non-partisan candidate for this office. His candidacy was immediately endorsed by the members of the Bars of this and neighboring counties.

His record as a Common Pleas Judge, his character as a citizen, and his wide reputation as a legal author and a cultured scholar are the best evidence of his fitness for the position to which we hope to elevate him.

We ask your co-operation in actively supporting his candidacy and are entirely confident that by assisting in effecting his election, you will do a great service to the Commonwealth, as well as being merited honor to a former Trustee of Muhlenberg College.

Dr. William F. Muhlenberg, '68; Rev. William H. Myers, '73; Adam H. Schmehl, '74; Henry H. Muhlenberg, '76; Rev. M. Luther Zweizig, '77; J. Henry Zweizig, '82; Rev. Henry W. Warmkesel, '86; Samuel N. Potteiger, '86; Rev. James Brown, '87; Preston R. Dry, '87; Dr. Henry F. Schantz, '88 Rev. Wm. O. Laub, '93; William Rick, '93; Rev. Charles E. Kistler, '95; Rev. John F. Snyder, '96; Rev. Marvin H. Stettler, '96; Dr. H. Philemon Brunner, 02; Paul M. Reed, '09; Jesse L. Stettler, '09; Harry M. Wertz, '12; David H. Frederick, 13. William Rick, Chairman; Paul M. Reed, Secretary.

Below is given a brief synopsis of the life and achievements of Judge Gustav A. Endlich, of Reading.

1856—Jan. 29. Born in Alsace Township, Berks County, Pa.

1877—Admitted to the Berks County Bar.

1880—Admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Penna.

1887—Admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States.

1889—Elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Berks County.

1899—Reelected to the same position.

1908—Commissioned President Judge of Berks County.

1910—Reelected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Berks County.

HIS LEGAL AUTHORSHIP

1882—Published "The Law of Building Associations." (737 pages.)

1884—Published "The Law of Affidavits of Defence." (631 pages.)

1895—Published "Woodward's Decisions." (2 Vols.)

1888—Published "Commentaries on the Interpretation of Statutes." (929 pages.)

1889—Published "Rights and Liabilities of Married Women in Pennsylvania." (493 pages.)

1890-1894—Edited "Criminal Law Magazine and Reporter." (5 Vols.)

1895—Published second edition, "Law of Building Associations."

1898—Delivered address before Pennsylvania Bar Association on "The Law of Expert Testimony."

COLLEGE HONORS

1875—Graduated from Princeton University.

1878—Received degree of Master of Arts (A. M.) from Princeton University.

1896—Delivered annual address before Philadelphia Law Academy.

1898—Received honorary degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) Muhlenberg College.

1903—Delivered Commencement Address at Dickinson Law School, Carlisle, Pa.

1903—Received honorary degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) Dickinson College.

1906-1911—President Board of Trustees, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa.

PUBLIC HONORS

1904—Elected President, Associated Charities, Reading, Pa.

1905-1906—President, Pennsylvania German Society of Pennsylvania.

1909-1910—President, Pennsylvania Bar Association.

HIS WORK ON THE BENCH

Cases tried, 5594; Arguments heard at stated Argument Courts, 2979; Opinions filed, 1291, (6815 pages); Cases appealed and disposed of: Affirmed, 215; Non-prossed, 40; Reversed, 61.

A RECORD OF INDUSTRY AND SERVICE

In these brief statements, which make no account of the innumerable motions, applications, etc., daily heard and disposed of, is contained a record of experience, industry, judicial service and contribution to legal literature unsurpassed by that of any of his contemporaries upon the bench in Pennsylvania, and it is questionable whether, in the volume of his work, he has been excelled by any jurist of his years at any period of the history of American jurisprudence.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY OF HIS WORK

His work has not only been vast in quantity, but of high and enduring quality. His text books are quoted as authoritative in all the Courts of the country. They are found in every possible public and private law library. His work on the Interpretation of Statutes is cited in the Courts of every English speaking country, and its authority is known to have been invoked in debate in the British Parliament.

THE WEIGHT OF HIS DECISIONS

His opinions, of which he has written and filed nearly 1,300, have covered all phases of the law, and, as clear, lucid and correct interpretations of legal principles, they are cited in the Courts of this and other States as safe guides and as possessing almost equal weight with those of the Courts of last resort. Within a few weeks one of his decisions on the subject of trade names has been highly commended by one of the leading trade journals of England.

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SENIOR CLASS

Editorial Comment

The time has come for us as a staff to bow politely and bid adieu. As we lay down the quill we do not intend to give a long series of regrets and apologies or even sighs of relief. We wish however to thank the students for their hearty support and interest which they have shown in our publication this year. We also hope for the best of success for the next year's staff when the "Muhlenberg" will appear in its new phase, notice of which is given further on in these columns.

Prospect and Retrospect

Another year has circled around and the class of 1914 is about to depart from Muhlenberg. We hope that, no matter where or in what walk of life he may be, every individual member will ever breath the spirit of true loyalty to his Alma Mater. Come back to the old place whenever possible and remain interested in its doings. Subscribe for the "Muhlenberg" for an indefinite length of time which will always keep you informed if you are not able to visit college every now and then. It will always keep you young in spirit. If each and every alumnus would bear these few things in mind and talk Muhlenberg all the time we would soon have an institution which could not be excelled anywhere in this spacious world.

In passing we wish to say that this class during its stay at Muhlenberg has seen marvelous progress in all lines. Athletically, we have risen from a Prep school class and at present meet some of the best teams in the country. The number of students has been almost doubled. The courses of study have been broadened and increased. There have been built during the last four years, four new sections of dormitories, the commons was started with a fine new building, the grandstand on the football field has been greatly enlarged and the field itself surrounded by a new and substantial fence. Changes have been made too numerous to mention, whether all of them prove good, time only will tell but that there has been enormous progress cannot be denied. Although there have been times when we felt like "kicking," times when we were "in wrong" with the faculty and times of disappointment, we can say that our stay here was most pleasant.

Baseball

Too much credit cannot be given to Coach McCaa for the manner in which he developed the baseball team. This is the first year that we have taken up this line of sport and to have a winning team on the diamond was beyond our expectations. Baseball has come to stay at Muhlenberg. We cannot boast of having an Eddie Plank or a Christy Mathewson among our alumni at present but if we develop more efficient men through athletics our aim is realized.

The College Orchestra

We are proud to announce the advent of a new organization at college in the form of an orchestra. The public will probably have its first opportunity to hear it at the annual college play during commencement week. We all know what a "hit" our band made and we expect that the orchestra will prove a whole lot more capable than that organization. Boost the orchestra.

The Muhlenberg Weekly

The next number on the linotype, ladies and gentlemen, will be a Weekly. For the past few years the need of a weekly has been becoming more apparent. The growing student body, with an unusually large proportion of day students, makes the circulation of college news increasingly difficult. The details of

atheltic contests, the announcements of the faculty, and the business of our numerous organizations, need a quicker medium of exchange than the monthly could afford.

Gettysburg, Lebanon Valley, Ursinus, Franklin and Marshall, and various other college of our size are maintaining successful weeklies. There is no reason why Muhlenberg can not undertake to do the same. With a continuous staff for an entire year, the support of the class in Journalism and of the Press Club, and the active interest of the whole student body, the weekly should be a success.

But particularly is a weekly advantageous to the alumni and friends of the college. It will present fresher and more detailed news. It will be able to devote more space to the alumni. It will bind them more closely to their Alma Mater. Nothing will be lost, as one enlarged literary issue every month will contain the material which makes up the present magazine. There will be a greater opportunity for a full discussion of questions of interest to friends of the college. All indications point to a successful weekly.

Thank You

Through the courtesy of the 1915 Ciarla board we were able to publish the cuts as found in this issue. We acknowledge the favor with thanks.

To Daisy

I hear there's talk of you and I
  Who spend much time together
In open field 'neath summer sky
  Or drowsing in the heather.

The gossip mongers, I am told,
  Now ply their trade pragmatic
And weave deliriaments so bold
  They're quite diaphoretic.

They say that I'm an amorist,
  The gossips—must be crazy,
For I am but a botanist
  And you, a lonely—DAISY.

——U. S. WIREBACH.

The Dream That Came True

The great enclosure, like an amphi-theatre with its banks of seats sloping towards the arena, had already in the early forenoon been crowded to its capacity. The day had arrived when the two heavyweights, "Fighting" Bill Hokey and "Big" Charlie Greene, were to fight for the championship. In sporting circles the event was looked forward to as an epoch in the prize-fighting era; for never before had two of such equal caliber met in the ring. In weight, in height, in skill, and in popularity, both were about equally matched.

"Fighting" Bill was a man twenty-three years old, standing six feet three inches tall and weighing one hundred and ninety pounds. He had a rather large head, auburn hair, large blue eyes, which seemed inspiring to look into, and a peculiarly shaped nose. He had an ordinary school education, but was of unusual brilliancy and character. From boyhood on up he had "worn the gloves." His purpose in fighting was not the aim of an irresolute—to make plenty of money and to waste just as much on luxuries. He had a nobler aim—to make plenty of money, to save it; then to marry an amiable girl and to spend the rest of his life in retirement. He had already a bank account of $20,000, a fair "queen," and had bright prospects of a large haul from the coming fight. In fact he had already arranged his honeymoon across the ocean.

"Big" Charlie, on the other hand, was a man of entirely different type and temperament. He was six feet two inches

tall, and tipped the scale at one hundred ninety-five. He had stiff black hair, black piercing eyes, a small forehead, and a large odd-looking mouth. Early in life he had made his points in the ring and had become quite a snappy fighter. He had earned piles of money but had squandered it, and by this time was quite a poor man. This was the fight he depended upon to place him on his financial feet again. If he should lose, all his hopes would be lost, his honor shattered, and his pocket-book empty. In short, if he should lose the fight, he could never hope to fight in the ring again. But why should he anticipate defeat? He had the longer reach, he was heavier by a few pounds, and he had a few "cuts" which he felt sure Bill did not know. The fight seemed a victory and his hopes began to soar.

At about 10.30 A. M., after all the seats had been taken, with many standing in the aisles and wherever room afforded, the two heavy-weights entered the ring. Immediately the crowd became silent as it looked with awe and wonder at the two towers of human strength, the kings of the ring. They approached each other, shook hands, and smiled. Charlie grinned and thot to himself, "A cinch, he's shaking in his boots already," Bill, as he gazed at the big boy before him, did not feel any too comfortable or certain of victory.

The referee blew the whistle and at the count of three Bill struck the first blow. Both batted the air for a while when of a sudden Charlie put into operation his new "upper left-hand cut." He caught Bill under the jaw and sent him up against the ropes. The crowd jeered and again became silent. Bill recovered himself and clinched. The first round ended with Charlie somewhat the favorite. The second round had fairly begun when Charlie tried to repeat his new "cut." But Bill was on the alert. He warded off the blow and with a full right-armed swing met Charlie squarely in the neck. He staggered against the ropes and fell. The crowd rose to its feet, and filling the enclosure with cheers almost went wild with enthusiasm. The referee counted ten, but he lay there unconscious of what was transpiring about him. They carried him from the ring. Bill remained the undisputed champion.

"Chick," said Bill with a sarcastic leer, "I'm sorry I had

to beat ya up that way. But you know the game—'Do others before they do you.'—Ain't mad are ya?"

"Naw," snapped "Big" Charlie.

"Well then, we can still be friends".

"Friends!" shouted Charlie angrily, walking up to Bill, "Say you're kiddin', ain't ya?"

Bill, who had only meant to have a little fun, was surprised at this outbreak, but tried to avoid further trouble.

"No," he replied, "I meant it. What's wrong, ain't I good enough?"

"Say, honest!" said Charlie confidingly, "If I owned a friend like you, I'd trade 'im for a dog and shoot the dog."

"Aw yer sore now," Bill answered consolingly, "wait till ya feel better, then we'll talk it over."

"Well, believe me it won't be in this here world, ya rummy. Say, honest, did ya ever win a square fight?"

Here the managers, who had been rather deeply absorbed in making out their accounts, interrupted.

"Cut it Chick," said "Big" Charlie's manager, "cut it, yer sore now."

"May be I am," mumbled the big boxer, "but I'm gona get that guy some day. I'll get him if I gotta wade Hell."

Bill laughed and, signing his papers, turned his back on the vengeful Charlie, and strolled out whistling. Had he foreseen the outcome of Charlie's threat, he might have looked more grave. With this he returned to his quarters, packed his clothes and belongings, and left the city for Omaha, Nebraska. There on a large ranch lived the father of Marie Hunter, his prospective wife.

Marie took one glance at the big figure standing in the front gateway and made a rush for him. "Look who's here," she cried, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him, then springing back surveyed him from head to foot. "Not a scratch," she laughed, "hail Champion!" Giving a mock salute she linked arms and led him to the front porch where they sat down together. "Im sure glad you're not hurt," she said for at least the tenth time.

Bill made a wry face, "I ain't exactly hurt," he said seriously," but believe me Marie I got one awful beatin'; "Big"

Charlie's no cinch. Gee—I thought once I'd never see my girlie again."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marie hiding her face, "Why don't you quit this awful game?

"I'm going to get enough this time to lay down the gloves. Then for England. Heigh-ho my dearie."

Two months had almost slipped around. In the meantime the trip had been entirely planned. On the morrow they would go to New York and on the 16th day of July 19— they would sail for Europe. But in the meantime also Charlie, having prodigal-like squandered his income, had followed Bill and was well acquainted with his plans.

"Now I got him," he said to himself, "and no talking it over either. I'll git square fer that beatin' or know the reason why."

He went to New York and after some wire pulling managed to get a berth as seaman on board the "America." "Now," he sneered, "let 'em come. He gave me one beatin' but he won't do it again."

Just as he had expected, Bill and Marie arrived in New York on the Sixteenth and would undoubtedly sail on the "America" scheduled for that afternoon.

The wharf was crowded with passengers and friends seeing their loved ones and relatives set sail. Amongst this mass of human beings Charlie spied the couple and felt more at ease.

"Great, eh kid?" suggested Bill proudly as they paced the deck. We'll soon be over now. Say, when I think of it all we were foolish for not going long ago. We'll be a real gent and lady now. Won't that be great? And maybe we'll get a look at a real king."

Marie smiled, "It's all nice enough but," she hesitated nervously, "something tells me we're going to have trouble. I had an awful dream last night. About water and a storm, and ugh," a shudder ran over her "we were both drowned."

Bill laughed and throwing his great arm about her, drew her close to him. "Don't let that worry you. Dreams always go by opposites. Anyway," he said mock-heroically, "I'm here, so what are you afraid of?"

Marie could not be induced to change her opinion, but hour after hour her fear became greater. Bill, on the other hand, was enjoying the voyage thoroughly.

One night it seemed as though the dream were coming true. The sky became dark, the clouds had rapidly and thickly gathered, the sea was already raging furiously, and the wind soon blew a heavy gale. The ship began to rock from side to side and the passengers were becoming alarmed. But the storm subsided and a perfect calm prevailed.

It was about midnight when all were at rest and the sea peaceful, when Marie and Bill, because unable to rest in their room, sought peace and rest upon the deck.

"I had that dream again," she said fearfully. "That storm this evening too made me feel worse. Bill, I'm not superstitious but I just know something's going to happen." She clung to him like a frightened child.

"Come on, girlie, I often got such dreams too and they never came true. Say, who do you think I saw this evening?"

"I couldn't guess, tell me?"

"'Big' Charlie Greene workin' as a sailor below decks."

Marie started and frowned. "I knew it," she said, "I knew it. And Bill I'll bet my dream comes true. He'll try to make trouble, I know he will."

They had paraded the deck for some time and at length started for the room. At the head of the stairs Marie turned about to say something to Bill who was a few steps behind her. As she turned she lost her balance and rolled to the bottom of the stairs, where she lay a pitiful little heap.

Bill fairly leaped down the stairs after her, but a sailor was already at her side and carried her to a couch in the cabin. As he laid her down she mumbled "Watch out for Charlie." The sailor turned and smiled. Bill started back, for the sailor was "Big" Charlie. Bill was at a loss for words but Charlie said: "She ain't quite conscious and don't know what she's sayin'—Bill." Put 'er there, old stocking, we can still be friends.

—David G. Jaxheimer, '16.

* * * *

"Why did you name your boat Rumor?"

"Because I want to keep her afloat."—Ex.

An Exceedingly Important Question

CAN one handily, without the use of apparatus, and with the expenditure of but little time per day, develop all his muscles to the highest state of perfection of which they are capable? Can he at the same time acquire the fullest degree of health of the internal bodily organs, especially of the lungs, and consequently obtain that full measure of hardy vigor of constitution and splendid vital power which should be the possession of every man? Having done this, can he keep himself in that condition without having to depend upon the exercise offered by his daily occupation? A very large number of people do not seem to think so. College men, for instance, come out for some sport and get into thorough condition, but when the season is over they seem to think that they must inevitably decline from their physical fitness and require a regular overhauling and strenuous training before they will again be fit for games that demand vigorous exertion. And, worst of all, this fatalistic attitude follows them in after years and they accept weakening muscles, shortening breath, fattening abdomen, and failing vitality as necessary and unavoidable.

Now this is worse than unnecessary. Why, even when walking is the only outdoor exercise available and no gymnasium work or indoor games are indulged in, a man can by proper methods obtain powerful, healthy, elastic muscles capable of speed and activity as well as of great contractile force. Best of all he can keep the lungs in such fine condition that he will not merely possess splendid vigor of constitution, but, if he tries for any athletic sport, he will find it unnecessary to train laboriously for wind, for he will need to do no more than put an edge on his already good condition. All this can in most cases be readily accomplished if one only knows how to go about it properly. To explain how this may most readily be done is my endeavor.

Clearly to develop a muscle to its greatest possible extent it must be contracted to its utmost power. But in order not to overtax the heart or stiffen the muscle the effort should not

be prolonged more than about four seconds. A few contractions of the greatest possible intensity will develop a larger and stronger muscle than a large amount of less vigorous exertion. To obtain the most simple and natural exercises involving such contractions, we must study the anatomy of the human frame. Nearly every muscle has an opposing muscle. Thus the triceps extends the arm and the biceps bend it. So, if we oppose the muscles and make a powerful effort to bend the arms with the biceps and brachial muscles and at the same time to straighten it with the triceps, all the muscles of the upper arm are at the same time in the most vigorous contraction, and for a short time the arm is held rigid. If the muscles of the arm be contracted to their fullest capability in this manner for a short time, relaxed for a few seconds, contracted again, relaxed again, and so on for a few times until the muscles begin to be slightly fatigued, the conditions for the best muscular development are all realized. Every one who has given serious thought to the subject knows the benefit resulting to both body and mind from a strong exertion of the will power. Here this method has a distinct advantage over light exercises. The concentration of the will upon making the effort of contraction as powerful as possible gives a certain stamina and tone to the muscular system and to the nerves and to the brain also, which tends to increase not alone the strength of the muscles, but their vigor and speed of action when in use. Naturally important benefit to the brain also results. Perhaps the greatest single advantage of this method is that the alternate flow of blood to and from the muscles resulting from the alternate contractions and relaxations results in greatly improved blood circulation and benefits the action of the heart.

In a manner similar to the arm exercise given above the muscles that open and shut the hand can be opposed, and the forearm muscles powerfully contracted in order to develop the hand and lower arm. By this same method of opposition of action the muscles of the thigh and lower leg can be developed. For the neck the trapezious muscles in the back can be opposed to the sterno-cleido-mastoid muscles in the front. By powerfully pulling the shoulders backward by the dorsal muscles and forward by the great pectoral or principal chest muscles

the entire chest and back will be greatly strengthened. Opposing the great latissimus dorsi muscles at the sides of the back to the deltoid muscles which pull the shoulders up, will develop splendid muscles of the shoulder and the side of the back. Powerfully contracting the stomach and abdominal muscles as though to receive a blow on the solar plexus will prevent flabbiness and fatness in this region and will produce tense, strong muscles.

If each contraction be made as powerful as the muscle is capable of, the proper relaxation intervals be observed, and the number of contractions be not so many as to exhaust the muscles, such exercises will develop the entire muscular system to the greatest possibility for the hereditary constitution of the person taking them. They will produce firm, elastic sinews well adapted to the most vigorous exertion.

Deep Breathing.

Upon the condition and size of the lungs the vitality, energy and ability to resist disease, of any individual in great measure directly depends. Whenever people who have retained health and vigor to an advanced age have been dissected, the most of them have been found to have possessed large, healthy lungs, while, on the other hand, a large proportion of those having small and weak lungs fill an untimely grave.

The lungs control, to a great extent, the vital energy of the body. Deep breathing increases the strength and regularity of the heart beat. The blood is rendered purer, the circulation is immensely improved. Better circulation of fully oxygenated and purified blood alone would vastly improve the general tone of the system, but the good effects of deep breathing do not stop here. When the chest expands the lungs expand with it, and more blood is sent to the lungs. As the same time a partial vacuum is created in the chest cavity, while the air pressure upon the lymphatic ducts and the great veins below the diaphragm remains the same. This causes the flow from the great veins into the heart to be greatly aided, and, in particular, greatly aids the portal circulation and lymphatic flow. The portal circulation is the name commonly given to a portion of the blood flow of the body which passes through the stomach, spleen, pancreas, and intestines, enters the liver through the

hepatic veins, and finally, having reached the heart, goes into the general circulation after having passed through three sets of capillaries. The influence for good of deep breathing upon the portal circulation, and, consequently, upon the above organs, is of extreme value and importance and has been employed very effectively in curing dyspepsia and in increasing the activity of the liver.

Running, football, basketball, boxing, wrestling, swimming, etc., largely increase the size and vigor of the lungs, but the breathing is usually rapid and strong rather than deep and full, so special breathing exercises can very profitably be used to supplement them and of themselves will develop larger and stronger lungs in a given individual than the above mentioned exercises.

The best breathing exercise is to stand erect and draw in the air through the nostrils with energy and vigor and endeavor to expand the chest in all directions as far as possible without straining oneself. Don't worry about abdominal breathing or any particular kind of breathing. If you stand erect, expand the chest as far as you can in all directions, and draw in freely and vigorously all the air your lungs can hold, you can rest assured you won't breath wrongly. Try to go at it enthusiastically and enjoy the invigorating and exhilarating effects. Before long the chest and lungs will noticeably increase in size and you will unconsciously breathe more deeply at all times. Very soon indeed you will cease to regard breathing exercises as in any sense routine exercise and will take quite a few of such exercises for the mere pleasure of feeling their exhilarating effect and, best of all, you will soon acquire large, powerful, healthy lungs, vigorous circulation, sound vital organs, a clearer head, and a healthier and more energetic body.

John E. Bauman, '11.

* * * *

Our Greek professor sat in his chair;
His face was marked with dire despair,
"When," quoth he, "in this horseless age,
Will the horseless student appear on the stage?"—Ex.

* * * *

Bluff and the class bluffs with you,
Recite and you recite alone.—Ex.

Mose's Ghost

THE Colonel had tilted the botue for the tenth time when, whether owing to a growing carelessness on the old gentleman's part or that strange perverseness common to inanimate things, it slipped from his grasp and fell to the thick rug before the open fireplace, flirted with the iron fender and, just as the Colonel was stooping to pick it up again, eluded his grasp and cracked its nose sharply against the brick of the sidewall; forthwith the shattered glass gave out an aroma of rich old Bouvier.

What the Colonel said except that he called Uncle Mose has nothing to do with the narrative.

"Lawzee Kunnel!" ejaculated Mose, as he sniffed the redolent air, "yo done bus' dat bottle?"

"Yas," snarled the Colonel, "I done knocked it off the table. Yo all don't stand thar like a monkey, go ovah to Endricks and get me some more. Be right peart now; he'll close at twelve; this is Sunday yo know, and yo all got jest twenty minutes. Bettah go ovah the meadow and save time."

Mose looked startled. "Lawzee Kunnel," he said, "eff yo all need dem sperets Ah got a bottle yo kin have."

The Colonel recalled Mose's black bottle to which he had made one memorable excursion. "No, thanks Mose, I'd prefer my own. Clar out now or that Endricks will close."

"Ovah de meadow, sah?" asked Mose, looking much troubled. Had the Colonel been less drunk he would have seen that Moses was more than ordinarily disturbed, as it was he just snapped, "Yas, it's closah."

"Meadow done been hanted, sah, Joel seen a ghostes ovah dar."

"What, yo old fool?" bellowed the Colonel, "yo don't believe in ghosts do yo?"

"No sah, but—"

"Of cose thar—"

"Joel he seen this one."

"What! Joel!" snorted the Colonel, "that drunken black hound can see anything."

"Yas, but—"

"Shet up, I done said thar are no ghosts."

"Oh," agreed Mose, "Ah knows dey ain't no real ghostes, but Joel seen dis, honest Kunnel."

The Colonel was far enough gone to make a mountain of a molehill, so he argued, "How do you know he saw it?"

"Scurred white, sah, foh a fac'."

"Well of all the big fools that wuk around this place—git out, yo make we want to whip yo."

"But ovah de meadow, sah?"

"Certainly yo black devil, yo time is gittin shortah an eff I miss my gin I'm going to beat yo."

"Dat ar ghostes—" the Colonel reached for his cane—"dat ar speret walk spang ovah de meadow. Joel he—"

"Cleah out, damn yo," shouted the irate old man and hurled his can down the hall after the fleeing negro who knew, better than the Colonel, how far to carry an argument.

Once outside and Mose breathed easier, "Ah knows dey ain't no ghostes what is but Joel he seen one shore."

* * * *

Half an hour later Mose returned, clothes torn and muddy, eyes bulging, sans sense, sans breath, sans gin. "Done seen him Kunnel," he gulped, his eyes glazed with fear.

"What!"

"Done seen dat ar ghostes!"

"Yo black hound of hell," shouted the Colonel, "whar's my gin?"

"He done got it, sah." While making this announcement Mose stood irresolute on the threshold of the room.

The old warrior was too angry to speak, he just glared in baleful silence while Moses explained.

"Yas sah, Ah done go ovah to Endricks an' got yore gin, sah, an' comin back ovah the meadow, Ah heard a rustlin' lak, an' mah Lawd, dere stands a teeny speret so high" (demonstrating).

The Colonel commenced to splutter, but Moses with sublime recklessness continued, "an' by golly ovah dere, six feet off, if dere ain't he eyes, yas sah, fo' a fac'. 'Halt Mose,' he sez, 'gimme dat bottle.'"

"Ah sez, 'Go long dere ghostes, dis Kunnel's bottle.'"

"'Moses,' sez he, 'gimme dat bottle!'"

"Sez ah, 'yo all go long speret, day ain't no ghostes, dis yere Kunnel's bottle.'"

"Sez he, 'gimme dat bottle,' ah se he gittin' mad like, so ah c'mence to run.

"Den sah, dat dere ghostes ris right outen de groun' so high," (Mose indicated a point above his head on the door) an' he didn't have no head."

"'Yo all gwine to gimme dat bottle?' sez he."

"So ah took de bottle an' slam it hublam right in he eyes. Den sah, dat ghostes jes' cuzzled heself right up an' say, "Ba-a-aw-aw," (Moses bellowed it with all the fervent powers of mimicry of his race) an' den sah ef yo'd been in dem nearabouts yo'd a seen some of de bes' runnin' yo evah gwine t'see, ah run, by golly ah did run, an heard 'im stompin' aftah me an' jist as ah come to de fence he done hist me right ovah, sah, look at dem pants," Moses turned round to give the colonel a better view of the tattered garment, "spiled sah, he done cut 'em wid he pitch fork when he hist me ovah dat fence."

The Colonel impatiently waited until the old negro had finished and then, seizing his cane, started for him, "Well, damn yore black hide, yo' did see a ghost? Now yo' clean out. I don't want any ghost seein' niggers on this plantation. I told yo' there are no ghosts."

"Ah knows dat, Kunnel," agreed Mose shaking his head, "but dis was one, ah seen it."

"Git out, yo'll make me beat yo in a minute."

"Yas sah, Ah knows dat, but dis was one, honest Kunnel, ah seen it."

"Yore all going to see more than that right now, I'm going to beat the everlasting lies out of yore good for nothing head."

Moses never waited to let the Colonel carry out his threat, but went at once.

In the morning Jack Somers, the Colonel's stable man, came in to see his master.

"Colonel," he said, "some one went through the meadow last night and struck that young heifer with a whiskey bottle, cut her pretty badly too, in the face, the old bull must have chased him out of the field, for I followed their tracks to the fence."

"What heifer was cut, Somers?"

"That new one with the white hindquarters. Just brought her from Macon yesterday."

"Have you any clue as to who did it?"

"Well, the tracks looked suspiciously like Uncle Mose's."

The Colonel smothered a grin, "Send Uncle Mose here," he said.

In a few minutes Moses was again before the Colonel, hat in hand, head bowed and all together looking very dejected.

"Moses," said the Colonel solemnly, "I'm sorry this affair had to happen."

"Yas sah, so is Ah sah," gulped Moses.

"But befo' yo go, I want to ask yo' some questions. Now tell me just what that ghost said to yo' when yo' hit it."

"Ba-a-aw-aw," roared Mose, "Dere, jes' lak dat sah."

"And, Uncle Mose, which end of a cow gets up first?"

"Why, tail end fust, sah," said Moses surprisedly.

"Very good, and do yo' suppose yo' all would mistake the white hindquarters of that young heifer we jest got from Macon fo' a ghost, if she happened to get up in the dark?"

"Ah specs Ah would sah," said Moses smiling suddenly. "Den Kunnel, Ah specs rat ole bull done chase me when Ah hit dat cow, huh?"

"Yas, an by gad, Mose, I only wish he had caught you Here now, yo' all run ovah to Endricks an' fetch me a bottle of gin."

Banbach.

Grandfather (enthusiastically): Say, Willie, don't you want to go thru a toy shop with me this afternoon and see all the pretty things?

Willie (indifferently): I am willing to, Pop, if you will get any pleasure out of it."—Life.

* * * *

Rapp wanted to elope with the telephone operator at Middleburg.—Albright Bulletin.

Naughty Willie on the tear again!

* * * *

"Say, Dutch, why don't you water your horse?"

"Vat's der use, he is a bay."—Shamokin H. S. Review.

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Remittances are to be made to The Muhlenberg

THE STAFF

Athletics

Base Ball

MUHLENBERG VS. SUSQUEHANNA.

MUHLENBERG pried open its home baseball season Saturday afternoon, April 18th, with a well earned victory over the Susquehanna University Club, the game ending 6 to 2. Henninger went the full route for the Cardinal and gray nine, while Susquehanna tried out two moundsmen.

Timely hitting by Detling and Day when runners were on on the paths and the good support with which Henninger was backed up, tells the story of how the game was won. Henninger was steady throughout and pitched a heady game.

In fielding Berry, Weber, Detling and Day excelled, the work of the latter being especially gratifying to the team's supporters.

The score:—

MUHLENBERG	R	H	O	A	E	SUSQUEHANNA	R	H	O	E	A
Berry, ss	0	1	2	0	0	Shannon, 1b	1	1	10	0	0
Weber, 3b	1	1	3	0	0	Follmer, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Dettlinger, 1b	2	2	11	0	0	Smith, 2b	0	0	1	4	1
Philips, cf	1	0	0	0	0	Harpster, lf	1	2	0	0	0
Henninger, P	0	1	0	2	0	Harkins, 3b	0	0	1	0	1
Laubach, 2b	1	0	2	3	2	Groninger, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Day, c	1	2	8	3	0	Swonk, ss	0	1	1	2	0
Brubecker, lf	0	0	1	0	0	Philip, c	0	0	6	0	0
Brennan, rf	0	0	1	0	0	Goble, p	0	0	0	2	0
	—	—	—	—	—	Peters, p	0	0	0	1	6
Total	6	7	27	8	3	Middleworth, c	0	0	4	0	0
							—	—	—	—	—
						Total	2	5	24	9	2

Score by innings:—

Susquehanna	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—2
Muhlenberg	0	2	0	0	1	3	0	0	x—6

Two-base hits—Harpster, Swonk, Berry, Day. Stolen bases—Shannon, Dettling. Struck out—By Gable 4, by Peters

d, by Henninger 6. Bases on balls—Off Gotle 2, off Peters 1, off Henninger 1. Double plays—Weber to Dettling. Hit by pitched ball—Laubach. Passed ball—Day. Umpire—Boyle. Time of game, 2.10.

MUHLENBERG VS. LEHIGH.

Muhlenberg suffered a defeat at the hands of Lehigh, the score was 8 to 0. Muhlenberg played a good defensive game but was light at the bat.

Light's pitching was too much for the Cardinal and Gray team to fathom, three singles being the total of their offensive work. These came early in the game and after the second inning Muhlenberg's hopes were blasted. Our best opportunity came in the opening frame, when Berry opened with a single but was left stranded on the paths. Defensively Muhlenberg too, put up a great fielding game. Only one error was chalked against them.

The score:—

Muhlenberg	R	H	O	A	E	Lehigh	R	H	O	A	E
Berry, ss	0	1	4	2	0	Twombley, cf	0	1	3	0	0
Weber, 3b	0	0	0	2	0	O'Keefe, 3b	3	1	2	0	0
Dettling, 1b	0	0	7	0	0	Loud, lf	1	2	0	0	0
Henninger, rf	0	0	2	0	0	Lees, c	1	2	7	2	0
Philips, cf	0	1	3	0	1	Fishburn, ss	0	1	3	2	0
Day, c	0	0	6	0	0	Keady, rf	1	1	1	0	0
Laubach, 2b	0	0	2	3	0	Bell, 1b	1	2	10	0	0
Caskey, lf, p	0	1	0	4	0	Chenowith, 2b	1	1	1	1	0
Heuer, lf	0	0	0	0	0	Light, p	0	1	0	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—	Anderson, c	0	0	0	2	0
Total	0	3	24	8	1		—	—	—	—	—
						Total	8	12	27	12	0

Muhlenberg	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Lehigh	2	0	2	0	0	3	0	1	0—8

Earned runs—Lehigh 5. Two-base hits—Keady, Bell. Stolen bases—O'Keefe 2, Soud, Philips, Heuer. Home runs—Lees. Double plays—Chenowith to Fishburn to Bell. Umpire—Frales.

MUHLENBERG VS. TRI-STATE TEAM.

On Thursday, April 23, the Allentown Tri-State team badly swamped the Muhlenberg team to the tune of 9 to 3.

Muhlenberg started off like winners in the first half of the opening inning against Castle's Tri-Staters, scoring three runs

before the leaguers woke up to the fact that the game was really on. Castle "yanked" Sipling before the inning was over and thereafter we failed to score a tally. In the meantime the Castle men got their run-making machinery working smoothly, and the score at the end of the game was 9 to 3 in their favor.

Berry played an excellent fielding game, accepting 10 out of 12 chances, some of the assists being on deep grounders that looked like hits. Berry has a corking good wing and he shot the ball over to first like a streak.

The score:—

ALLENT. TRI-ST.	R	H	O	A	E	MUHLENBERG	R	H	O	A	E
Stutz, ss	3	2	1	4	1	Berry, ss	0	1	2	8	2
Murray, cf	1	1	0	0	0	Weber, 3b	1	2	1	0	1
Cannell, rf	1	1	1	0	0	Dettling, 1b	1	0	10	0	1
Boyle, 1b	1	1	17	0	0	Philips, cf	0	1	1	0	0
McGeehan, 2b	1	0	1	3	2	Laubach, 2b	1	2	1	2	0
Shechard, lf	0	0	0	1	0	Caskey, lf	0	1	2	0	1
O'Brien, 3b	1	1	0	1	2	Henninger, p	0	1	0	2	0
Monroe, c	0	1	6	1	0	Day, c	0	0	3	0	1
Sipling, p	0	0	0	1	0	Heuer, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Flood, p	0	1	1	6	0	Caskey, p	0	0	2	1	0
Mecherly, 3b	1	1	0	3	0	Roderick, rf	0	0	1	0	1
Castle*	0	1	0	0	0	Hayes**	0	1	0	0	0
Total	9	10	27	20	5	Total	3	10	24	13	7

*Castle batted for Flood in seventh.

**Hayes batted for Heuer in 9th.

Allentown	1	0	4	0	2	1	1	0	x—9
Muhlenberg	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Two-base hits—O'Brien. Stolen bases—Stutz, O'Brien, Mecherly, Castle, Dettling. Struck out—By Flood 2; by Caskey 1, by Henninger 2. Bases on balls—Off Henninger 4, off Flood 1, off Eberwine 1. Umpire—McGettigan.

MUHLENBERG VS. "SIR JOHNS."

On Monday April 27th the Tri-Staters again beat us to the tune of 11 to 8. Caskey, while on the mound, was unfortunate but Witmer his successor fared better and allowed only a single in the four innings that he was pitching. Sam Moritz the opposing pitcher, also had a bad inning and he was relieved by Miller, who did better work.

Coach McCaa put twelve men into the game, while Castle

managed to win with ten. Boyle led in the hitting with a single, a double, and a triple. Berry and Weber did the best clouting for Muhlenberg, the former getting a single and a double while Weber got a pair of doubles.

The score:—

MUHLENBERG	R	H	O	A	E	ALLENTOWN	R	H	O	A	E
Berry, ss	1	2	4	1	2	Stutz, ss	1	1	0	2	2
Weber, 3b	0	2	0	2	0	Murray, cf	1	2	3	0	0
Dettling, 1b	2	1	6	1	1	Cannell, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Laubach, 2b	2	1	1	2	0	Boyle, 1b	1	3	14	0	0
Philips, cf	1	0	2	0	0	McGeehan, 2b	2	1	2	2	0
Caskey, p	1	0	0	1	0	Sheckard, lf	2	1	2	0	0
Witmer, p	0	0	o	2	0	Mecherly, 3b	1	1	2	4	0
Henninger, lf	1	0	3	0	0	Monroe, c	1	2	4	3	0
Heuer, rf	0	0	2	0	1	Moritz, p	2	1	0	0	0
Hayes, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Miller, p	1	0	0	2	1
Day, c	0	1	6	0	1		—	—	—	—	—
Brennan, lf	0	1	0	0	0	Total	11	12	27	13	3
	—	—	—	—	—						
Total	8	8	24	9	5						

Muhlenberg		0	0	0	3	0	0	2	0— 3
Allentown	1	1	5	3	0	1	0	0	x—11

Three-base hits—Boyle, Monroe. Tw-base hits—Murray, Boyle, Stutz, Berry, Sheckard. Stolen bases—Berry, McGeehan, Dettling 2, Philips. Sacrifice hits—Monroe, Sheckard, Weber. Struck out—By Caskey 1, by Witmer 2, by Moritz 1, by Miller 3. Bases on balls—Off Caskey 1, off Witmer 1, off Moritz 2, off Miller 3. Double plays—McGeehan and Boyle. Hit by pitched balls—Caskey 2. Passed balls—Day and Monroe. Left on bases—Muhlenberg 9; Allentown 5. Umpire—Mitchell. Time of game, 1.47.

MUHLENBERG VS. JUNIATA.

On May 2nd Muhlenberg beat Juniata on the home grounds by a score of 12 to 5. Dettling was the hero of the game—the first home run made on the grounds this season; he also made a three bagger and a double. Juniata was not able to bat and much less able to field to any extent.

The score:—

MUHLENBERG	R	H	O	A	E	JUNIATA	R	H	O	A	E
Berry, ss	4	2	1	2	0	Fees, ss	0	0	2	4	1
Weber, 3b	2	3	2	0	0	Mazer, 1b	0	0	8	0	1
Dettling, 1b	2	1	9	0	0	Blair, c	2	0	1	1	0
Henninger, lf	1	1	0	1	0	Bigler, 3b	1	1	0	0	1
Laubach, 2b	1	1	0	2	0	Kilpatrick, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Philips, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Rankin, cf	0	2	2	0	0
Caskey, p	1	1	0	3	0	Speck, lf	1	1	0	0	0
Day, c	1	0	0	2	0	Horner, 2b	1	0	1	2	0
Boyer, cf	0	0	0	0	0	Wurm, p	0	2	0	3	1
Total	12	7	14	14	0	Total	5	6	15	12	4

Stolen bases—Juniata 2, Muhlenberg 4. Two-base hits—Fees, Bean, Begler, Caskey, Berry, Dettling. Three-base hits—Laubach, Dettling. Home run—Dettling. Struck out—By Miller 12, by Caskey 13. Base on balls—Off Miller 4, off Caskey 1. Umpire—Boyle.

MUHLENBERG VS. SUSQUEHANNA.

On May 6th Muhlenberg beat Susquehanna at Selins Grove by a score of 1 to 0. It was a snappy game and the only run scored was by Caskey, who made a three-base hit. Witmer pitched a great game and had his opponents under his control. Detling and Berry showed their ability at the bat, both having two-baggers. This was the second time for the reason that Muhlenberg beat Susquehanna.

The score:—

MUHLENBERG	R	H	O	A	E	SUSQEHANNA	R	H	O	A	E
Berry, ss	0	0	1	0	0	Shannon, 1b	0	1	6	1	3
Weber, 3b	0	1	0	2	0	Harkins, 3b	0	1	1	2	0
Dettling, 1b	0	0	10	2	0	Brenninger, lf	0	2	0	1	0
Laubach, 2b	0	0	3	2	0	McFall, lf	0	0	7	0	0
Caskey, rf	1	0	2	0	0	Follmer, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Henninger, lf	0	3	1	0	0	Smith, 2b	0	1	4	0	0
Brennan, cf	0	0	2	0	0	Swope, ss	0	0	2	1	1
Day, c	0	0	7	2	0	Philips, c	0	0	2	1	0
Witmer, p	0	0	1	4	0	Goble, p	0	0	8	3	1
Total	1	4	27	12	0	Total	0	5	27	9	5

Two-base hits—Dettling, Berry. Three-base hits—Caskey. Base hits—Off Gotle 4, off Witmer 5. Struck out—By Witmer 5, by Gotle 7. Bases on balls—Off Witmer 1. Time of game, 2.15.

LEBANON VALLEY VS. MUHLENBERG.

Lebanon Valley was also one of the fortunate ones to beat

us. Pitcher White, of Lebanon Valley, had everything his own way and beat us by a score of 5 to 0.

The score:—

MUHLENBERG	R	H	O	A	E	LEBANON VAL.	R	H	O	A	E
Berry, ss	0	1	6	1	1	Lerew, lf	1	0	1	0	0
Weber, 3b	0	1	0	0	0	J. Lyter, 3b	1	2	0	0	0
Dettling, 1b	0	0	8	0	0	Ziegler, cf	1	0	2	0	0
Henninger, rf	0	0	1	0	0	T. Lyter, c	1	1	18	0	0
Caskey, p	0	1	2	3	0	Stickell, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Philips, lf	0	0	0	0	0	Snavely, 1b	0	0	3	0	0
Brennan, lf	0	1	1	2	0	Swartz, 2b	0	1	0	1	0
Laubach, 2b	0	1	8	3	0	White, p	0	1	1	1	0
Day, c	0	0	1	0	0	Macken, ss	1	0	1	1	0
Witmer, p	0	0	3	0	0						
Total	0	5	27	9	1	Total	5	6	27	3	0

Sacrifice hits—Lyter and Snavely. Two-base hits—Ziegler Three-base hit—Macken. Double plays—Caskey, Day, Berry. Struck out—By White 18, by Witmer 3, by Caskey 4. Base on balls—Off Caskey 1.

WESLEYAN VS. MUHLENBERG.

Coach McCaa's Muhlenberg team, in a hotly contested game, defeated the West Virginia Wesleyan nine, 3 to 2, on the Muhlenberg field. Berry's splendid work with the stick proved the winning factor for the Muhlenberg boys, he having a triple, a double, and a single. Only two hits were made off Witmer's delivery.

The score:—

WESLYAN	R	H	O	A	E	MUHLENBERG	R	H	O	A	E
Neale, lf	1	1	3	0	0	Berry, ss	1	3	0	2	0
Ollom, 3b	1	0	0	1	0	Weber, 3b	1	2	1	0	0
Lambert, c	0	1	9	2	0	Dettling, 1b	0	1	8	0	1
Singleton, rf	0	0	2	0	0	Caskey, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Curtis, 2b	0	0	1	1	0	Laubach, 2b	0	0	2	1	2
Withers, 1b	0	0	5	0	0	Copley, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Hood, ss	0	0	2	1	0	Brennan, cf	0	0	3	0	0
Dauick, rf	0	0	1	0	0	Day, c	1	2	8	2	0
Peery, p	0	0	1	3	0	Witmer, p	0	1	3	1	0
Total	2	2	24	7	1	Total	3	9	27	6	2

Weslyan	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2
Muhlenberg	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0—3

Earned runs—Muhlenberg 2. Three-base hit—Berry. Two-base hits—Berry, Day. Stolen bases—Weber, Dettling, Berry. First base on errors—Wesleyan 1. Struck out—By Peery 7,

by Witmer 8. Bases on balls—Peery 1. Hit by pitched ball—Copley, Hood. Left on bases—Muhlenberg 2; Wesleyan 1. Umpire—Boyle. Time of game, 1.35.

ST. JOSEPH'S VS. MUHLENBERG.

Coach McCaa and the Muhlenberg baseball team made their first invasion of Philadelphia and came back with a victory over the St. Joseph's College nine, whom they defeated in a hard fought game by a 6 to 5 score. A home run swat by Dettling in the ninth saved the day for Muhlenberg.

The score:—

MUHLENBERG	R	H	O	A	E	ST. JOSEPHS	R	H	O	A	E
Berry, ss	2	2	5	3	2	Kelly, rf	0	1	2	0	0
Weber, 3b	0	3	0	1	2	Lawen, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Dettling, 1b	1	1	10	1	0	Beniris, 3b	1	2	3	3	0
Caskey, 1f, p	0	0	2	1	0	Yates, 1f	1	1	2	0	0
Day, c	0	1	5	1	0	Millholaud, 1b	1	1	8	0	1
Henninger, p, 1f	0	1	2	2	0	Kearney, c	0	0	6	0	0
Laubach, 2b	0	1	1	1	1	Byrne, 2b	1	2	5	1	0
Copley, rf	0	0	0	0	0	Mahoney, c	1	1	0	4	0
Brennan, cf	3	2	2	0	0	Rawle, p	0	3	1	2	0
Total	6	11	27	10	5	Total	5	11	27	8	2

Muhlenbeag	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	2—6	
St. Joseph's	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	0—5	

Home run—Dettling. Three-base hit—Millholland. Two-base hit—Beniris. Stolen bases—Kelly, Yates, Mahoney. Struck out—By Rawle 6, by Henninger 5, by Caskey 1. Hits—Off Henninger 10, off Caskey 1. Double plays—Beniris, Byrne and Millholland. Time of game, 2.30.

The Freshmen as usual, are active in all the departments of athletics. They are playing a series of baseball games and they are faring very well. Their ability was conspicuous when they snowed under their Sophomore brethren to the tune of 16 to 4.

The Allentown Prep School nine was able to beat the Frosh in two games by scores of 4 to 3 and 21 to 8.

Following this defeat the Fresh beat the Allentown High School nine by a score of 8 to 7.

The Freshmen also beat the Perkasie High School nine, 16 to 15, but the Bethlehem High School nine was too strong and the Fresh were spanked severely.

Kampus Klippings

FRESHMAN BANQUET.

On Wednesday evening, April 8th, the Class of 1917, with Prof. Simpson as their guest of honor, silently repaired to the dining room of the City Hotel and held their annual banquet. The very excellent hotel cuisine provided the menu and the boys the appetites. The dining room and table were decorated with pennants, bunting and flowers of the Class' colors. Corson J. Snyder, the president of the Class, was toastmaster, and called on the following men to respond to their respective toasts: Paul Mader, "Class History;" Albert Blair, "Athletics;" Edwin Haag, "The Girls;" Bela Shetlock, "The Little Green Cap;" Edwin Hartzell, "The Shadow of 1916;" Franklin Day, "17;" Paul Gebert, "Class Spirit;" and finally Prof. Simpson. The committee of arrangements consisted of Paul Gebert, George Legg, Allen Boyer, Waldemar Gallenkamp, and Henry Kraft.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE.

Muhlenberg College witnessed a renaissance of debating on the evening of May 6th, when the first public debate was held in twelve years. The event was a debate between the

Senior-Junior and the Sophomore-Freshman Literary Societies, on the question: "That American Coastwise vessels should be exempted from tolls when passing thru the Panama Canal." The debaters who propounded their theories were David H. Bucks '14, Theo. K. Finck '15 and Harry J. Billow '16, Corson J. Snyder '17. After the debate and a spirited rebuttal, the judges, Dr. Ettinger, Prof. Reese and Rev. E. E. Fischer rendered their decision in favor of the Sophomore-Freshmen Society, which maintained the negative side. Several piano solos were renderd by R. E. Schoenly '17.

* * * *

The week of May 18th was the Senior Examination week. The honor men were as follows: Elwood J. Unangst, valedictorian; Walter Mock, salutatorian; Arthur Grammes and Henry J. Fry. Edgar Crouthamel and John Eisenhard received honorable mention. We heartily congratulate the men upon their success.

* * * *

On Wednesday May 20th the Botanical Class under the direction and instruction of Prof. Bailey, took a trip to Green Pond, N. J. Many specimens of botanical value were found.

* * * *

On the evening of May 22nd, the Alpha Iota Chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity held their annual dance at the Hotel Allen. The pleasures of the evening were many, the decorations were most tastely and the entire affair a grand success.

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The following were the lecturers thruout the Spring course here at college: Prof. Franklin D. Giddings, on "The Real Social Revolution," Prof. Neubold on "Early Traditions of Rome," Dr. Maxfield on "The Exceptional Child."

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This year's caste of "The Cue and Quill" are rehearsing the farce-comedy, "The Million."

* * * *

The Child Help Conference held an exhibit and dined at Muhlenberg College, on Saturday May 9. The students helped their cause along by waiting on the tables at dinner.

* * * *

May 15—Junior Day in Religion—Ye Hypocrites!

(Dr. Haas to Merkle in Religion class)—"Of what does the second part of the Book of Acts treat?" (Merkle, hesitatingly answered)—"Pauline."

* * * *

Paul "Steve" Royer, Ex. '15, visited college since our last publication.

* * * *

Brubaker, Henninger and Berry spent a recent night along the Little Lehigh fishing. They reported many bites and annoyed the fellows with the eels that they caught.

* * * *

The application for rooms in the dormitories of the students have been filed and the allotment is about completed.

FRESHMEN DISCOVERIES.

The Freshmen discovered the following facts under the direction of the Sophomore Class: the number of flag stones on the north side of Hamilton street between 17th and 7th streets, is 2266,—the number, end to end, on the opposite side of the street is 1030,—the number of fingerbreadths around the base of the monument at center square is 2432,—the number of signs in the vicinity of 6th and Hamilton is 212.

SPRING PRIMARIES.

The following officers were elected to serve the term of 1914-1915 in the Student Body: President, Richard Schmoyer; Vice President, Melvin Freed; Secretary, Fred Hemsath; Treasurer, Newton Geiss; Cheer Leader, Rube Miller; Asst. Cheer Leader, Ernest Weber; Student Council Members, Luther Fry, Carl Erickson, Ernest Moyer, Ernest Weber and David Jaxheimer.

At the same time the Student Body, having decided to transfer the "Muhlenberg" from the literary societies to the Student Body, and from next fall on to have a weekly edition instead of a monthly; elected the following officers: Editor-in-chief, William Werner, Senior Associate Editors, Theo. Finck and Harold Laury; Junior Associate Editors, Paul Lindenstruth, Luther Fry and Richard Duerschner; Business Managers, Henry Bagger and John Early.

Student Council Elections—President, Edward Stolzenbach; Vice President, Henry Bagger; Secretary, Ernest Weber.

These Seniors were elected as proctors, William Werner, Newton Geiss and Fred Hemsath.

1916 Ciarla Elections—Editor in Chief, Paul Lindenstruth; Asst. Editor in Chief, Earl Witmer; Associate Editors, Luther Fry, Ernest Weber, John Early, Harry Billow and Edward Zimmerman; Business Managers, Henry Moehling, Harry Hepner and Edward Schlechter; Photographers, Richard Duerschner, David Jaxheimer and Luther Schmehl.

* * * *

Through the efforts of Prof. Reese and Carl Erickson, the college band has become a permanent organization here at Muhlenberg. Rehearsals are held weekly and progress is slowly being made. The following officers have been elected: President, Edward Stolzenbach; Vice President, W. Harold Laury; Secretary, John Euchler; Treasurer and Manager, Edgar Brong; Assistant Manager, George Ruth; Leader, Carl Erickson; Assistant Leader, Andrew Koleser; Property Man, Ernest Moyer.

* * * *

The German Club has been making great progress since its first meeting. Already there have been five very interesting meetings. The following officers are serving the term of office: President, Henry L. Snyder; Vice President, Henry H. Bagger; Secretary and Treasurer, Richard Duerschner. The Club at present consists of sixteen members, with Profs. Fritch and Wackernagel as honorary members.

* * * *

You can't beat Levi's geese shooting story. Try it.

Stella—"Has she an impediment in her speech?"

Bella—"Yes; there are only twenty-four hours in a day."—Ex.

* * * *

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Then come along, I'll Fiji."—Ex.

* * * *

Teacher—"Tomorrow we will take the life of Milton. Come prepared."—Ex.

* * * *

"Why do ducks dive?"

"Guess they must want to liquidate their bills."—Ex.

THE CLASS OF 1914 IN THE FUTURE.

It may be of interest to the public to know what line of work each member of the Senior Class will follow after graduation. A goodly proportion seems to take up the ministry, three at least of whom have chosen the foreign field for their labors.

Bausch ..... Medicine at Penn.
Bieber ..... Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Bucks ..... Chicago Theological Seminary with Missionary work in India in view
Cook ..... Teaching
Crouthamel ..... Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Deibert ..... Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Eichler ..... Teaching
Eisenhard ..... Teaching
Fetherolf ..... Teaching or Business
Flexer ..... Dentistry at Penn.
Fry ..... White Bible Training and Columbia with Missionary work in view.
Gebert ..... Teaching or Business
Grammes ..... Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Heilman ..... Teaching
Heuer ..... Will take up History, Sociology and Economics at Penn.
Hoehle ..... Teaching
Jensen ..... Mt. Airy Theological Seminary with Missionary work in view.
Kidd ..... Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Leisey ..... Gettysburg Theological Seminary
Mock ..... Teaching
Nenow ..... Business
Orr ..... Medicine at Penn.
Phillips ..... Chicago Theological Seminary
Sell ..... Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Seidel ..... Teaching
Skean ..... Teaching or Business
Taylor ..... Teaching at Schuylkill Seminary
Unangst ..... Mt. Airy Theological Seminary
Ziemer ..... Teaching

"L'ENVOI."

When the Seniors' lessons are finished,
And text books are laid aside,
When the deepest problems are solved
And theses are read with pride,
They shall rest; and faith they shall need it—
That rest for a month or two,
Till the grim, old god Necessity
Shall set them to work anew,
And they, who learned most, will be happy
They shall sit in a high backed chair
And teach philosophical nonsense
With a most philosophical air,
They shall find real problems to vex them,
Rent, store bills, and doctor's call,
They shall work till their brains grow dizzy,
And never solve them at all,
There'll be no Master to praise them,
There'll be no Master to show,
And no one shall dare to tell them
When they may come or go,
But each must follow the calling
Where it leads him, near or far,
And do the work as he finds it
For the God of Things as they Are.

Bane Wirebach.
(With apologies to Kipling.)

Boob—"I killed a lion that weighed 800 pounds."
Some lyin', eh, what?

* * * *

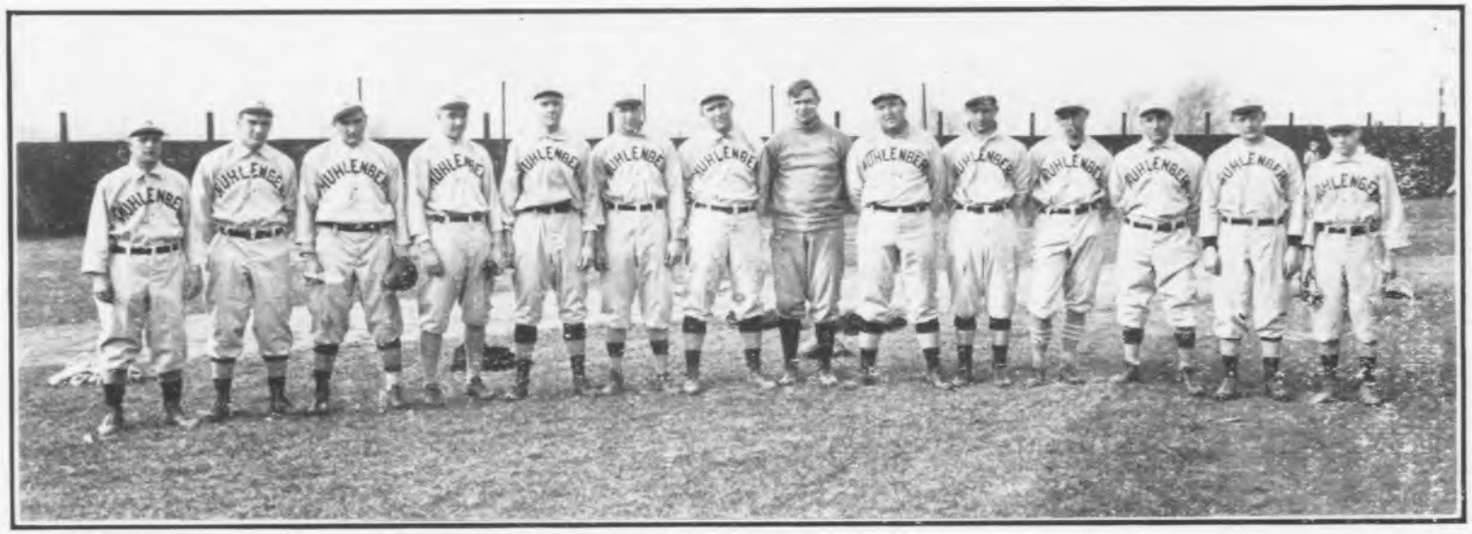
Who says there are no more miracles? Just the other day a blind man picked up a hammer and saw.

* * * *

Oberlin seniors are wearing red handkerchiefs and gray spats as a means of class distinction.

* * * *

"How do you like my singing?"
"I've heard Caruso, but you're better still."



PHILLIPS, BRENNAN, DETLING, BERRY, WITMER, HEUER, RODERICK, Coach MCCAA,
DAY, CASKEY, LAUBACH, BRUBECKER, HENNINGER, WEBER.

Intercollegiates

Among the things that aspire to be literary, our college periodicals fall farther short of the mark than probably any other production of our American educational system.

Our college periodical editorial staff is as an American whole "stuck on itself."

As a general rule, the Exchange Editor is supposed to keep tab on the productions of other colleges. He receives the Exchanges, glances thru them, reads an article here and there and then comments on the general appearance of the work.

This is but an example of the general superficiality of the work. The very nature of the work and its relation to college life gives it bt a secuondary place.

Every member on the staff is a student; his college work comes first. Let him use his spare time? The demands on a man's spare time at college are ever greater than the supply. We cannot exempt him from the English Course, in order that he may do his work properly. He needs that in order to retain a hold on the English language himself. The Fates have mercy on the man who must needs get his English prose style from our college productions.

When we say that the college periodical staff is selfish and bigoted we mean this: Every staff thinks that what it produces

is the best produced, and that high school and preparatory school papers are not worth spending time over, unless it happens that a member of the staff is a graduate of a certain one of these schools. Here is where we make a great mistake. High school periodicals are well worth reading and studying. The college man is not so far removed from the high school boy that he can afford to despise the work of the latter.

Our American system of education has brought into being three classes of periodicals. In the highest class stand those periodicals of our Universities which are Faculty edited. Take as an example of this class "Old Penn" of the U. of P. In the next class are the periodicals of our High Schools and Normal Schools. In the lowest class we find our college productions.

WHY? The answer is: Because of the quality of Editorship.

It stands to reason that a university paper, edited by the faculty, is better than a Preparatory school paper, edited by students. This is merely considering the matter from the standpoint of ability, disregarding Time, Experience and Subject Matter.

Again a man who writes for a faculty edited paper, writes with an incentive and not merely to fill space. He writes not to gain a reputation, but gives us the best of a ripe experience, which has alrady given him a reputation. He writes to uphold a something that has a solid foundation. Writing, to him, is an art—fully cultivated.

We place the High Schools into the second class because there editorship is better than it is in our colleges. True, it is always some boy's or girl's name that appears as editor of the periodical, but we are never so confident in human nature that we do not look further. We do not for a moment suppose that the material goes directly from the hands of the boy or girl editor to the press. There is a very rigid faculty supervision. That High School faculty is made up of men who have had at least some experience.

But our College Periodicals! Who edits them? Undergraduates. Anyone is selected to the staff, who can succeed in getting the required number of votes. Sometimes a man must even be coaxed to take the responsibility. Once a man heads

a department he is boss of that department as long as he does not do anything rude. What he says goes. Very often he has nothing to say and we must read it. The faculty very often does not know what is being printed until the paper is off the press.

The men who head these departments are not "Doctors" or "Masters" as are the men who edit the University papers or those who supervise the editing of the High School proudction. They are merely "Under Grads." What can we expect?

Read such periodicals as the "Red and Black," Reading H. S.; "The Junto," Easton H. S.; "High School Impression," Scranton H. S., Shamokin "High School Review," "Blue and White," Tamaqua H. S., or "The Vidette," K. S. N. S., they make one feel the loss of supervision and the fact that two or three years of student life does not make so great a difference in productive ability as does one year of self reliant responsibility.

High School work may not be as mature as college productions, but it is always well shaped and delicoius. It may not be as deep as college work, but it is not so "muddy."

These gleanings have been made from a thorough study of the five last editions of the following:—

"Old Penn," U. of P.; "Gettysburgian;" "Comenian," Moravian College; "Mirror," Moravian Seminary; "Thielensian;" "Susquehanna;" "College Student," F. and M.; "Albright Bulletin;" "Delaware College Review;" "Buff and Blue," Gallaudet; "Ursinus Weekly;" "Carlisle Arrow;" "College News," Lebanon Valley; "Lafayette;" "Collegian," Grove City; "Owl," Temple; "Washington-Jeffersonian;" "Burr," Lehigh; "Harvard Illustrated Magazine." The publications of Yale, Haverford, Princeton, Bucknell and Swarthmore.

PREP SCHOOLS—"Perkiomenite;" "Res Academicae," Harry Hillman; "Hall Boy," Nazareth Hall; "Narrator," Schuylkill Seminary; "Breeze," Blair Academy; "Purple and White," A. P. S.; "Red and Black," Bethlehem, P. S.

HIGH SCHOOLS.—"Echo," Hazleton; "Red and Black," Reading; "H. S. News," Lancaster; "Junto," Easton; "Review," Shamokin; "Tattler," Bethlehem; "Canary and Blue," Allentown; "Mirror," Phila. Central; "Blue and White," Pottstown; "Blue and White," Tamaqua; "Brown and White," Catasauqua; "Impressions," Scranton.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.—"Amulet," West Chester; "Vidette," K. S. N. S.; "Millersvillian."

Alumni Notes

'79. Muhlenberg graduates are extremely gratified to learn that Judge F. M. Trexler received the nomination for Judge of the Superior Court, at the recent primary election. Judge Trexler had received the endorsement of jurists all over the state.

'11. On May 12 Rev. Arthur N. Butz and Miss Helen Fellencer, of this city, were united in marriage. Mr. Butz has just been graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary. He has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

'11. The congregation of Grace Church at Wyndmoor, Philadelphia, will call, subject to his ordination, Mr. Paul B. Wolper, of the senior class in the Philadelphia Seminary, to be pastor as successor to the Rev. Chas. Gauger, who has accepted a call to Minneapolis. Mr. Wolper is a native of Norristown, Pa.

'11. Mr. C. L. Grant has been chosen one of the representatives from the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary to the Lutheran Student Missionary Conference at Rock Island, Illinois.

'12. The Chicago Tribune gives the result of the John Lindgren Oratorical Peace Contest, held at Memorial Hall on Northwestern University Campus, Evanston. The second prize was won by Mr. Paul H. Krauss of the Evangelical Lutheran Theological Seminary.

The contest was the result of the offer of a trustee of Northwestern University, who gave $70 as a first prize, and $40 as a second prize for a contest between the theological seminaries of Chicago, the theme being International Peace. Practically the entire student body of the Lutheran institution accompanied Mr. Krauss to Evanston, and the five other seminaries were equally well represented. The contest was close from start to finish, and between first and second there was really little choice. Mr. Krause excelled in logical argument, while Mr. Backemeyer, the winner, excelled in oratorical force.

'13. On May 14 Mr. Christopher J. Quinn and Miss Sue Carey of this city, were united in marriage at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Quinn is in charge of one of the Barbour Flax Spinning Mills at Paterson, N. J.

Four alumni of Muhlenberg College were numbered among those graduated at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia on Tuesday, May 26, 1914. They have accepted calls, subject to ordination, three to work on the home field and one in our mission in India.

Those graduated were:—

Frederick L. Coleman '08, of Lebanon, Pa., who will take up mission work in India.

Morris W. Krause '08, of Kempton, Pa., has accepted a call to the Hegins Parish, Hegins, Pa.

Paul B. Wolper '11, of Norristown, Pa., will assume charge of Grace Lutheran Church, Wyndmoor, Phila., Pa.

Philip S. Baringer '11, of Philadelphia, Pa., has been called by the Church of the Redeemer, Falls of Schuylkill, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * * *

Stewed—"I want the life of Julius Caesar."

Librarian—"Sorry, sir, but Brutus was ahead of you."—Hazleton Echo.

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